

WORKS

THE
WORKS

OF
Mr. ALEXANDER POPE,

In PROSE.

VOL. II.

Containing the rest of his LETTERS, with the MEMOIRS of
SCRIBLERUS, *Never before printed*; and other TRACTS
written either singly, or in Conjunction with his Friends.

Now first collected together.

A

1572/172

Directions to the Binder.

1. Letters.
 2. Thoughts on Various Subjects.
 3. Memoirs of *Scriblerus*.
 4. *M. Scribleri* ~~*Dei*~~ *Latine*, or of the *Art of Sinking*.
 5. *M. Scribleri* *Virgilius Restauratus*.
 6. *M. Scriblerus* Essay on the Origine of Sciences.
 7. Memoirs of a Parish-Clerk.
 8. Guardians.
 9. Key to the Lock.
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Mr. *ALEXANDER POPE*,
In PROSE.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. and P. KNAPTON, C. BATHURST, and
R. DODSLEY, M.DCC.XLI.



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OF

MR. ALEXANDER POPE
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IN P R O S E
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VOL II

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THE BOOKSELLERS TO THE READER.

THERE having been formerly publish'd, in Folio and Quarto, one Volume of the Works in *Prose* of Mr. Pope, being an Authentic Edition of his *Letters* with those of his *Friends*; we thought it would be agreeable to the Purchasers of that Edition to have likewise the *Letters* between him and Dr. Swift: These we have copied from an Impression sent from *Dublin*, and said to be printed by the Dean's Direction.

As it was begun without our Author's Knowledge, and not only continued without his Consent, but after his absolute Refusal, he would not be prevail'd upon to revise those Letters; but gave us a few more of the Dean's, a little to clear up the History of their Publication; which the Reader may see in one View, if he only observes the Passages marked with Comma's in Letters 75, 77, 81, 84, 86, 87, 88, of this Book.

We have also obtain'd the *Memoirs* of SCRIBLERUS, being the beginning of a considerable Work undertaken so long ago as in 1713 by several great Hands. As much of it as is here

publish'd, and all the *Tracts* in the same Name, were written by our Author and Dr. *Arbuthnot*, except the *Essay on the Origine of Sciences*, in which Dr. *Parnelle* had some hand, as Mr. *Gay* in the *Memoirs of a Parish-Clerk*. The rest were Mr. *Pope's*. And the Reader may be assured he has now a complete Edition, not only of all this Author has written singly, but of whatsoever he wrote in Conjunction with any of his *Friends*.

LETTERS

TO and FROM

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT.

I have just received your letter of the 11th inst. and am
 glad to hear from you. I am well and hope this
 letter will find you the same. I am sure you are
 doing well. I am sure you are doing well. I am
 sure you are doing well. I am sure you are doing well.

LETTERS

TO and FROM

Dr. JOSEPH W. SWIFT.

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LETTER I.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

June 18, 1714.

WHATEVER Apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has own'd himself as splenetick as a Cat in the Country. In that circumstance, I know by experience a letter is a very useful, as well as amusing thing: If you are too busied in State-affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twisting it into a serpentine form: or if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where

after an abrupt division of the party, they may be unwilling to try to fit and enjoy the broken pieces together. All their amusements I am no stranger to in this Country, and doubt not but (by this time) you begin to retire into your usual contemplative situation.

I remember a man, who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, us'd to affirm, that no person is so soon plain as he who were forgotten by their Friends; and that my concluding experience convinces me he was right. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even enquiring of your retreat: but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting Epistle from you. My Lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went: but this perhaps may be only policy, in him or you: and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an Ambassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous State-treatise from your retirement; and a Wit who affects to imitate Balsac, says, that the Ministry now are like those Heathens of old, who received their Oracles from the Woods. The Gentlemen of the Roman-Catholick persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the Court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion; and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life

** Sometime before the Death of Queen Anne, when her Ministers were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a Friend's House in Berkshire, and never saw them after. This Note is taken from the Edition printed at Dublin by G. Faulkener.*

and adventures of Scriblerus. This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the by. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I can't name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I shall ever owe you, on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would tell you, you are like the sun, and while men imagine you to be retir'd or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the most impertinent. I am with the truest affection

Yours, &c.

LETTER II.

From Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.

Dublin, June 28, 1715.

MY * Lord Bishop of Clogher gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correspondent, and when I leave a country without probability of returning, I think as seldom as I can of what I loved or esteemed in it, to avoid the *Desiderium* which of all

* Dr. St. George Ash, formerly a Fellow of Trinity-College, Dublin, (to whom the Dean was a Pupil) afterwards Bishop of Clogher, and translated to the See of Derry in 1716-17. Dublin Edit.

things makes life most uneasy. But you must give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your ease, being wholly unconcerned in publick events: For, if your friends the Whigs continue, you may hope for some favour; if the Tories return, you are at least sure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me: Do you imagine I can be easy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc, & versus tecum meditare canoros* ----- Do you imagine I can be easy, when I think of the probable consequences of these proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of so many hundred thousand good subjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my silence to the Eclipse, but it was that Eclipse which happened on the first of August.

I borrowed your Homer from the Bishop (mine is not yet landed) and read it out in two evenings. If it pleaseth others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation: Yet I am angry at some bad Rhymes and Triplets, and pray in your next do not let me have so many unjustifiable Rhymes to *war* and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little obscure; but I expected you to be so in one or two and twenty. I have heard no soul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in Judges, at least I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your Notes are perfectly good, and so are your Preface and Essay. You were pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that Preface. I saw the Key to the Lock but yesterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the present times.

God be thanked I have yet no Parliamentary business, and if they have none with me, I shall never seek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for some years past, not when

I thought them tolerably good, and therefore if I can get leave to be absent, I shall be much inclined to be on that side, when there is a Parliament on this: but truly I must be a little easy in my mind before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to understand that I live in the corner of a vast unfurnished house; my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a foot-man, and an old maid, who are all at board-wages, and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment, (which last is very rare) I eat a mutton-pye, and drink half a pint of wine: My amusements are defending my small dominions against the Arch-Bishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious Choir. *Perditur hæc inter misero lux.* I desire you will present my humble service to Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, and Mr. Rowe, and Gay. I am, and will be always, extremely yours, &c.

LETTER III.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

June 20, 1716.

I Cannot suffer a friend to cross the Irish seas without bearing a testimony from me of the constant esteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he should tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, and how I learn to sleep less and drink more, whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland as upon a friend in the other world, whom (popishly-speaking) I believe constantly well-disposed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that state of separation,

tho' I hear nothing from him, and make addressees to him but very rarely. A protestant divine cannot take it amiss that I treat him in the same manner with my patron Saint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not sufficiently wonder at, that I suffer many things as an Author militant: whereof in your days of probation, you have been a sharer, or you had not arrived to that triumphant state you now deservedly enjoy in the Church. As for me, I have not the least hopes of the Cardinalat, tho' I suffer for my Religion in almost every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the Psalms of David (if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a scandalous one in my name.) This report I dare not discourage too much, in a prospect I have at present of a post under the Marquis de Langallerie, wherein if I can but do some signal service against the Pope, I may be considerably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it should happen hereafter that I should write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me; every one must live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controversy against me. The Church of Rome I judge (from many modern symptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition; that of England will in a short time be scarce able to maintain her own family: so Churches sink as generally as Banks in Europe, and for the same reason; that Religion and Trade, which at first were open and free, have been reduced into the Management of Companies, and the Roguery of Directors.

I don't know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpose. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tend-

ing that dangerous way which I shall say, is, that I am and always will be with the utmost sincerity,

Yours, &c.

LETTER IV.

From Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.

Aug. 30, 1716.

I Had the favour of yours by Mr. F. of whom, before any other question relating to your health, or fortune, or success as a Poet, I enquired your principles in the common form, "Is he a Whig or a Tory?" I am sorry to find they are not so well tallied to the present juncture as I could wish. I always thought the terms of *Facto* and *Jure* had been introduced by the Poets, and that Possession of any sort in Kings was held an unexceptionable title in the courts of Parnassus. If you do not grow a perfect good subject in all its present latitudes, I shall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you and the world and posterity will be utterly ignorant of their Virtues. For, either your brethren have miserably deceived us these hundred years past, or Power confers Virtue, as naturally as five of your Popish sacraments do Grace. ——— You sleep less and drink more. ——— But your master Horace was *Vini somnique benignus*: and as I take it both are proper for your trade. As to mine, there are a thousand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was antiently the custom to sleep in Temples for those who would consult the Oracles, "Who dictates to me slumbring, &c."

You are an ill Catholick, or a worse Geographer, for I can assure you, Ireland is not Paradise, and I appeal even to any Spanish divine, whether Addresses were ever made to a friend in Hell, or Purgatory. And who are all these enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curl, Gildon, Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others whose name I have forgot: Tools in my opinion are as necessary for a good writer, as pen, ink and paper. And besides, I would fain know whether every Draper doth not shew you three or four damn'd pieces of stuff to set off his good one? However, I will grant, that one thorough Bookselling Rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his cotemporary scriblers in Critick or Satire, not only by stolen Copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the publick, but by downright laying other mens dulness at your door. I had a long design upon the Ears of that Curl, when I was in credit, but the rogue would never allow me a fair stroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and sharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poisoned, although the Historian pretends to have been an eye-witness: But I beg pardon, Sack might do it, although Rats-bane would not. I never saw the thing you mention as falsely imputed to you; but I think the frolicks of merry hours, even when we are guilty, should not be left to the mercy of our best friends, until Curl and his resemblers are hanged.

With submission to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under the Turks to be idle and unnecessary. Have a little patience and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the same methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own Religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and disgrace us among the

Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home because we would oblige you to be a Christian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious Quaker in this town who writes verses to his mistress, not very correct, but in a strain purely what a poetical Quaker should do, commending her look and habit, &c. It gave me a hint that a sett of Quaker-pastorals might succeed, if our friend Gay could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful subject; pray hear what he says. I believe further, the Pastoral ridicule is not exhausted; and that a porter, foot-man, or chair-man's pastoral might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate pastoral, among the whores and thieves there?

Lastly, to conclude, I love you never the worse for seldom writing to you. I am in an obscure scene, where you know neither thing nor person. I can only answer yours, which I promise to do after a sort whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can assure you, the scene and the times have depressed me wonderfully, for I will impute no defect to those two paltry years which have slipt by since I had the happiness to see you. I am with the truest esteem,

Yours, &c.

* LETTER V.

From Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.

Dublin, Jan. 10, 1721.

A Thousand things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I ra-

* This Letter Mr. Pope never receiv'd.

ther chuse to appeal to you than to my Lord Chief Justice Whithed, under the situation I am in. For, I take this cause properly to lie before you: You are a much fitter Judge of what concerns the credit of a Writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Besides, I doubt, whether the Arguments I could suggest to prove my own innocence would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the Long-robe to those in Furs, upon whose decision about the difference of Style or Sentiments, I should be very unwilling to leave the merits of my Cause.

Give me leave then to put you in mind, (although you cannot easily forget it) that about ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town, upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at Court, and went down to Berkshire, where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a visit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a Discourse which I thought might be useful in such a juncture of affairs, and sent it up to London; but upon some difference in opinion between me and a certain great Minister now abroad, the publishing of it was deferred so long that the Queen died, and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever since in safe hands. In a few weeks after the loss of that excellent Princess, I came to my station here; where I have continued ever since in the greatest privacy, and utter ignorance of those events which are most commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the Royal Family which now reigns, further than the Prayer-book informs me. I cannot tell who is Chancellor, who are Secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any sort of Affectation, but meerly to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking Party-zeal.

I had indeed written some Memorials of the four last years of the Queen's reign, with some other informations, which I receiv'd,

as necessary materials to qualify me for doing something in an employment then designed me: * But, as it was at the disposal of a person, who had not the smallest share of steadiness or sincerity, I disdained to accept it.

These papers, at my few hours of health and leisure, I have been digesting into order by one sheet at a time, for I dare not venture any further, lest the humour of searching and seizing papers should revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myself, (for they contain nothing of present Times or Persons, upon which I shall never lose a thought while there is a Cat or a Spaniel in the house) but to preserve them from being lost among Messengers and Clerks.

I have written in this kingdom, a † discourse to persuade the wretched people to wear their own Manufactures instead of those from England: This Treatise soon spread very fast, being agreeable to the sentiments of the whole nation, except of those gentlemen who had employments, or were Expectants. Upon which a person in great office here immediately took the alarm; he sent in haste for the Chief Justice, and informed him of a seditious, factious, and virulent Pamphlet, lately published with a design of setting the two Kingdoms at variance; directing at the same time that the Printer should be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of law. The Chief Justice had so quick an understanding, that he resolved, if possible, to out-do his orders. The Grand-Juries of the county and city were practised effectually with to represent the said Pamphlet with all aggravating Epithets, for which they had thanks sent them from England, and their Presentments published for several weeks in all the news-papers. The Printer was seized, and forced to give great bail: After his tryal the Jury brought him in Not Guilty, although they had been cull'd with the utmost industry; the Chief Justice sent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly

* *Historiographer.*

† *A Proposal for the universal Use of Irish Manufactures.*

tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the Judge, by what they call a special Verdict. During the tryal, the Chief Justice among other singularities, laid his hand on his breast, and protested solemnly that the Author's design was to bring in the Pretender; although there was not a single syllable of Party in the whole Treatise, and although it was known that the most eminent of those who professed his own principles, publicly disallowed his proceedings. But the cause being so very odious and impopular, the tryal of the Verdict was deferred from one Term to another, until upon the Duke of G--ft-n the Lord Lieutenant's arrival, his Grace after mature advice, and permission from England, was pleased to grant a *noli prosequi*.

This is the more remarkable, because it is said that the man is no ill decider in common cases of property, where Party is out of the question; but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to push it forward, it must needs confound any man of little spirit, and low birth, who hath no other endowment than that sort of Knowledge, which, however possessed in the highest degree, can possibly give no one good quality to the mind.

It is true, I have been much concerned for several years past, upon account of the publick as well as of myself, to see how ill a taste for wit and sense prevails in the world, which Politicks and South-sea, and Party, and Opera's and Masquerades have introduced. For, besides many insipid papers which the malice of some hath entitled me to, there are many persons appearing to wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my style and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me, of which any man of common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a Treatise called a Dedication upon Dedications, which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read. But above all, there is one

Circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been Author of a Treatise, wherein there are several pages containing a Panegyrick on King George, of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to enquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to publick matters.

Indeed I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I were asked or no; but never affected to be a Councillor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to see my self so far out-done by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a Scholar, and too good a Courtier not to discover his contempt of those who would be men of importance out of their sphere. Besides, to say the truth, although I have known many great Ministers ready enough to hear Opinions, yet I have hardly seen one that would ever descend to take Advice; and this pedantry ariseth from a maxim themselves do not believe at the same time they practise by it, that there is something profound in Politicks, which men of plain honest sense cannot arrive to.

I only wish my endeavours had succeeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the Ministers to each other. This might have been done, if others who had more concern and more influence would have acted their parts; and, if this had succeeded, the publick interest both of Church and State would not have been the worse, nor the Protestant Succession endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a constant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular persons, I deserve at least to find tolerable quarter from those of the other Party; for many of which I was a constant advocate with the Earl of Oxford, and for this I appeal to his Lordship: He knows how often I pressed him in favour of Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Row, and Mr. Steel, although I

freely confess that his Lordship's kindness to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the esteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only pretend to be a remembrancer. For, I can never forget the answer he gave to the late Lord Hallifax, who upon the first change of the Ministry interceded with him to spare Mr. Congreve: It was by repeating these two lines of Virgil,

*Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pæni,
Nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe.*

Pursuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greatest personal civilities, assuring him of his constant favour and protection, and adding that he would study to do something better for him.

I remember it was in those times a usual subject of raillery towards me among the Ministers, that I never came to them without a Whig in my sleeve; which I do not say with any view towards making my Court: For, the new Principles fixed to those of that denomination, I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, detest and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predecessors. I have conversed in some freedom with more Ministers of State of all Parties than usually happens to men of my level, and I confess, in their capacity as Ministers, I look upon them as a race of people whose acquaintance no man would court, otherwise than upon the score of Vanity or Ambition. The first quickly wears off (and is the Vice of low minds, for a man of spirit is too proud to be vain) and the other was not my case. Besides, having never received more than one small favour, I was under no necessity of being a slave to men in power, but chose my friends by their personal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politicks then in vogue. I fre-

quently conversed with Mr. Addison, and the others I named (except Mr. Steel) during all my Lord Oxford's Ministry, and Mr. Addison's friendship to me continued inviolable, with as much kindness as when we used to meet at my Lord Sommers or Halifax, who were leaders of the opposite Party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injustice I have these many years been pelted by your Pamphleteers, merely upon account of some regard which the Queen's last Ministers were pleased to have for me: and yet in my conscience I think I am a partaker in every ill design they had against the Protestant Succession, or the Liberties and Religion of their Country; and can say with Cicero, "that I should be proud to be included with them in all their actions *tanquam in equo Trojano*." But, if I have never discovered by my words, writings, or actions, any Party virulence, or dangerous designs against the present powers; if my friendship and conversation were equally shewn among those who liked or disapproved the proceedings then at Court, and that I was known to be a common Friend of all deserving persons of the latter sort, when they were in distress; I cannot but think it hard, that I am not suffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whose opinions unfortunately differ from those which lead to Favour and Preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the Thing we called a Whig in England is a creature altogether different from those of the same denomination here; at least it was so during the reign of Her late Majesty. Whether those on your side have changed or no, it hath not been my business to enquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addison, when he first came over hither Secretary to the Earl of Wharton then Lord Lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the Chief Managers here: He told me they were a sort of people who seemed to think, that the principles of a Whig consisted in nothing else

but damning the Church, reviling the Clergy, abetting the Dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed Religion.

I was discoursing some years ago with a certain Minister about that whiggish or fanatical Genius so prevalent among the English of this kingdom: his Lordship accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's Soldiers, adventurers established here, who were all of the fourest Leven, and the meanest birth, and whose posterity are now in possession of their lands and their principles. However, it must be confessed, that of late some people in this country are grown weary of quarrelling, because interest, the great motive of quarrelling is at an end; for, it is hardly worth contending who shall be an Excise-man, a Country-Vicar, a Cryer in the Courts, or an Under-Clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a person so ill treated as I have been, must at some time or other have discovered very dangerous opinions in government; in answer to which, I will tell you what my Political principles were in the time of her late glorious Majesty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or discourse.

First, I always declared myself against a Popish Successor to the Crown, whatever Title he might have by the proximity of blood: Neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts; first, as it was established by law; and secondly, as it hath much weight in the opinions of the people. For necessity may abolish any Law, but cannot alter the sentiments of the vulgar; Right of inheritance being perhaps the most popular of all topicks; and therefore in great Changes when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and discontent among the meaner people; which (under a weak Prince and corrupt Administration) may have the worst consequences upon the peace of any state.

As to what is called a Revolution-principle, my opinion was

this; That whenever those evils which usually attend and follow a violent change of Government, were not in probability so pernicious as the grievance we suffer under a present power, then the publick good will justify such a Revolution; and this I took to have been the case in the Prince of Orange's expedition, although in the consequences it produced some very bad effects, which are likely to stick long enough by us.

I had likewise in those days a mortal antipathy against Standing Armies in times of Peace. Because I always took Standing Armies to be only servants hired by the Master of the family, for keeping his own Children in slavery. And because I conceived, that a Prince who could not think himself secure without Mercenary Troops, must needs have a separate interest from that of his Subjects. Although I am not ignorant of those artificial Necessities which a corrupted Ministry can create, for keeping up Forces to support a Faction against the publick Interest.

As to Parliaments, I adored the wisdom of that Gothic Institution, which made them annual: and I was confident our Liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation until that ancient law were restored among us. For, who sees not, that while such Assemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the Ministry and the Deputies, wherein they both find their accounts to the manifest danger of Liberty; which Traffick would neither answer the design nor expence, if Parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated that scheme of Politicks, (now about thirty years old) of setting up a monied Interest in opposition to the landed. For I conceived, there could not be a truer maxim in our Government than this, That the Possessors of the soil are the best Judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the same way, Funds of Credit and South-sea Projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could never discover the necessity of suspending any Law upon which the Liberty of the most innocent persons depended: neither do I think this Practice hath made the taste of Arbitrary Power so agreeable, as that we should desire to see it repeated. Every Rebellion subdued and Plot discovered, contribute to the firmer establishment of the Prince: In the latter case, the knot of Conspirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thousand disadvantages; so that those diligent enquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every person whose face a Minister thinks fit to dislike, are not only opposite to that Maxim, which declareth it better that ten guilty men should escape, than one innocent suffer; but likewise leave a gate wide open to the whole Tribe of Informers, the most accursed, and prostitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a custom of chusing a Dictator, during whose administration, the Power of other Magistrates was suspended; but this was done upon the greatest emergencies; a War near their doors, or some civil Dissention: For Armies must be governed by arbitrary power. But when the Virtue of that Commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very office of Dictator became perpetual in the persons of the Cæsars and their Successors, the most infamous tyrants that have any where appeared in story.

These are some of the sentiments I had, relating to publick affairs, while I was in the world; what they are at present, is of little importance either to that or myself; neither can I truly say I have any at all, or if I had, I dare not venture to publish them: For however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before midsummer. And indeed I have often wished for some time past,

that a political Catechism might be published by authority four times a year, in order to instruct us how we are to speak, write, and act during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of such an instructor: For intending to make my court to some people on the prevailing side, by advancing certain old whiggish principles, which it seems had been exploded about a month before, I have passed for a disaffected person. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is, for a man in obscurity to attempt defending his reputation as a Writer, while the spirit of Faction hath so universally possessed the minds of men, that they are not at leisure to attend to any thing else. They will just give themselves time to libel and accuse me, but cannot spare a minute to hear my defence. So in a plot-discovering age, I have often known an innocent man seized and imprisoned, and forced to lie several months in chains, while the Ministers were not at leisure to hear his petition, until they had prosecuted and hanged the number they proposed.

All I can reasonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleased to wish me well, that I have neither been so ill a Subject nor so stupid an Author, as I have been represented by the virulence of Libellers, whose malice hath taken the same train in both, by fathering dangerous Principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and insipid Productions which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been sowered by personal ill treatment, or by melancholy prospects for the publick, I am too much a politician to expose my own safety by offensive words. And, if my genius and spirit be sunk by encreasing years, I have at least enough discretion left, not to mistake the measure of my own abilities, by attempting subjects where whose Talents are necessary, which perhaps I may have lost with my youth.

LETTER VI.

*Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay.**Dublin, Jan. 8, 1722-3.*

Coming home after a short Christmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The best and greatest part of my life, until these last eight years, I spent in England, there I made my friendships, and there I left my desires: I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think, to be *oblitusque meorum obliviscendus* & illis. What can be the design of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a scurvy sleep, which however is better than none. I am towards nine years older since I left you, yet that is the least of my alterations; my business, my diversions, my conversations, are all entirely changed for the worse, and so are my studies and my amusements in writing; yet after all, this humdrum way of life might be passable enough, if you would let me alone. I shall not be able to relish my wine, my parsons, my horses, nor my garden, for three months, until the spirit you have raised shall be dispossessed. I have sometimes wondered that I have not visited you, but I have been stopt by too many reasons, besides years and laziness, and yet these are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year amongst you, there would be to me *Desiderio nec pudor nec modus*. I was three years reconciling my self to the scene, and the business, to which fortune hath condemned me, and stupidity was what I had recourse to. Besides what a figure should I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, distress, or imprisonment, and my enemies with rods of iron?

Yet I often threaten my self with the journey, and am every summer practising to get health to bear it: The only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a Divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your cholick: do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? it will not be always *Et tibi quos mihi dempserit apponet annos*. I am heartily sorry you have any dealings with that ugly distemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exercise. I wish they could have as good an effect upon the giddiness I am subject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I should have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the present condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, &c. but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or else he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your case of needing great mens favour, and could heartily wish that you were in his. I have been considering why Poets have such ill success in making their Court, since they are allowed to be the greatest and best of all flatterers: The defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: They will give things under their hand which they make a conscience of speaking. Besides they are too libertine to haunt anti-chambers, too poor to bribe Porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under Original sin by the dedication of your Eclogues to Lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill Judge at this distance; and besides, am, for my ease, utterly ignorant of the commonest things that pass in the world; but if all Courts have a sameness in them (as the Parsons phrase it) things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to Parliament-men's Friends, who had been useful in Elections, and there was always a huge List of names in arrears at

the Treasury, which would at least take up your seven years expedient to discharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the surest course would be to get your Friend who lodgeth in your house to recommend you to the next chief Governor who comes over here for a good civil employment, or to be one of his Secretaries, which your Parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reasonable; you may dine twice a week at the Deanry-house; there is a sett of company in this town sufficient for one man; folks will admire you, because they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or sumptuously here; or if you divide between both places it will be for your health.

I wish I could do more than say I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late Court, and the Successors; and by the force of too much honesty or too little sublunary wisdom, you fell between two stools. Take care of your health and money; be less modest and more active; or else turn Parson and get a Bishoprick here: Would to God they would send us as good ones from your side!

I am ever, &c.

LETTER VII.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

Jan. 12, 1723.

I Find a rebuke in a late Letter of yours that both stings and pleaseth me extremely. Your saying that I ought to have writ a Postscript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content to write less than a whole Letter; and your seeming to take his

kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a sincere effect of Friendship. Indeed as I cannot but own the Laziness with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us hath both had and given) a Surfeit of writing; so I really thought you would know your self to be so certainly intitled to my Friendship, that it was a possession you could not imagine stood in need of any further Deeds or Writings to assure you of it.

Whatever you seem to think of your withdrawn and separate state at this distance, and in this Absence, Dean Swift lives still in England, in every place and company where he would chuse to live, and I find him in all the Conversations I keep, and in all the Hearts in which I desire any share.

We have never met these many years without mention of you. Besides my old Acquaintance, I have found that all my friends of a later date are such as were yours before: Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley, may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you: Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take Me with all his other Hereditary Rights: and, indeed, he seems grown so much a Philosopher, as to set his heart upon some of them as little, as upon the Poet you gave him. It is sure my ill fate, that all those I most loved, and with whom I most lived, must be banished: After both of you left England, my constant Host was the Bishop of † Rochester. Sure this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being over-run with too much Politeness, and cannot regain one great Genius, but at the expence of another. I tremble for my Lord Peterborough (whom I now lodge with) he has too much Wit, as well as Courage, to make a solid General: and if he escapes being banished by others, I fear he will banish himself. This leads me to give you some account of the

† Dr. Atterbury.

manner of my life and Conversation, which has been infinitely more various and dissipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all Sexes, Parties, and Professions. A Glut of Study and Retirement in the first part of my life, cast me into this; and this I begin to see will throw me again into Study and Retirement.

The Civilities I have met with from opposite Setts of people, have hindred me from being violent or sour to any Party; but at the same time the Observations and Experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprized at, any: I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the Violences and Hardships I see practised by either. The merry Vein you knew me in, is sunk into a Turn of Reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a Quietness of mind which by fits improves into a certain degree of Chearfulness, enough to make me just so good humoured as to wish that world well. My Friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to Knaves (for Fools I have learned to bear with) and such I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those men are next to Knaves who converse with them. The greatest Man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you both how to gain and how to use; the Freedom of Friendship with men much my Superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them and yet not have displeased them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all Intercourse with Poets and Scriblers, unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally; none have been Enemies, but who were also Strangers to me; and as

there is no great need of an Eclaircissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the Anxiety of a Wish; the strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you: But Fate has dispersed them all about the world; and I find to wish it is as vain, as to wish to see the Millennium and the Kingdom of the Just upon earth.

If I have sinned in my long silence, consider there is one to whom you your self have been as great a sinner. As soon as you see his hand, you will learn to do me justice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be silent to those he truly loves and respects.

L E T T E R VIII.

Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.

I Am not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to Laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your Advocate while he appeals to you as his Judge: You will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common Friends, shall have great justice to expect from two such righteous Tribunals: You resemble perfectly the two Alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time Burgomasters of the Town, and taxed one-anothers Bills alternately. I declare before-hand I will not stand to the award; my Title to your Friendship is good, and wants neither Deeds nor Writings to confirm it: but annual Acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it: and I begin to

suspect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge Prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about my self (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity) was it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and less dissipated than when you knew me and cared for me. That Love which I used to scatter with some profusion among the female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly) and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination between my Acquaintance and my Friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for our selves; those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me while I stood in the sunshine, have disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a Hermitage but for the sake of the Hermit; a few philosophical Friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of Party was never heard in this quiet place; Gazettes and Pamphlets are banished from it, and if the Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious Philosopher, had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his Precursors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seers) both his outward and his inward Doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party my self; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster

as Party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman Historians, by Guicciardin, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no History of our own country, till that body of it which you promise to finish, appears.

I am under no apprehensions that a glut of Study and Retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel, is that I fell so late into this course of life; my Philosophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you. *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all; some have cured me of my fears, by shewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by shewing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprize. In driving me out of Party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of Titles and Rank, and Estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased at what happens in it, any farther than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect Tranquility is the general tenour of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad; I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they

have not been made lightly: I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance shou'd methinks precede them; my losses of this kind give me but little trouble, I contributed nothing to them, and a friend who breaks with me unjustly is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this Town (which will be in a few days) I shall fall back into that course of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me: I have an aversion to them both, but in the ordinary course of life I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool: One must indeed with the former be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cutlers shop in Germany; but even in these constrained postures the witty Rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay in another coin: The Fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the Torpor, or he teizes me like the Fly. This is the Picture of an old Friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it----- Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

NB. The foregoing Letter of the Lord Bolingbroke, was printed at the End of the Quarto Edition, very faulty (as for instance, Arabians for Zabians, Egyptian Seres for Seers, &c.) occasioned by its being taken from Curl's stolen Copy only: The Original having been since recover'd among Dr. Swift's papers, it is now first correctly published. This Note is taken from the Dublin Edition.



LETTER IX.

From Dr. Swift.

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1723.

Returning from a summer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miserable malady than an unwillingness to write letters to our best friends, and a man might be philosopher enough in finding out reasons for it. One thing is clear, that it shews a mighty difference betwixt Friendship and Love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always scribbling to his mistress. If I could permit my self to believe what your civility makes you say, that I am still remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep my self here ---- *Non sum qualis eram*. I left you in a period of life when one year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulness of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible sum. I have no very strong faith in you pretenders to Retirement, you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi* & *fuga sæculi*, unless a Poet grows weary of too much applause, as Ministers do of too much weight of business.

Your Happiness is greater than your Merit, in chusing your Favourites so indifferently among either Party: this you owe partly to your Education, and partly to your Genius employing you in an Art in which Faction has nothing to do, for I suppose Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the Constitution of Church and

State, than a Christian at Constantinople; and you are so much the wiser and the happier, because both Parties will approve your Poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of Friendship are new to me: I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the first places in my Friendship, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another scene, and therefore I distribute it in Pennyworths to those about me, and who displease me least; and should do the same to my fellow prisoners if I were condemned to jail. I can likewise tolerate Knaves much better than Fools, because their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, tho' not so troublesome, as that of Fools. I have often endeavoured to establish a Friendship among all Men of Genius, and would fain have it done: they are seldom above three or four Contemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was so among the Poets in the time of Augustus: but Envy, and Party, and Pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the Subalterns, of which you are seldom without a large Tribe. Under the name of Poets and Scriblers, I suppose you mean the Fools you are content to see sometimes, when they happen to be modest; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would describe to you my way of living, if any method could be call'd so in this Country. I chuse my companions among those of least consequence and most compliance: I read the most trifling Books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the most trifling subjects: But riding, walking, and sleeping take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procrastinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have several things to finish which I put off to twenty years hence; *Hæc est vita So-*

lutorum, &c. I send you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath passed four months this summer with two grave acquaintance at his country-house without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles distant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you shall find him as deep in the Court of Requests, the Park, the Opera's, and the Coffee-house, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You must remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay ----- I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr. Jervas to whose house I address this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your last whether you lodge with Lord Peterborough, or he with you?

I am ever, &c.

LETTER X.

Sept. 14, 1725.

I Need not tell you, with what real delight I shou'd have done any thing you desired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your Letter, who is this day gone for France. Perhaps 'tis with Poets as with Prophets, they are so much better lik'd in another country than their own, that your Gentleman, upon arriving in England, lost his curiosity concerning me. However, had he try'd, he had found me his friend; I mean he had found me yours. I am disappointed at not knowing better a man whom you esteem, and comfort my self only with having got a Letter from you, with which (after all) I sit down a gainer; since to my great pleasure it confirms my hope of once more seeing you. After so many dispersions, and so many divisions, two or three of us may yet be gather'd

together; not to plot, not to contrive silly schemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others hearts with busy vanities (such as perhaps at one time of life or other take their Tour in every man) but to divert ourselves, and the world too if it pleases; or at worst, to laugh at others as innocently and as un hurtfully as at ourselves. Your Travels I hear much of; my own I promise you shall never more be in a strange land, but a diligent, I hope useful, investigation of my own Territories. I mean no more Translations, but something domestic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us I'll find you elderly Ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurse, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noise; as you will guess when I tell you they are my own mother, and my own nurse. I can also help you to a Lady who is as deaf, tho' not so old, as yourself; you'll be pleas'd with one-another I'll engage, tho' you don't hear one-another: you'll converse like spirits by intuition. What you'll most wonder at is, she is considerable at Court, yet no Party-woman, and lives in Court, yet wou'd be easy and make you easy.

One of those you mention (and I dare say always will remember) Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous distemper, an imposthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be (he bids me tell you, and I write this by him) he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reason he has to desire a little longer life, is the wish to see you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumstance to tell you, he wou'd give you (if he cou'd) such advice as might cure your deafness, but he would not advise you, if you were cur'd, to quit the pretence of it; because you may by that means hear as much as you will, and answer as little as you please. Believe me

Yours, &c.

LETTER XI.

*From Dr. Swift.**Sept. 29, 1725.*

I Am now returning to the noble scene of Dublin, into the grand Monde, for fear of burying my parts; to signalize my self among Curates and Vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter, through those dominions where I govern. I have employ'd my time (besides ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my * Travels, in four parts compleat, newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather when a Printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions, but the chief end I propose to my self in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleas'd that you have done with Translations; Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the World, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all Nations, Professions, and Communities; and all my love is towards Individuals: for instance, I hate the Tribe of Lawyers, but I love Counsellor such a one, and Judge such a one: 'Tis so

* Gulliver's Travels.

with Physicians, (I will not speak of my own Trade) Soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called Man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have govern'd my self many years (but do not tell) and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a Treatise, proving the falsity of that definition *Animal rationale*, and to shew it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of Misanthropy (tho' not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my Travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind, till all honest men are of my opinion: By consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear, that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your Odysey was finished, being yet in the country, which I shall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the present, but shall like it three fourths the less, from the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you sav'd yourself so much drudgery ----- I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great atchievements in building and planting, and especially of your subterranean passage to your garden, whereby you turned a Blunder into a Beauty, which is a piece of *Ars Poetica*.

I have almost done with Harridans, and shall soon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The Lady whom you describe to live at Court, to be deaf, and no party-woman, I take to be Mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at Court: Justice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is she a Court-lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a Court-lady, but then she is a most damnable Party-woman, and will never make me easy,

as you promise. It must be Riches which answers all your description: I am glad she visits you, but my voice is so weak, that I doubt she will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. Oh if the world had but a dozen Arbuthnot's in it, I would burn my Travels! But however he is not without fault: There is a passage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age, where after abundance of praises he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Easter at a wrong time of the year. So our Doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or useful; but alas, he hath a sort of flouch in his Walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Christian though not a Catholick.

I hear nothing of our Friend Gay, but I find the Court keeps him at hard meat. I advised him to come over here with a Lord Lieutenant. Philips writes little Flams (as Lord Leicester call'd those sort of verses) on Miss Carteret. A Dublin Blacksmith, a great Poet, hath imitated his manner in a poem to the same Miss. Philips is a complainer, and on this occasion I told Lord Carteret, that Complainers never succeed at Court, though Railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman? that I must address to you out of London, to the hazard of your losing this precious letter, which I will now conclude although so much paper is left. I have an ill Name, and therefore shall not subscribe it, but you will guess it comes from one who esteems and loves you about half as much as you deserve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern, at what I am just told is in some of the news-papers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has so much Youth and vigour left, (of which he hath not been thrifty) but I wonder he has no more Discretion.

LETTER XII.

Oct. 15, 1725.

I Am wonderfully pleas'd with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends, in proportion as you draw nearer to them; and are getting into our Vortex. Here is One, who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of shining) learn'd to be content with returning to his first point, without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is Another, who thinks one of the greatest glories of his Father was to have distinguish'd and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleas'd with the hope of seeing you again, than of reviewing a world every part of which he has long despis'd, but what is made up of a few men like yourself. He goes abroad again, and is more chearful than even health can make a man, for he has a good conscience into the bargain, (which is the most Catholick of all remedies, tho' not the most Universal.) I knew it wou'd be a pleasure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write so soon to you.

I'm sorry poor P. is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all Poets the most misera-

Ble. I'm also sorry for another reason; if they don't promote him, they'll spoil the conclusion of one of my Satires, where having endeavour'd to correct the Taste of the town in wit and criticism, I end thus,

But what avails to lay down rules for sense?

In ———'s Reign these fruitless lines were writ,

When Ambrose Philips was preferr'd for Wit!

Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs, (and generally by Tories too.) Because he had humour, he was suppos'd to have dealt with Dr. Swift; in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the Devil. He puts his whole trust at Court in that Lady whom I describ'd to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy: I wish she really were Riches for his sake; tho' as for yours, I question whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other?

Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall, I wish he had receiv'd no more by his other fall; Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved Mind since you saw him, that ever was improved without shifting into a new body, or being: *paullo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to my self, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes; after so much of the old world and of the old man, in each of us has been alter'd, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atome of the other, remains just the same; I've fancy'd, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the Millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our former Passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the Kingdom of the just in tranquility. But I find you would rather be employ'd as an avenging Angel of wrath, to

break your Vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay would make them *Eat your Book*, which you have made (I doubt not) as bitter a pill for them as possible.

I won't tell you what designs I have in my head (besides writing a sett of Maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucault's principles) till I see you here, face to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me, for want of a generous disdain of this world, tho' I have not lost my Ears in yours and their service. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mention'd in this Letter, and he deserves to be always mention'd in every thing that is address'd to you, or comes from you) expects you: That ought to be enough to bring you hither; 'tis a better reason than if the Nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can desire, into your principle of Love of Individuals: and I think the way to have a publick spirit, is first to have a private one; for who can believe (said a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thousand people, who never cared for one? No ill-humour'd man can ever be a Patriot, any more than a Friend.

I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touch'd with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. He too is busy about a book, which I guess he will tell you of. So adieu ----- what remains worth telling you? Dean Berkley is well, and happy in the prosecution of his Scheme. Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke in health, Duke Disney so also; Sir William Wyndham better, Lord Bathurst well. These and some others, preserve their ancient honour, and ancient friendship. Those who do neither, if they were d--d, what is it to Protestant priest, who has nothing to do with the dead? I an-

swer for my own part as a Papist, I would not pray them out of Purgatory.

My name is as bad an one as yours, and hated by all bad poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon and Cibber. The first pray'd against me with the Turk; and a modern Imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Christian to 'em, with proper definitions of each in this manner,

The Pope's the Whore of Babylon,

The Turk he is a Jew:

The Christian is an Infidel

That sitteth in a Pew.

L E T T E R XIII.

From Dr. Swift.

Nov. 26, 1725.

I Should sooner have acknowledged yours, if a feaverish disorder and the relicks of it had not disabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuses, because I hope I am pretty near seeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; because if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not express'd that right, but I mean well, and I hate blots: I look in your letter, and in my conscience you say the same thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke that I wish he were banish'd again, for then I should hear from him, when he was full of philosophy, and talked *de contemptu mundi*. My Lord Oxford was so extremely kind as to

write to me immediately an account of his son's birth; which I immediately acknowledg'd, but before my letter could reach him, I wish'd it in the sea: I hope I was more afflicted than his Lordship. 'Tis hard that Parsons and Beggars should be over-run with bratts, while so great and good a family wants an heir to continue it. I have receiv'd his Father's picture, but I lament (*sub sigillo confessionis*) that it is not so true a resemblance as I could wish. Drown the world! I am not content with despising it, but I would anger it, if I could with safety. I wish there were an Hospital built for its Despisers, where one might act with safety, and it need not be a large building, only I would have it well endow'd. P * * is *fort chancellor* whether he shall turn Parson or no. But all employments here are engaged, or in reversion. Cast Wits and cast Beaux have a proper sanctuary in the church: yet we think it a severe judgement, that a fine gentleman, and so much a finer for hating Ecclesiasticks, should be a domestic humble retainer to an Irish Prelate. He is neither Secretary nor Gentleman-usher, yet serves in both capacities. He hath published several reasons why he never came to see me, but the best is, that I have not waited on his Lordship. We have had a Poem sent from London in imitation of that on Miss Carteret. It is on Miss Harvey of a day old; and we say and think it is yours. I wish it were not, because I am against monopolies----- You might have spared me a few more lines of your Satire, but I hope in a few months to see it all. To hear boys like you talk of Millenniums and tranquility! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we last were together; and we should differ more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my Lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends will take a special care that my Disaffection to the World may not

be imputed to my Age, for I have credible witnesses ready to depose, that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the fifty eighth year of my life (pray fill that blank charitably.) I tell you after all, that I do not hate mankind, it is *vous autres* who hate them, because you would have them reasonable Animals, and are angry at being disappointed: I have always rejected that definition, and made another of my own. I am no more angry with ----- than I was with the Kite that last week flew away with one of my chickens; and yet I was pleas'd when one of my servants shot him two days after. This I say, because you are so hardy as to tell me of your intentions to write Maxims in opposition to Rochefoucault, who is my favourite, because I found my whole character in him; however I will read him again, because it is possible I may have since undergone some alterations. ---- Take care the bad Poets do not out-wit you, as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provok'd to transmit their names to posterity. Mœvius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you, if his name gets into your verses: and as to the difference between good and bad fame, 'tis a perfect trifle. I ask a thousand pardons, and so leave you for this time, and will write again without concerning my self whether you write or no.

I am, &c.

LETTER XIV.

Decemb. 10, 1725.

I Find my self the better acquainted with you for a long Absence, as men are with themselves for a long Affliction:

Absence does but hold off a Friend, to make one see him the more truly. I am infinitely more pleas'd to hear you are coming near us, than at any thing you seem to think in my favour; an opinion which has perhaps been aggrandized by the distance or dulness of Ireland, as objects look larger thro' a medium of Fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleas'd with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our Wits) our Judgments jump, in the notion that all Scriblers should be past by in silence. To vindicate ones self against such nasty slander, is much as wise as it was in your country-man, when the people imputed a flink to him, to prove the contrary by shewing his backside. So let Gildon and Philips rest in peace! What Virgil had to do with Mævius, that he should wear him upon his sleeve to all eternity, I don't know. I've been the longer upon this, that I may prepare you for the reception both you and your works may possibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a Wit, and hate you. So you know the worst; unless you are as vindictive as Virgil, or the aforesaid Hibernian.

I wish as warmly as you, for an Hospital in which to lodge the Despisers of the world; only I fear it wou'd be fill'd wholly like Chelsea, with maimed Soldiers, and such as had been disabled in its service. I would rather have those, that out of such generous principles as you and I, despise it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger against the Great, my spleen is at the little rogues of it; it would vex one more to be knock'd on the head with a Piss-pot, than by a Thunder-bolt. As to great Oppressors, they are like Kites or Eagles, one expects mischief from them; but to be squirted to death (as poor Wycherley said to me on his death bed) by Apothecaries Apprentices, by the understrappers of under-secretaries to secretaries

who were no secretaries----- this wou'd provoke as dull a dog as Ph---s himself.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr. L--- thinks all this indiscreet: the Dr. not so; he loves mischief the best of any good-natur'd man in England. Lord B. is above trifling: when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal; if ever he trifles, it must be when he turns a Divine. Gay is writing Tales for Prince William: I suppose Mr. Philips will take this very ill, for two reasons; one that he thinks all childish things belong to him, and the other, because he'll take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child, without being childish. What have I more to add? but that Lord Oxford desires earnestly to see you: and that many others whom you do not think the worst of, will be gratified by it: none more, be assured, than Yours, &c.

P.S. Pope and You are very great Wits, and I think very indifferent Philosophers: If you despised the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be so angry with it. The founder of your sect, that noble Original whom you think it so great an honour to resemble * was a slave to the worst part of the world, to the Court; and all his big words were the language of a slighted Lover, who desired nothing so much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing so much as a rupture. I believe the world hath used me as scurvily as most people, and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the simple, false, capricious thing. I should blush alike, to be discovered fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of *Animal Rationis*, instead of the common one *Animal Rationale*, will not bear examination: define but Reason,

* Seneca.

and you will see why your distinction is no better than that of the Pontiff *Cotta*, between *mala ratio*, and *bona ratio*. But enough of this: make us a visit, and I'll subscribe to any side of these important questions which you please. We differ less than you imagine, perhaps, when you wish'd me banish'd again: but I am not less true to you and to Philosophy in England, than I was in France.

Yours, &c. B.

LETTER XV.

From Dr. Swift.

London, May 4, 1726.

I Had rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent disquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it most after a great dinner; for the least Transgression of yours, if it be only two bits and one sup more than your stint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than those fots who are carry'd dead drunk to bed. My Lord Peterborow spoiled every body's dinner, but especially mine, with telling us that you were detained by sickness. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pothook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, because I love and esteem you for reasons that most others have little to do with, and would be the same although you had never touched a pen, further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey; I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can, and when I write to you, I will strive not to think of you: This I intend in return to your kindness; and further, I know no

body has dealt with me so cruelly as you, the consequences of which usage I fear will last as long as my life, for so long shall I be (in spite of my heart) entirely Yours.

LETTER XVI.

Aug. 22, 1726.

MAny a short sigh you cost me the day I left you, and many more you will cost me, till the day you return. I really walk'd about like a man banish'd, and when I came home, found it no home. 'Tis a sensation like that of a limb lopp'd off, one is trying every minute unawares to use it, and finds it is not. I may say you have used me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impossible for me to live at ease without you: Habitude itself would have done that, if I had less friendship in my nature than I have. Besides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which presents you to me in every place I frequent: I shall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter, or the pleasing prospect of Byberry, but your Idea must be join'd with 'em; nor see one seat in my own garden, or one room in my own house, without a Phantome of you, sitting or walking before me. I travell'd with you to Chester, I felt the extream heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and closeness of the uneasy coach, and wish'd a hundred times I had either a Deanery or a Horse in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my soul peevish ever since with all about me, from a warm uneasy desire after you. I am gone out of myself to no purpose, and cannot catch you. *Inbiat in pedes* was not more properly apply'd to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to

your departure. I wish I could think no more of it, but lye down and sleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far soever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends that every thing you wish may attend you where you are, and that you may find every friend you have there, in the state you wish him, or her; so that your visits to us may have no other effect, than the progress of a rich man to a remote estate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only serves to make him live happier where he is, with no disagreeable prospect if ever he should chuse to remove. May this be your state till it become what I wish. But indeed I cannot express the warmth, with which I wish you all things, and myself you. Indeed you are engraved elsewhere than on the Cups you sent me, (with so kind an inscription) and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleas'd with them, but take them very kindly too: And had I suspected any such usage from you, I should have enjoyed your company less than I really did, for at this rate I may say

Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

I will bring you over just such another present, when I go to the Deanery of St. Patrick's; which I promise you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindness. *Donarem Pateras, &c.* Till then I'll drink (or Gay shall drink) daily healths to you, and I'll add to your inscription the old Roman Vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My Mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

LETTER XVII.

Sept. 3, 1726.

Yours to Mr. Gay gave me greater satisfaction than that to me (tho' that gave me a great deal) for to hear you were safe at your journeys end, exceeds the account of your fatigues while in the way to it: otherwise believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which sets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I guess reach'd you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir ----- who express his desire of having seen you again before you left us; He said he observed a willingness in you to live among us; which I did not deny; but at the same time told him, you had no such design in your coming this time, which was merely to see a few of those you loved: but that indeed all those wished it, and particularly Lord Peterborow and my self, who wish'd you lov'd Ireland less, had you any reason to love England more. I said nothing but what I think wou'd induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain Truth, did they know either it, or you. I can't help thinking, (when I consider the whole short List of our friends) that none of 'em except you and I are qualify'd for the Mountains of Wales. The Dr. goes to Cards, Gay to Court; one loses money, one loses his time: Another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling foil. One Lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales: Another is too much a subject to Princes and Potentates, to relish that wild Taste of liberty and poverty. Mr. Congreve is too sick to bear a thin air; and she that leads him too rich to enjoy any thing. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never stay in any. Lord

Bathurst is too great an husbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too honest to live in the world, but yet 'tis fit, for its example, he should. We are left to ourselves in my opinion, and may live where we please, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas: And for me, I assure you I love the world so well, and it loves me so well, that I care not in what part of it I pass the rest of my days. I see no sunshine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glympse of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps 'tis a mistake, but however there's something in it generous. Mr. * * takes it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank his ill fortune: for if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power, than out.

To shew you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to myself an old sentence. 'Those that are in, may abide in; and those that are out, may abide out: yet to me, those that are in shall be as those that are out, and those that are out shall be as those that are in.

I am indifferent as to all those matters, but I miss you as much as I did the first day, when (with a short sigh) I parted. Wherever you are, (or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coast of Dublin,

--- *Tu mihi, magni superas dum saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris* ---)

I am, and ever shall be Yours, &c.

LETTER XVIII.

*Mr. Gay to Dr. Swift.**Nov. 17, 1726.*

ABout ten days ago a Book was publish'd here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the conversation of the whole town ever since: The whole impression fold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extreamly. 'Tis generally said that you are the Author, but I am told, the Book-seller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the highest to the lowest it is universally read, from the Cabinet-council to the Nursery. The Politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the Satire on general societies of men is too severe. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perspicuity, who are in search for particular applications in every leaf; and 'tis highly probable we shall have keys publish'd to give light into Gulliver's design. Lord ----- is the person who least approves it, blaming it as a design of evil consequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes most offence, being himself the most accomplish'd of his species, and so losing more than any other of that praise which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in some places the matter too far carried. The Duchess Dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; she says she can dream of nothing else since she read it: she declares, that she hath now found out, that her whole life hath been lost in caressing the worst part of mankind, and

treating the best as her foes ; and that if she knew Gulliver, tho' he had been the worst enemy she ever had, she would give up her present acquaintance for his friendship. You may see by this, that you are not much injur'd by being suppos'd the Author of this piece. If you are, you have disoblig'd us, and two or three of your best friends, in not giving us the least hint of it while you were with us ; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who says it is ten thousand pities he had not known it, he could have added such abundance of things upon every subject. Among Lady-critics, some have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to Maids of honour. Those of them who frequent the Church, say, his design is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithstanding I am told the Princess hath read it with great pleasure. As to other Critics, they think the flying island is the least entertaining ; and so great an opinion the town have of the impossibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himself, 'tis agreed that part was not writ by the same hand, tho' this hath its defenders too. It hath pass'd Lords and Commons, *nemine contradicente* ; and the whole town, men, women and children are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a Book you have never seen, and which hath not yet reach'd Ireland ; if it hath not, I believe what we have said will be sufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to send it to you.

But it will be much better to come over your self, and read it here, where you will have the pleasure of variety of commentators, to explain the difficult passages to you.

We all rejoyce that you have fixt the precise time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima* ; which we modern naturalists pronounce, ought to be reckon'd, contrary to Pliny, in

this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, *Styl. Greg.* at farthest. But to us your friends, the coming of such a black swallow as you, will make a summer in the worst of seasons. We are no less glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at Court.

The Princess is cloath'd in Irish silk; pray give our service to the Weavers. We are strangely surpriz'd to hear that the Bells in Ireland ring without your money; I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B---- hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Honynhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and discarded him your service. I fear you do not understand these modish terms, which every creature now understands but your self.

You tell us your Wine is bad, and that the Clergy do not frequent your house, which we look upon to be tautology. The best advice we can give you is, to make them a present of your wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are mistaken; we envy those you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

Nov. 16, 1726.

I Have resolved to take time; and in spite of all misfortunes and demurs, which sickness, lameness, or disability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two least fingers of one hand hang impediments to the others, like useless dependents, who only take up room, and

never are active or assistant to our wants: I shall never be much the better for 'em --- I congratulate you first upon what you call your Cousin's wonderful Book, which is *publica trita manu* at present, and I prophecy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by some statesmen, is delightful; I wish I could tell you how every single man looks upon it, to observe which has been my whole diversion this fortnight. I've never been a night in London since you left me, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully answered my expectations.

I find no considerable man very angry at the book: some indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a Satire? but none that I hear of accuse it of particular reflections (I mean no persons of consequence, or good judgment; the mob of Critics, you know, always are desirous to apply Satire to those they envy for being above them) so that you needed not to have been so secret upon this head. Motte receiv'd the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropp'd at his house in the dark, from a Hackney-coach: by computing the time, I found it was after you left England, so for my part, I suspend my judgment.

I'm pleas'd with the nature and quality of your Present to the Princess. The Irish stuff you sent to Mrs. H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own use. Are you determin'd to be National in every thing, even in your civilities? you are the greatest Politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational Politician, there's no great fear of you, you will never succeed.

Another thing in which you have pleased me, was what you say to Mr. P. by which it seems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reason. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it

is high time to be so, after twenty or thirty years observation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

I question not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their interest: But God forbid an honest or witty man should be of any, but that of his country. They have scoundrels enough to write for their passions and their designs; let us write for truth, for honour, and for posterity. If you must needs write about Politicks at all, (but perhaps 'tis full as wise to play the fool any other way) surely it ought to be so as to preserve the dignity and integrity of your character with those times to come, which will most impartially judge of you.

I wish you had writ to Lord Peterborow, no man is more affectionate toward you. Don't fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I must be, at most, but half your friend, and sincerely I am wholly so. Adieu, write often, and come soon, for many wish you well, and all would be glad of your company.

LETTER XX.

From Dr. Swift.

Dublin, Nov. 17, 1726.

I Am just come from answering a Letter of Mrs. H---'s writ in such mystical terms, that I should never have found out the meaning, if a Book had not been sent me called *Gulliver's Travellers*, of which you say so much in yours. I read the Book over, and in the second volume observe several passages which ap-

pear to be patch'd and altered, and the style of a different sort: (unless I am much mistaken) Dr. Arbuthnot likes the Projectors least, others you tell me, the Flying island; some think it wrong to be so hard upon whole Bodies or Corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular persons are most to be blam'd: so that in these cases, I think the best method is to let censure and opinion take their course. A Bishop here said, that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part, he hardly believed a word of it; and so much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumstance of returning to Ireland. It is a shame you do not persuade your Ministers to keep me on that side, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in prison for a Plotter; but at the same time I must tell you, that such journeys very much shorten my life, for a month here is longer than six at Twickenham.

How comes friend, Gay to be so tedious? another man can publish fifty-thousand Lies sooner than he can publish fifty Fables.

I am just going to perform a very good office, it is to assist with the Arch-bishop, in degrading a Parson who couples all our beggars, by which I shall make one happy man: and decide the great question of an Indeleble character in favour of the principles in fashion; this I hope you will represent to the Ministry in my favour, as a point of merit; so farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parson, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries: he declared to us that he resolved to be hanged, only desired that when he was to go to the gallows, the Arch-bishop would take off his Excommunication. Is not he a good Catholick? and yet he is but a Scotch-man. This is the only Irish event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deserves notice. Let me add, that if I were Gulliver's friend, I would desire all my acquaintance to

give out that his copy was basely mangled, and abused, and added to, and blotted out by the Printer; for so to me it seems, in the second volume particularly.

Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

From Dr. Swift.

December 5, 1726.

I Believe the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does your self, and with reason, because I may probably be a greater loser by it. What have Accidents to do with those who are neither jockeys, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a rascally Groom shall gallop a foundred horse ten miles upon a causeway, and get home safe.

I am very much pleas'd that you approve what was sent, because I remember to have heard a great man say, that nothing required more judgment than making a present; which when it is done to those of high rank, out to be of something that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the same time do me justice in what you observe as to Mr. P. Besides it is too late in life for me to act otherwise, and therefore I follow a very easy road to virtue, and purchase it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a state of power, and dependance a state of slavery? We care not three pence whether a Prince or Minister will see us or no: We are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor are at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that Riches are Liberty, but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeship is to last in acquiring them.

Since you have receiv'd the verses, I most earnestly intreat you to burn those which you do not approve, and in those few where you may not dislike some parts, blot out the rest, and sometimes (tho' it be against the laziness of your nature) be so kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have some few of those things I call thoughts moral and diverting; if you please I will send the best I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reason to chuse the method you mention of mixing the several verses, and I hope thereby among the bad Critics to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am so happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I intreat you will present him with my humble respects and thanks, tho' he all-to-be-Gullivers me by very strong insinuations. Tho' you despise Riddles, I am strongly tempted to send a parcel to be printed by themselves, and make a nine-penny jobb for the bookseller. There are some of my own, wherein I exceed mankind, *Mira Poemata!* the most solemn that were ever seen; and some writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine, but I will not praise my self. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why should I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it so happy? therefore I resolve from henceforth to handle only serious subjects, *nisi quid tu docte Trebati, Dissentis.*

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXII.

March 8, 1726-7.

MR. Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whose acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you: and I think the acquaintance of so valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the least obligations.

Our Miscellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleas'd with this joint-volume, in which methinks we look like friends, side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to posterity; not in the stiff forms of learned Authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought: but in a free, un-important, natural, easy manner; diverting others just as we diverted ourselves. The third volume consists of Verses, but I would chuse to print none but such as have some peculiarity, and may be distinguish'd for ours, from other writers. There's no end of making Books, Solomon said, and above all of making Miscellanies, which all men can make. For unless there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the Elect, I should not care to be one of the Twelve-thousand signed.

You receiv'd, I hope, some commendatory verses from a Horse and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver; and an heroic Epistle of Mrs. Gulliver. The Bookseller would fain have printed 'em before the second Edition of the Book, but I would not permit it without your approbation: nor do I much like them. You see how much like a Poet I write, and yet if you were with us, you'd be deep in Politicks. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpose, but therefore the more warm and the more angry: *Non nostrum est, Tantas componere lites.* I stay at

H

Twitnam, without so much as reading news-papers, votes, or any other paltry pamphlets: Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are sent for your diversion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks, I am at Glubdubdrib with none but Ancients and Spirits about me.

I am rather better than I use to be at this season, but my hand (tho' as you see, it has not lost its cunning) is frequently in very awkward sensations, rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done some mischief already, and just been strong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively, letter, which will attend this; She has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you; we fancy some letters have been intercepted, or lost by accident. About ten thousand things I want to tell you: I wish you were as impatient to hear them, for if so, you would, you must come early this spring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vex'd at losing Mr. Stopford as soon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value must settle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of 'em, and I forgive you this one.

L E T T E R XIV.

October 2, 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a girl. I can't tell what to say to you; I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that 'tis

almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good or give any ease to those who deserve most from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think your self easier in any house than in mine, tho' at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seem'd to want that tenderness. I can't explain my meaning, perhaps you know it: But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your so sudden departure: For the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unless your health grew better, and I don't find it did so. I never comply'd so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so intirely from you: nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised that before you went, we shou'd meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours: we are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in a more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe, we shall have something better than even a friend, there, but certainly here we have nothing so good.

Adieu for this time; may you find every friend you go to as pleas'd and happy, as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXIV.

*From Dr. Swift.**Dublin, Oct. 12, 1727.*

I Have been long reasoning with my self upon the condition I am in, and in conclusion have thought it best to return to what fortune hath made my home ; I have there a large house, and servants and conveniencies about me. I may be worse than I am, and I have no where to retire. I therefore thought it best to return to Ireland, rather than go to any distant place in England. Here is my maintainance, and here my convenience. If it pleases God to restore me to my health, I shall readily make a third journey ; if not, we must part as all human creatures have parted. You are the best and kindest friend in the world, and I know no-body alive or dead to whom I am so much obliged ; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wish'd that God almighty would be so easy to the weakness of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another state ; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my schemes. This wildness you must allow for, because I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be sick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneasy ; yet my giddiness alone would not have done, if that unfociable comfortless deafness had not quite tired me. And I believe I should have returned from the Inn, if I had not feared it was only a short intermission, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely besides all other faults, I should be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendship and kindness. But it hath pleased God that you are not in a state of health, to be mortified with the care and sickness of

a friend. Two sick friends never did well together; such an office is fitter for servants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The case would be quite otherwise if you were with me; you could refuse to see any body, and here is a large house where we need not hear each other if we were both sick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both sexes at command, who are of no consequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread softly when I am only giddy and would sleep.

I had another reason for my haste hither, which was changing my Agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs; to which however I am grown so indifferent, that I believe I shall lose two or three hundred pounds rather than plague my self with accompts: so that I am very well qualified to be a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increase Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deserve it like you, having been too lavish of that health which Nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall-landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the Preacher said, 'the day of judgment was nearer, than ever it had been before.

Pray God send you health, *det Salutem, det opes, animam æquam ipse tibi parabis*. You see Horace wished for money, as well as health; and I would hold a crown he kept a coach; and I shall never be a friend to the Court, till you do so too.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XXV.

*From Dr. Swift.**October 30, 1727.*

THE first letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay, but it would have been wiser to direct it to Tonson or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the Post-office. In that Letter you will find what a quick change I made in seven days from London to the Deanery, thro' many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a swift horse or a strong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the Antipodes. If I did not know you more by your conversation and kindness than by your letter, I might be base enough to suspect, that in point of friendship you acted like some Philosophers who writ much better upon Virtue than they practiced it. In answer, I can only swear that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpressible nonsense; but now I can every night distinctly see Twitenham, and the Grotto, and Dawley, and many other et cetera's, and it is but three nights since I beat Mrs. Pope. I must needs confess, that the pleasure I take in thinking on you is very much lessened by the pain I am in about your health: You pay dearly for the great talents God hath given you; and for the consequences of them in the esteem and distinction you receive from mankind, unless you can provide a tolerable stock of health; in which pursuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather entreat you would mend it by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke and your other

Physicians. When you talk'd of Cups and Impressions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting scripture, not to your advantage; I mean what was said to David by one of his brothers: "I knew thy pride and the naughtiness of thy heart;" I remember when it grieved your soul to see me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way it would have cost me a hundred pounds, for I live worse here upon more. Did you ever consider that I am for life almost twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do Port, and have neither Coach, Chair, nor mother? As to the world, I think you ought to say to it with St. Paul, *if we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?* this is more proper still if you consider the French word *spiritual*, in which sense the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a present of a thousand pound, I would not allow my self to be in your debt; and if I made you a present of two, I would not allow my self to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: witness what Mr. Gay says in his letter, that I was censured for begging Presents, tho' I limited them to ten shillings. I see no reason, (at least my friendship and vanity see none) why you should not give me a visit, when you shall happen to be disengaged: I will send a person to Chester to take a care of you, and you shall be used by the best folks we have here, as well as civility and good nature can contrive; I believe local motion will be no ill physick, and I will have your coming inscribed on my Tomb, and recorded in never-dying verse.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers, but I know the mystery. A person of my acquaintance who used to correspond with the last great Duke of Tuscany, shewing one of the Duke's letters

to a friend, and professing great sense of his Highness's friendship, read this passage out of the letters, *I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good.* The person to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well, said, the meaning of *real good* was only that the other might turn a good Catholick. Pray ask Mrs. Pope whether this story is applicable to her and me? I pray God bless her, for I am sure she is a good Christian, and (which is almost as rare) a good Woman.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. Gay to Dr. Swift.

Oct. 22, 1727.

THE Queen's family is at last settled, and in the list I was appointed Gentleman-usher to the Princess Louisa, the youngest Princess; which, upon account that I am so far advanc'd in life, I have declin'd accepting; and have endeavour'd, in the best manner I could, to make my excuses by a letter to her Majesty. So now all my expectations are vanish'd; and I have no prospect, but in depending wholly upon myself, and my own conduct. As I am us'd to disappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be disappointed, so that I am in a blessed condition. ——— You remember you were advising me to go into Newgate to finish my scenes the more correctly ——— I now think I shall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my Opera is already finish'd. I leave the rest of this paper to Mr. Pope.

Gay is a Free-man, and I writ him a long Congratulatory Letter upon it. Do you the same: It will mend him, and make

him a better man than a Court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Augustus's time, if he pleas'd, but I won't in the time of our Augustus. My Poem (which it grieves me that I dare not send you a copy of, for fear of the Curl's and Dennis's of Ireland, and still more for fear of the worst of Traytors, our Friends and Admirers) my Poem, I say, will shew what a distinguishing age we lived in? Your name is in it, with some others, under a mark of such ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bless you, and give you health and spirits.

*Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rablais' easy chair,
Or in the graver Gown instruct mankind,
Or silent, let thy morals tell thy mind.*

These two verses are over and above what I've said of you in the Poem. Adieu.

LETTER XXVII.

Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay.

Dublin, Nov. 23, 1727.

I Entirely approve your refusal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the Ministry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himself in a state to be forgiven. Upon reasoning with myself, I should hope they are gone too far to discard you quite, and that they will give you something; which although much less than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circum-

stantiated: And since you already just live, a middling help will make you just tolerable. Your lateness in life (as you so soon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almost the eldest men may hope to see changes in a Court. A Minister is always seventy: You are thirty years younger; and consider, Cromwel himself did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a shilling, which Dr. Birch said was a serious thing. Get a stronger fence about your 1000 £. and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be advised by your Twittenham-landlord and me about an annuity. You are the most refractory, honest, good-natur'd man I ever have known; I could argue out this paper----- I am very glad your Opera is finished, and hope your friends will join the readier to make it succeed, because you are ill-used by others.

I have known Courts these thirty-six years, and know they differ; but in some things they are extremely constant: First, in the trite old maxim of a Minister's never forgiving those he hath injured; Secondly, in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends: Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-bearing: Fourthly, in sacrificing those whom we really wish well, to a point of interest, or intrigue: Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for those who can do service or dis-service.

Now why does not Mr. Pope publish his dulness? the rogues he marks will die of themselves in peace, and so will his friends, and so there will be neither punishment, nor reward--- Pray enquire how my Lord St. John does? there is no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his.----- I wonder whether you begin to taste the pleasure of Independency? or whether you do not sometimes leer upon the Court, *oculo retorto*? Will you not think of an Annuity, when you are two years older,

and have doubled your purchase-money? Have you dedicated your Opera, and got the usual dedication-fee of twenty guineas? How is the Doctor? does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philosopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pultney in expectation of a son, or my Lord Oxford of a new old manuscript?

I bought your Opera to-day for six-pence, a cursed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand gout*.

We are as full of it *pro modulo nostro* as London can be; continually acting, and houses cramm'd, and the Lord Lieutenant several times there laughing his heart out. I did not understand that the scene of Locket and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Cassius, till I was told it. I wish Mackheath, when he was going to be hang'd, had imitated Alexander the great when he was dying: I would have had his fellow-rogues desire his commands about a Successor, and he to answer, let it be the most worthy, &c. We hear a million of stories about the Opera, of the applause at the song, *That was level'd at me*, when two great ministers were in a box together, and all the world staring at them. I am heartily glad your Opera hath mended your purse, though perhaps it may spoil your court.

Will you desire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pultney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thousand pounds? that you may laugh at courts, and bid Ministers ----

Ever preserve some spice of the Alderman, and prepare against Age, and Dulness, and Sickneſs, and Coldneſs or Death of Friends. A Whore has a resource left, that ſhe can turn bawd; but an old decay'd Poet is a creature abandon'd, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewise Polly's Meſſo-tinto. Lord,

how the school boys at Westminster, and University-lads adore you at this juncture ! have you made as many men laugh, as Ministers can make weep ?

I will excuse Sir ----- the trouble of a letter : When Ambassadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his Nephew, after two years ; the Emperor answered, that he likewise condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and respected him very much, and do still as much as ever ; and it is a return sufficient, if he pleases to accept the offers of my most humble service.

The Beggars-Opera hath knock'd down Gulliver ; I hope to see Pope's Dulness knock down the Beggars-Opera, but not till it hath fully done its jobb.

To expose vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more publick service than all the Ministers of state from Adam to Walpole, and so adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.

POPE charges himself with this letter ; he has been here two days, he is now hurrying to London, he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more, and before the end of the week he will be, for ought I know, at Dublin. In the mean time his † *Dulness* grows and flourishes as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work : the many will stare at it, the few will smile, and all his Patrons from Bickerstaff to Gulliver will rejoice, to see themselves adorn'd in that immortal piece.

† The Dunciad.

I hear that you have had some return of your illness which carried you so suddenly from us (if indeed it was your own illness which made you in such haste to be at Dublin) Dear Swift take care of your health, I'll give you a receipt for it, *a la Montagne*, or which is better, *a la Bruyere*. *Nourir bien votre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais: laisser rouiller l'esprit, meuble inutile, voire outil dangereux: Laisser sonner vos cloches le matin pour eveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un sommeil doux et profond, qui luy procure de beaux songes: Lever vous tard, et aller al' Eglise, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien dejeune.* As to myself (a person about whom I concern myself very little) I must say a word or two out of complaisance to you. I am in my farm, and here I shoot strong and tenacious roots: I have caught hold of the earth, (to use a Gardener's phrase) and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again. Adieu, let me hear from you, at least of you: I love you for a thousand things, for none more than for the just esteem and love which you have for all the sons of Adam.

P.S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account I shall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to desire you to expect my soul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tack'd to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I assure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at Court absolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the Gynocracy are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber and the British Journalist; so that we may live at quiet, and apply ourselves to our more abstruse studies. The only Courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr. Bowry; the former is at present so employed in the elevated airs of his Opera, and the latter

in the exaltation of his high dignity (that of her Majesty's Waterman) that I can scarce obtain a categorical answer from either to any thing I say to 'em. But the Opera succeeds extremely, to yours and my extreme satisfaction, of which he promises this post to give you a full account. I have been in a worse condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: so it must be in you, and in posterity, to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am yours. Pray love me, and take care of your self.

 LETTER XXIX.

March 23, 1727-8.

I Send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boston in New-England, wherein you'll find a real person, a member of their Parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that Traveller has travel'd thither, it has travel'd very quick, to have folks christen'd already by the name of the supposed Author. But if you object, that no child so lately christen'd could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into Parliament, I reply (to solve the Riddle) that the person is an *Anabaptist*, and not christen'd till full age, which sets all right. However it be, the accident is very singular, that these two names should be united.

Mr. Gay's Opera has acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole season. So he has more than a fence about his thousand pound: he'll soon be thinking of a fence about his two thousand. Shall no one of us live as we would wish each other to live? Shall he have no annuity,

you no settlement on this side, and I no prospect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæsar---- as Cato said, for ambitious, false, or flattering people to domineer in: Nay they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I despise the world yet, I assure you, more than either Gay or you, and the Court more than all the rest of the world. As for those Scriblers for whom you apprehend I would suppress my *Dulness*, (which by the way, for the future you are to call by a more pompous name, The *Dunceiad*) how much that nest of Hornets are my regard, will easily appear to you when you read the Treatise of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name shall stand linked as friends to posterity, both in verse and prose, and (as Tully calls it) in *consuetudine Studiorum*. Would to God our persons could but as well, and as surely, be inseparable! I find my other Tyes dropping from me; some worn off, some torn off, others relaxing daily: My greatest, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, Time is shaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living so much with one so old; much the more helpless, for having been so long help'd and tended by her; much the more considerate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who requir'd me justly to be both to her; and consequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the less fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend, to be amused or entertained. My constitution too has had its share of decay, as well as my spirits, and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at sixty. I believe we should be fit to live together, cou'd I get a little more health, which might make me not quite insupportable: Your Deafness wou'd agree with my Dulness; you wou'd not want me to speak when you could not hear. But God forbid you shou'd be as destitute of the social comforts of life, as I must when I lose my mother;

or that ever you should lose your more useful acquaintance so utterly, as to turn your thoughts to such a broken reed as I am, who could so ill supply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafness; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or say in this kind obliges me, nay delights me, to see the justice you do me in thinking me concern'd in all your concerns; so that tho' the pleasantest thing you can tell me be that you are better or easier; next to that it pleases me that you make me the person you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happiest end I know of this life, so the next felicity is to get rid of fools and scoundrels; which I can't but own to you was one part of my design in falling upon these Authors, whose incapacity is not greater than their insincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myself)

That each bad Author is as bad a Friend.

This Poem will rid me of those insects,

*Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii,
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade,*

I mean than *my Iliad*; and I call it *Nescio quid*, which is a degree of modesty; but however if it silence these fellows, it must be something greater than any Iliad in Christendom. Adieu.



LETTER XXX.

*From Dr. Swift.**Dublin, May 10, 1728.*

I Have with great pleasure shewn the New-England News-paper with the two names Jonathan Gulliver, and I remember Mr. Fortescue sent you an account from the assizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver who had a Cause there, and lost it on his ill reputation of being a liar. These are not the only observations I have made upon odd strange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for Historians. Mr. Gay's Opera hath been acted here twenty times, and my Lord Lieutenant tells me it is very well perform'd; he hath seen it often, and approves it much.

You give a most melancholy account of your self, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a man subject like us to bodily infirmities, should only occasionally converse with great people, notwithstanding all their good qualities, easinesses, and kindnesses. There is another race which I prefer before them, as Beef and Mutton for constant dyet before Patridges: I mean a middle kind both for understanding and fortune, who are perfectly easy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and sit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence, that I am otherwise engaged at present. This you cannot expect from any of those that either you or I or both are acquainted with on your side; who are only fit for our healthy seasons, and have much business of their own. God forbid I should condemn you to Ireland (*Quamquam O!*) and for England I despair; and indeed a change of

affairs would come too late at my season of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loss will be very sensible whenever it shall happen. I say one thing, that both summers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a midling fortune: you will have an absolute command of your company, with whatever obsequiousness or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly house-keeper, who hath been my *W-lp-le* above thirty years, whenever I liv'd in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villa's near this town: You have a warm apartment in this house, and two gardens for amusement. I have said enough, yet not half. Except absence from friends, I confess freely that I have no discontent at living here; besides what arises from a silly spirit of Liberty, which as it neither sours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor spoils my stomach farther than in imagination, so I resolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad, but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora* — there is now a vacancy for fame; the Beggars Opera hath done its task, *discedat uti conviva satur*.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

From Dr. Swift.

June 1, 1728.

I Look upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar Triumvirate, who have nothing to expect, or to fear; and so

far fittest to converse with one another : Only he and I are a little subject to schemes, and one of us (I won't say which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profess without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a Patriot (since you call it so) is what I do not deserve ; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly, and baseness about me, among which I'm forc'd to live. And I will take my oath that you have more Virtue in an hour, than I in seven years ; for you despise the follies, and hate the vices of mankind, without the least ill effect on your temper ; and with regard to particular men, you are inclin'd always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope however, this is not in you from a superior principle of virtue, but from your situation, which hath made all parties and interests indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low-church, Whig and Tory, or who is first Minister ---- Your long letter was the last I receiv'd 'till this by Dr. Delany, although you mention another since. The Dr. told me your secret about the Dunciad, which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it. As to one of your enquiries, I am easy enough in great matters, but have a thousand paltry vexations in my little station, and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin writ upon the tricks used by my Chapter to teize me. I do not converse with one creature of Station or Title, but I have a sett of easy people whom I entertain when I have a mind ; I have formerly describ'd them to you, but when you come you shall have the honours of the country as much as you please, and I shall on that account make a better figure, as long as I live. Pray God preserve Mrs. Pope for your sake and ease, I love and esteem her too much to wish it for her own : If I were five and

twenty, I would wish to be of her age, to be as secure as she is of a better life. Mrs. P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the best Letter-writers I know; very good sense, civility and friendship, without any stiffness or constraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here, but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the University-lads will crowd to kiss the hem of your garment. I am griev'd to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forc'd him to the Bath. Tell me, is not Temperance a necessary virtue for great men, since it is the parent of Ease and Liberty? so necessary for the use and improvement of the mind, and which Philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life? I believe, had health been given so liberally to you, it would have been better husbanded without shame to your parts.

LETTER XXXII.

Dawley, June 28, 1728.

I Now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two Haycocks, but his attention is sometimes diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleas'd with your placing him in the Triumvirate between yourself and me; tho' he says that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures like Anthony. It is upon a foresight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree, that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purg'd out of him; and his great Temperance and

Oeconomy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money, as to buy a Bishoprick in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his Hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can answer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a Barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordship is run after his Cart, I have a moment left to my self to tell you, that I over-heard him yesterday agree with a Painter for 200 l. to paint his country-hall with Trophies of Rakes, spades, prongs, &c. and other ornaments merely to countenance his calling this place a Farm ----- now turn over a new leaf-----

He bids me assure you, he should be sorry not to have more schemes of kindness for his friends, than of ambition for himself: There, tho' his schemes may be weak, the motives at least are strong; and he says further, if you could bear as great a fall, and decrease of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you wou'd not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inscription, which makes me proudest. It will be attended with *Proeme, Prologomena, Testimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum,* and *Notes Variorum.* As to the latter, I desire you to read over the Text, and make a few in any way you like best, whether dry raillery, upon the stile and way of commenting of trivial Critics; or humorous, upon the authors in the poem; or historical, of persons, places, times; or explanatory, or collecting the parallel passages of the Ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my Mother not ill, Dr. Arbuthnot vex'd with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we shall lose a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, &c.

LETTER XXXIII.

From Dr. Swift.

July 16, 1728.

I Have often run over the *Dunciad* in an Irish edition (I suppose full of faults) which a gentleman sent me. The notes I could wish to be very large, in what relates to the persons concern'd; for I have long observ'd that twenty miles from London no-body understands hints, initial letters, or town-facts and passages; and in a few years not even those who live in London. I would have the names of those scriblers printed indexically at the beginning or end of the Poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the Parodies (as they are call'd) referred to the author they imitate.— When I began this long paper, I thought I should have fill'd it with setting down the several passages I had mark'd in the edition I had, but I find it unnecessary, so many of them falling under the same rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never in my opinion saw so much good satire, or more good sense, in so many lines. How it passes in Dublin I know not yet; but I am sure it will be a great disadvantage to the poem, that the persons and facts will not be understood, till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be published till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again I insist, you must have your Astericks fill'd up with some real names of real Dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter, of June 28, and find that all I have advis'd above is mention'd there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymously, as published by the Commentator, with all his pomp

of prefaces, &c. and among many complaints of spurious editions? I am thinking whether the Editor should not follow the old style of, This excellent author, &c. and refine in many places when you meant no refinement? and into the bargain take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, histories, and performances?

As to your self, I doubt you want a spurrier-on to exercise and to amusements, but to talk of decay at your season of life is a jest. But you are not so regular as I. You are the most temperate man God-ward, and the most intemperate your self-ward, of most I have known. I suppose Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more flesh, and two hundred less in money: Providence never design'd him to be above two and twenty, by his thoughtlessness and Cullibility. He hath as little foresight of age, sickness, poverty, or loss of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I must observe, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindness to me) argues most sophistically: The fall from a million to an hundred-thousand pounds is not so great, as from eight hundred pounds a year to one: Besides, he is a controller of Fortune, and Poverty dares not look a great Minister in the face, under his lowest declension. I never knew him live so great and expensively as he hath done since his return from Exile; such mortals have resources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bless You, whose great genius has not so transported you as to leave you to the courtesy of mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a blessing fittest for a Philosopher---- and Gay is a Slave just by two thousand pounds too little.---- And Horace was of my mind, and let my Lord contradict him if he dares.-----



LETTER XXXIV.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1728.

I Have past six weeks in quest of health, and found it not; but I found the folly of sollicitude about it in a hundred instances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of physicians, the blind obedience of some patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a certain time of life, men are either fools, or physicians for themselves, and zealots, or divines for themselves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winters visit, but last week I repented that wish, having been alarm'd with a report of your lying ill on the road from Ireland; from which I am just reliev'd by an assurance that you are still at Sir A----'s planting and building; two things that I envy you for, besides a third, which is the society of a valuable Lady. I conclude (tho' I know nothing of it) that you quarrel with her, and abuse her every day, if she is so. I wonder I hear of no Lampoons upon her, either made by yourself, or by others because you esteem her. I think it a vast pleasure that whenever two people of merit regard one another, so many scoundrels envy and are angry at them; 'tis bearing testimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have receiv'd of late, at the finding yours and my name constantly united in any silly scandal, I think you would go near to sing *Io Triumphe!* and celebrate my happiness in verse; and I believe if you won't, I shall. The inscription to the Dunciad is now printed and inserted in the Poem. Do you care I shou'd say any thing farther how much that poem is yours? since certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the rest of our lives! The whole weight of Scriblers

would just serve to find us amusement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them: every stick you plant, and every stone you lay, is to some purpose; but the business of such lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raise nothing. I only wish we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let those who have so great a mind to have more Wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but ease, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the best wish in the world, and you know whose it was. If I liv'd in Ireland, I fear the wet climate wou'd indanger more than my life; my humour, and health, I am so Atmospheric a creature.

I must not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words spoken of you in the Drawing-room, was not true. The sayings of Princes are generally as ill related as the sayings of Wits. To such reports little of our regard shou'd be given, and less of our conduct influenc'd by them.

LETTER XXXV.

From Dr. Swift.

Dublin, Feb. 13, 1728.

I Liv'd very easily in the country: Sir A. is a man of sense, and a scholar, has a good voice, and my Lady a better; she is perfectly well bred, and desirous to improve her understanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine Lady. She was my pupil there, and severely chid when she read wrong; with that, and walking, and making twenty little amusing improvements, and writing family verses of mirth by way

of libels on my Lady, my time past very well and in very great order; infinitely better than here, where I see no creature but my servants and my old Presbyterian house-keeper, denying myself to every body, till I shall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord Lieutenant was only in a common news-paper, when I was in the country; and if it should have happen'd to be true, I would have desired to have had access to him as the situation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who surely besides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to squander away a very good constitution in his younger days; and I think a man of sense and merit like him, is bound in conscience to preserve his health for the sake of his friends, as well as of himself. Upon his own account I could not much desire the continuance of his life, under so much pain, and so many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight on my spirits since we lost him; tho' I saw him so seldom, and possibly if he had liv'd on, should never have seen him more. I do not only wish as you ask me, that I was unacquainted with any deserving person, but almost, that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humour'd Physician, a fine gentleman, an excellent scholar, easy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally, they pass the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him; he has twenty of these at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the rest, and is no more mov'd than at the loss of his cat; he offends no body, is easy with every body ----- is not this the true happy man? I was describing him to my Lady A-----, who knows him too, but she hates

him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health: I would give half my fortune for the same temper, and yet I cannot say I love it, for I do not love my Lord ----- who is much of the Doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's second Opera which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be advised, and reject your advice. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

Dr. Swift to Lord Bolingbroke.

Dublin, March 21, 1729.

YOU tell me you have not quitted the design of collecting, writing, &c. This is the answer of every sinner who defers his repentance. I wish Mr. Pope were as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to see truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the dust --- I find my self disposed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is so ignoble, that it descends even to resent the folly and baseness of the enslav'd people among whom I live. I knew an old Lord in Leicestershire who amused himself with mending pitchforks and spades for his Tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly cross the channel and stand by, while my betters were driving the Boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of such an endeavour. When I was of your age I often thought of death, but now after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me less. I conclude that providence hath order'd our fears to decrease with our spirits; and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever: for finding it trou-

blesome to read at night, and the company here growing tasteless, I am always writing bad prose, or worse verses, either of rage or raillery, whereof some few escape to give offence, or mirth, and the rest are burnt.

They print some Irish trash in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends, for all are spurious except one * paper, for which Mr. Pope very lately chid me. I remember your Lordship us'd to say, that a few good speakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling, To the question, would never hold long when reason was on the other side. Whether politicks do not change like gaming by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant; but I believe in your time you would never, as a Minister, have suffer'd an Act to pass thro' the H. of C----s, only because you were sure of a majority in the H. of L----s to throw it out; because it would be unpopular, and consequently a loss of reputation. Yet this we are told hath been the case in the qualification bill relating to Pensioners. It should seem to me, that Corruption, like avarice, hath no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your ministry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compar'd it with these last sixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running seven millions in debt. I am forc'd to play at small game, to set the beasts here a madding, meerly for want of better game, *Tentanda via est qua me quoque possim, &c.* The D---- take those politicks, where a Dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in person to England, if I am provok'd, and send for the Dictator from the plough. I disdain to say, *O mihi præteritos* ---- but *cruda deo viridif-*

* Entitled, A Libel on Dr. Delany, and a certain great Lord.

que Senectus. Pray my Lord how are the Gardens? have you taken down the mount, and remov'd the yew hedges? Have you not bad weather for the spring-corn? Has Mr. Pope gone farther in his Ethic Poems? and is the head-land sown with wheat? and what says Polybius? and how does my Lord St. John? which last question is very material to me, because I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley. ----- I built a wall five years ago, and when the masons play'd the knaves, nothing delighted me so much as to stand by while my servants threw down what was amiss: I have likewise seen a Monkey overthrow all the dishes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleasure of seeing them tumble and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wish you would invite me to such another entertainment; but you think as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poison'd rat in a hole. I wonder you are not ashamed to let me pine away in this kingdom while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *Melange* above-written, and declare it to be a true copy of my present disposition, which must needs please you, since nothing was ever more displeasing to myself. I desire you to present my most humble respects to my Lady.

LETTER XXXVII.

*Dr. Swift to Lord Bolingbroke.**Dublin, April 5, 1729.*

I Do not think it could be possible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your scurvy suit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart; I hated it in all its circumstances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a situation of life that must make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me in supposing your affairs do at least concern me as much as my own; so I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read last summer in a newspaper, that you were writing the history of your own times. I suppose such a report might arise from what was not secret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of history; which you often promis'd Mr. Pope and me to do: I know he desires it very much, and I am sure I desire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your publick virtue. My Lord, I have no other notion of Oeconomy than that it is the parent of Liberty and ease, and I am not the only friend you have who hath chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, tho' not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a silly error in the world, even among friends otherwise very good, not to intermeddle with mens affairs in such nice matters. And my Lord, I have made a maxim, that should be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wise man ought to have Mony in his head, but not not in his heart. Pray my Lord enquire whether your Prototype, my Lord Digby, after the Resto-

ration when he was at Bristol, did not take some care of his fortune, notwithstanding that quotation I once sent you out of his speech to the H. of Commons? In my conscience, I believe Fortune like other drabbs, values a man gradually less for every year he lives. I have demonstration for it; because if I play at piquet for six-pence with a man or woman two years younger than myself, I always lose; and there is a young girl of twenty who never fails of winning my money at Back-gammon, tho' she is a bungler, and the game be Ecclesiastic. As to the publick, I confess nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but these frequent returns of deafness, which have hindred me from passing last winter in London; yet I cannot but consider the perfidiousness of some people who I thought when I was last there, upon a change that happened, were the most impudent in forgetting their professions that I have ever known. Pray will you please to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu male administrari*; the commonness makes me not know who is the author, but sure he must be some Modern.

I am sorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I protest I never knew a very deserving person of that sex, who had not too much reason to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more insignificant thing than it was the day before: which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I shall be sorry to lose. But my greatest misery is recollecting the scene of twenty years past, and then all on a sudden dropping into the present. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line which I drew up almost on the ground, but it dropt in, and the disappointment vexes me to this very day, and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments. I should be ashamed to say this to you, if you had not a spirit fitter to bear your own

misfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatness are got, and by what qualities they are lost? I have read my friend Congreve's verses to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and false moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates; "that all times are equally virtuous and vicious" wherein he differs from all Poets, Philosophers, and Christians that ever writ. It is more probable that there may be an equal quantity of virtues always in the world, but sometimes there may be a peck of it in Asia, and hardly a thimble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of sincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one humane creature in power who will not be modest enough to confess that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of Corruption, I say this because I have a scheme in spite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of Virtue, and when the nation is ripe for it, I desire you will send for me. I have learn'd this by living like a Hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the Æra of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedness of men. I dine alone upon half a dish of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit Epistola ad Dom. Bolingbroke, & incipit ad amicum Pope.*

Having finished my Letter to Aristippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that she was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unseasonable to trouble you. I am ashamed to tell you, that when I was very young I had more desire to be famous than ever since; and fame, like all things else in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are so much younger, although you want that health you deserve, yet your spirits are as vigorous as if your body were sounder. I hate a crowd where

I have not an easy place to see and be seen. A great Library always makes me melancholy, where the best Author is as much squeezed, and as obscure, as a Porter at a Coronation. In my own little library, I value the compliments of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke) more than all my books besides; because whoever comes into my closet, casts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it is almost incredible how Opinions change by the decline or decay of spirits, and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours, from a boy to distinguish my self, were only for want of a great Title and Fortune, that I might be used like a Lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribband, or of a coach and six horses. To be remembred for ever on the account of our friendship, is what would exceedingly please me, but yet I never lov'd to make a visit, or be seen walking with my betters, because they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no sooner writ this than I corrected my self, and remember'd Sir Fulk Grevil's Epitaph, "Here lies, &c. who was friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I most heartily thank you for your desire that I would record our friendship in verse, which if I can succeed in, I will never desire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You must present my humble service to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reason, that she may live to take care of you.



LETTER XXXVIII.

*From Dr. Swift.**Aug. 11, 1729.*

I Am very sensible that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wishes and desires, which however I find with some comfort do now daily decline, very suitable to my state of health for some months past. For my head is never perfectly free from giddiness, and especially towards night. Yet my disorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafness this half year; so I am like a horse which though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this comparison puts me in mind to add that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wish you would imitate me. As to this country, there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place strowed with beggars, but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation the two-thirds of whose revenues are spent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not suffer them to wear their own manufactures even where they excel what come from abroad: This is the true state of Ireland in a very few words. These evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is absolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print these ten years past.

What I have said requires forgiveness, but I had a mind for once to let you know the state of our affairs, and my reason for being more moved than perhaps becomes a Clergyman, and a piece of a Philosopher: and perhaps the increase of years and disorders may hope for some allowance to complaints, especially when I may call my self a stranger in a strange land. As to

poor Mrs. Pope (if she be still alive) I heartily pity you and pity her: her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age hath made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her best friends will most wish her eased of her labours, when she hath so many good works to follow them. The loss you will feel by the want of her care and kindness, I know very well; but she has amply done her part, as you have yours. One reason why I would have you in Ireland when you shall be at your own disposal, is that you may be master of two or three years revenues, *provisæ frugis in annos copia*, so as not to be pinch'd in the least when years increase, and perhaps your health impairs: And when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may support me for the few years I shall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant interest for the spoonful of wine, and scraps of a chicken it will cost me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reason to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any person, one tenth part so heartily disposed as you are, to do good offices to others, without the least private view.

Was it a Gasconade to please me, that you said your fortune was increased 100 l. a year since I left you? you should have told me how. Those *subsidia senectuti* are extremely desirable, if they could be got with justice, and without avarice; of which vice tho' I cannot charge myself yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no usurer more wishes to be richer, (or rather to be surer of his rents) But I am not half so moderate as you, for I declare I cannot live easily under double to what you are satisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his 3000 l. and live on the interest without decreasing the principal one penny; but I do not like your seldom seeing him. I hope he is grown more disengaged from his intentness on his own affairs, which I ever disliked,

and is quite the reverse to you, unless you are a very dextrous disguiser. I desire my humble service to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurst, and particularly to Mrs. B——, but to no Lady at court. God bless you for being a greater Dupe than I: I love that character too myself, but I want your charity. Adieu.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Oct. 9, 1729.

IT pleases me that you received my books at last: but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or disapprove not of some parts, of the Commentary, &c. It was my principal aim in the entire work to perpetuate the friendship between us, and to shew that the friends or the enemies of one were the friends or enemies of the other: If in any particular, any thing be stated or mention'd in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new Editions now coming out here, may have it rectify'd. You'll find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with some additions to the Notes and Epigrams cast in, which I wish had been encreas'd by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoyce in hearing that Drapiers-Hill is to emulate Parnassus; I fear the country about it is as much impoverish'd. I truly share in all that troubles you, and wish you remov'd from a scene of distress, which I know works your compassionate temper too strongly. But if we are not to see you here, I believe I shall once in my life see you there. You think more for me, and about me, than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you'll not be contented, tho' I am, that the additional 100%. a year is only for my life.

My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: she will never be troublesome to me, if she be not so to herself: but a melancholy object it is, to observe the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a person to whom one is tyed by the links of both. I can't tell whether her death itself would be so afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs; I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away a 100 £. a year. Don't be angry; I will not live to be very old. I have Revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it: I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give, by giving it, alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr. Gay assures me his 3000 £. is kept entire and sacred; he seems to languish after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The Dr. is unalterable, both in friendship and Quadrille: his wife has been very near death last week: his two brothers buried their wives within these six weeks. Gay is sixty miles off, and has been so all this summer, with the Duke and Duchess of Queensbury. He is the same man: so is every one here that you know: mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille Qui minimis urgetur* --- Poor Mrs.* is like the rest, she cries at the thorn in her foot, but will suffer no-body to pull it out. The Court-lady I have a good opinion of, yet I have treated her more negligently than you would do, because you like to see the inside of a court, which I do not. I have seen her but twice. You have a desperate hand at dashing out a character by great strokes, and at the same time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you should draw mine, if I were conscious of any guilt: But if I were conscious only of folly, God send it! for as no body can detect a great fault so well as you, no

body would so well hide a small one. But after all, that Lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vast deal for a Courtier. I can assure you that Lord Peterborow always speaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I must throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monstrare, & sentio tantum.*

LETTER XL

Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.

Brussels, Sept. 27, 1729.

I Have brought your French acquaintance thus far on her way into her own country, and considerably better in health than she was when she went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that she will recover such a degree of health as may render old age supportable. Both of us have closed the tenth Luster, and it is high time to determine how we shall play the last act of the Farce. Might not my life be entituled much more properly a *What-d'ye-call-it* than a *Farce*? some Comedy, a great deal of Tragedy, and the whole interspersed with scenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Balordo, the prototype of your Hero. --- I used to think sometimes formerly of old age and of death: enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate sorrow, to dash the joys of youth, and to be all my life a dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proceed on my journey: little regret when I look backwards, little apprehension when I look forward. You complain grievously of your situation in Ireland: I would complain of mine too in

England, but I will not, nay I ought not; for I find by long experience that I can be unfortunate without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the *figure of living*, and the *pleasure of giving*, tho' your old prating friend Montagne does something like it in one of his Rapsodys. To tell you my reasons would be to write an Essay, and I shall hardly have time to write a Letter; but if you will come over, and live with Pope and me, I'll shew you in an instant why those two things should not *aller de pair*, and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us even uneasy. You know that I am too expensive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of descending without anxiety two or three stages more. In short (Mr. Dean) if you will come to a certain farm in Middlesex, you shall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peevish with those whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, instead of appointing me to eat theirs: and yet I have naturally as little disposition to frugality as any man alive. You say you are no philosopher, and I think you are in the right to dislike a word which is so often abused; but I am sure you like to follow reason, not custom, (which is sometimes the reason, and oftner the caprice of others, of the mob of the world.) Now to be sure of doing this, you must wear your philosophical spectacles as constantly as the Spaniards used to wear theirs. You must make them part of your dress, and sooner part with your broadbrimm'd beaver, your gown, your scarf, or even that emblematical vestment your surplice. Thro' this medium you will see few things to be vexed at, few persons to be angry at; and yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wish altered, and persons whom we ought to wish hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree that a regard for Fame becomes a man more towards his Exit, than at his entrance into

life; and yet you confess, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your sentiment is true and natural; your reasoning I am afraid is not so upon this occasion. Prudence will make us desire fame, because it gives us many real and great advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wise man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of society. You Poets and Orators have inverted this order; you propose Fame as the end; and good, or at least great actions, as the means. You go further: You teach our self-love to anticipate the applause which we suppose will be paid by posterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads besides your own: I am afraid this may have done some harm in the world.

Fame is an object which men pursue successfully by various and even contrary courses. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as essential, and on the means as indifferent; so that Fabricius and Crassus, Cato and Cæsar pressed forward to the same Goal. After all perhaps it may appear, from a consideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world without calling this passion or this direction of self-love, into your aid: *Tacitus* has crowded this excuse for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu famæ, contemni virtutes*. But now whether we consider Fame as an useful instrument in all the occurrences of private and publick life, or whether we consider it as the cause of that pleasure which our self-love is so fond of; methinks our entrance into life, or (to speak more properly) our youth not our old age, is the season when we ought to desire it most, and therefore when it is most becoming to desire it with ardor. If it is useful, it is to be desired most when we have, or may hope to have, a long scene of action open before us: Towards our exit, this scene of action is or should be closed; and then me-

thinks it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occasion for. If it is pleasant, the sooner we are in possession of fame the longer we shall enjoy this pleasure. When it is acquired early in life it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the sensation of pleasure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having tasted it sooner.

From my Farm, Oct. 5.

I am here; I have seen Pope, and one of my first enquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am sorry to hear: You are building, it seems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpose, in some county of Ireland. Tho' I have built in a part of the world, which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill fortune and yours, yet I am sorry you do the same thing. I have repented a thousand times of my resolution, and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Adieu my old and worthy friend; may the physical evils of life fall as easily upon you, as ever they did on any man who lived to be old; and may the moral evils which surround us, make as little impression on you, as they ought to make on one who has such superior sense to estimate things by, and so much virtue to wrap himself up in.

My wife desires not to be forgotten by you; she's faithfully your servant, and zealously your admirer. She will be concerned and disappointed not to find you in this Island at her return, which hope both she and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

LETTER XLI.

*Dr. Swift to Lord Bolingbroke.**Dublin, Oct. 31, 1729.*

I Receiv'd your Lordship's travelling letter of several dates, at several stages, and from different nations, languages and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in so many places. As to your ten Lustres, I remember when I complain'd in a letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jest, and answered me out of Terence, *ista commemoratio est quasi exprobatio*. How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to answer for, all monastically pass'd in this Country of liberty and delight, and money, and good company! I go on answering your letter; It is you were my Hero, but the other never was; yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him in the beginning of your ministry, from my accusations. But I granted he had the greatest inequalities of any man alive, and his whole scene was fifty times more a What-d'ye-call-it, than yours: for I declare yours was *unie*, and I wish you would so order it, that the world may be as wise as I upon that article: Mr. Pope wishes it too, and I believe there is not a more honest man in England, even without wit. But you regard' us not. ---- I was * forty seven years old when I began to think of death, and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to sleep. ----- I writ to Mr. Pope, and not to you. My birth

* The Year of Queen Anne's Death.

although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretensions from person and parts infinitely so; I a younger son of younger sons; you born to a great fortune: Yet I see you with all your advantages, sunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: But yet I see you as much esteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more (though it be almost impossible) than ever you were in your highest exaltation ---- only I grieve like an Alderman that you are not so rich. And yet, my Lord, I pretend to value money as little as you, and I will call five-hundred witnesses (if you will take Irish witnesses) to prove it. I renounce your whole philosophy, because it is not your practice. By the *figure of living*, (if I used that expression to Mr. Pope) I do not mean the parade, but a suitableness to your mind; and as for the *pleasure of giving*, I know your soul suffers when you are debarr'd of it. Could you, when your own generosity and contempt of outward things, (be not offended, it is no Ecclesiastical but an Epictetian phrase) could you, when these have brought you to it, come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the Deanery? I could almost wish the experiment were tryed, no God forbid, that ever such a scoundrel as Want should dare to approach you. But, in the mean time, do not brag, Retrenchments are not your talent. But as old Weymouth said to me in his Lordly Latin, *Philosophia verba, ignava opera*. I wish you could learn Arithmetick, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philosophical spectacles which you advise me to, will tell me that I can live on 50 *l.* a year (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to) but I cannot endure that *Otium* should be *sine dignitate*. ---- My Lord, what I would have said of Fame is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; because I cannot be a great Lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *subsidium*, I would endea-

vour that my betters should seek me by the merit of something distinguishable, instead of my seeking them. The desire of enjoying it in after-times is owing to the spirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the house is so full, that there is no room for above one or two at most in an age, through the whole world. My Lord, I hate and love to write to you, it gives me pleasure, and kills me with melancholy. The D----- take stupidity, that it will not come to supply the want of philosophy.

LETTER XLII.

From Dr. Swift.

Oct. 31, 1729.

YOU were so careful of sending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleased four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, Text and Comment; but am one abstracted from every body, in the happiness of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeness shall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it, for we have an octavo of our own, which hath sold wonderfully, considering our poverty, and dulness the consequence of it.

I writ this post to Lord B. and tell him in my letter, that with a great deal of loss for a frolick, I will fly as soon as build; I have neither years, nor spirits, nor money, nor patience for such amusements. The frolick is gone off, and I am only 100 l. the poorer. But this kingdom is grown so excessively poor,

that we wise men must think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thousand pounds of species in the whole island; for we return thrice as much to our Absentees, as we get by trade, and so are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print these ten years, to as little purpose as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Irish politicks, which I only mention, because it so nearly touches my self. I must repeat what I believe I have said before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender disposition, and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much satisfied that your additional 100 l. *per Annum* is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends, I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I shall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with Lord B----- about the figure of living, and the pleasure of giving. I am under the necessity of some little paltry figure in the station I am; but I make it as little as possible. As to the other part you are base, because I thought my self as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a secret even from me, when I wondred how you were able to live with your whole little revenue.

Adieu.



LETTER XLIII.

Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.

Nov. 19, 1729.

I Find that you have laid aside your project of building in Ireland, and that we shall see you in this island *Cum Zephyris, & Hirundine prima*. I know not whether the love of fame increases as we advance in age; sure I am that the force of friendship does. I lov'd you almost twenty years ago, I thought of you as well as I do now, better was beyond the power of conception, or to avoid an equivoue, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you less, or for loving you as well after loving you so many years, I shall not determine. What I would say is this: whilst my mind grows daily more independant of the world, and feels less need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendship return oftner, they busy me, they warm me more: Is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great separation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another state, (*for vera amicitia non nisi inter bonos*) begin to feel more strongly that divine sympathy which is to be the great band of their future society? There is no one thought which sooths my mind like this: I encourage my imagination to pursue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty of the intellect comes boisterously in, and wakes me from so pleasing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on Oeconomicks than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will say, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500 l. a year as well as with 5000: the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the estate. I do af-

sure you, that I have never quitted the design of collecting, revising, improving, and extending several materials which are still in my power; and I hope that the time of setting myself about this last work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curiosity and importance are lost, and some of them in a manner which would surprize and anger you. However I shall be able to convey several great truths to posterity, so clearly and so authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, since Pope is to write to you; no matter, for upon recollection the rules of proportion are not broken; he will say as much to you in one page, as I have said in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earnest; it is a fine one; and will be in his hands an original. His sole complaint is, that he finds it too easy in the execution. This flatters his laziness, it flatters my judgment, who always thought that (universal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace. Adieu.

LETTER XLIV.

Nov. 28, 1729.

THIS letter (like all mine) will be a Rhapsody; it is many years ago since I wrote as a Wit. How many occurrences or informations must one omit, if one determin'd to say nothing that one could not say prettily? I lately receiv'd from the widow of one dead correspondent, and the father of another, several of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old;

and it was not unentertaining to my self to observe, how and by what degrees I ceas'd to be a witty writer; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correspondents on the other. Now as I love you better than most I have ever met with in the world, and esteem you too the more, the longer I have compar'd you with the rest of the world; so inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is more openly, and what all but such as love one another will call writing worse. I smile to think how Curl would be bit, were our Epistles to fall into his hands, and how gloriously they would fall short of ev'ry ingenious reader's expectations?

You can't imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have something to rebuke you for in the way of Oeconomy. I love the man that builds a house *subito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horse; then cries, "We wise men must think of nothing but "getting ready money." I am glad you approve my annuity; all we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment: but I will encrease your regard for my wisdom, and tell you, that this annuity includes also the life of another, whose concern ought to be as near me as my own, and with whom my whole prospects ought to finish. I throw my javelin of Hope no farther, *Cur brevi fortes jaculamur ævo*-----&c.

The second (as it is called, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with some additional notes and epigrams, shall be sent you if I know any opportunity; if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition-----The Drapier's letters are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print, &c. for you know I disapprove Irish politicks (as my Commentator tells you) being a strong and jealous subject of England. The Lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your present; she having lately receiv'd a much richer present from Mr. Knight of the S. Sea; and you

are sensible she cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an out-law. It's certain as he can never expect any favour, his motive must be wholly dis-interested. Will not this Reflexion make you blush? Your continual deplorings of Ireland, make me wish you were here long enough to forget those scenes that so afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, you would grow such a patriot here too, as not to be quite at ease, for your love of old England. ----- It is very possible, your journey, in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you must soon again go back, you would not be un-attended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable, life. My constant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and lessen extremely my desires of long life; since I see the best that can come of it is a miserable benediction. I look upon myself to be many years older in two years since you saw me: The natural imbecility of my body, join'd now to this acquir'd old age of the mind, makes me at least as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together; I only desire I may be able to keep pace with you. My first friendship at sixteen, was contracted with a man of seventy, and I found him not grave enough or consistent enough for me, tho' we lived well to his death. I speak of old Mr. Wycherly; some letters of whom (by the by) and of mine, the Booksellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours. I don't much approve of it; tho' there is nothing for me to be ashamed of, because I will not be ashamed of any thing I do not do myself, or of any thing that is not immoral but merely dull (as for instance, if they printed this letter I am now writing, which they easily may, if the underlings at the Post-office please to take a copy of it.) I admire on this consideration, your send-

ing your last to me quite open, without a seal, wafer, or any closure whatever, manifesting the utter openness of the writer. I would do the same by this, but fear it would look like affectation to send two letters so together. --- I will fully represent to our friend (and I doubt not it will touch his heart) what you so feelingly set forth as to the badness of your Burgundy, &c. He is an extreme honest man, and indeed ought to be so, considering how very indiscreet and unreserved he is: But I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idlenesses in the way of wit. You know my maxim to keep as clear of all offence, as I am clear of all interest in either party. I was once displeas'd before at you, for complaining to Mr. * of my not having a pension, and am so again at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given proof in the course of my whole life, (from the time when I was in the friendship of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir. R. Walpole) that I never thought myself so warm in any Party's cause as to deserve their money; and therefore would never have accepted it: But give me leave to tell you, that of all mankind the two persons I would least have accepted any favour from, are those very two, to whom you have unluckily spoken of it. I desire you to take off any impressions which that dialogue may have left on his Lordship's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other, in that way. And yet you know I am no enemy to the present Constitution; I believe, as sincere a well-wisher to it, nay even to the church establish'd, as any Minister in, or out of employment whatever; or any Bishop of England or Ireland. Yet am I of the Religion of Erasmus, a Catholick; so I live, so I shall die; and hope one day to meet you, Bishop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkley, and

Mr. Hutchenfon, in that place, To which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body!

Lord B's answer to your letter I have just receiv'd, and join it to this packet. The work he speaks of with such abundant partiality, is a system of Ethics in the Horatian way.

LETTER XLV.

April 14, 1730.

THIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and say nothing but recommend to you, (as a Clergy-man, and a charitable one,) a pious and a good work, and for a good and an honest man: Moreover he is above seventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word honest. I shall think it a kindness done myself, if you can propagate Mr. Westley's subscription for his Commentary on Job, among your Divines, (Bishops excepted, of whom there is no hope) and among such as are believers, or readers, of scripture. Even the curious may find something to please them, if they scorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his prose more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your best to serve an old Tory, and a sufferer for the Church of England, tho' you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here some verses in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you wou'd not use me so ill as to flatter me? I therefore think it is some other weak Irishman.

P.S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I protest

to you. But since he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I seek no epistolary fame, but am a good deal pleased to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the most friendly intimacy together. ----- Pliny writ his letters for the publick, so did Seneca, so did Balfac, Voiture, &c. Tully did not, and therefore these give us more pleasure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a secret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleasure. We see Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey and others, such as they really were, and not such as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as Historians and Poets have represented them to ours. That is another pleasure. I remember to have seen a procession at *Aix la Chapelle*, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the shoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial Saint. Follow him into the vestry, you see the bearer slip from under the robe, and the gigantick figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary size, and is set by among other lumber----- I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your publick spirit would be less grieved, or oftner comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a visit at least. It will not be the fault of several persons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good will and little power produce such slow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to heaven alone, and heavenly men. ----- I know you will be angry with me, if I say nothing to you of a poor woman, who is still on the other side of the water in a most languishing state of health. If she regains strength enough to come over, (and she is better within a few weeks) I shall nurse her in this farm with all the care and tenderness possible. If she does not, I must pay her the last duty of friendship wherever she is, tho' I

break thro' the whole plan of life which I have formed in my mind. Adieu. I am most faithfully and affectionately yours.

LETTER XLVI.

Lord B. to Dr. Swift.

Jan. 1730-1.

I Begin my letter by telling you that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, tho' feeble and precarious, is better than it has been these two years. She is much your servant, and as she has been her own physician with some success, imagines she could be yours with the same. Would to God you was within her reach. She would I believe prescribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourse to the Books of Trismegistus. Pope and I should be her principal apothecaries in the course of the cure; and tho' our best Botanists complain, that few of the herbs and simples which go to the composition of these remedies, are to be found at present in our soil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; besides, by the help of a little chymistry the most noxious juices may become salubrious, and rank poison a specifick ----- Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the present and to future ages, whilst I begin this letter which he is to finish to you. What good he will do to mankind I know not, this comfort he may be sure of, he cannot do less than you have done before him. I have sometimes thought that if preachers, hangmen, and moral-writers keep vice at a stand, or so much as retard the progress of it, they do as much as human nature admits: a real reformation is not to be brought

about by ordinary means; it requires these extraordinary means which become punishments as well as lessons: National corruption must be purged by national calamities.---- Let us hear from you. We deserve this attention, because we desire it, and because we believe that you desire to hear from us.

LETTER XLVII.

Lord B. to Dr. Swift,

March 29.

I Have delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart, if it can be set a going, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have payed to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: Let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates) we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system

out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. *Passions*, (says Pope, our Divine, as you will see one time or other) are the *Gales* of life: Let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now fix in the morning: I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour, refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? *Passions* in their force, would bring all these, nay even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and Reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself, but I must tell you how much my Wife is obliged to you. She says she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you was here, and yet God knows she is extremely weak: The slow fever works under, and mines the constitution; we keep it off sometimes, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you that I admire her more every hour of my life: Death is not to her the King of Terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life it self.----- You shall not stay for my next, as long as you have for this letter; and in every one, Pope shall write something much better than

the scraps of old Philosophers, which were the presents, Munuscula, that Stoical Fop Seneca used to send in every Epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has spoken justly of his Lady: why not I of my Mother? Yesterday was her birth-day, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminish'd, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers; this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for continuing so long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years, those cares which are now as necessary to her, as hers have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made some strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend: perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live Extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass thro', just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet am I just now writing, (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour. And just now too, I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the Courtesy of England. ----- *Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.* While we do live, we must make the best of life,

Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædat) eamus,
as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy.
I am yours.

LETTER XLVIII.

Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.

YOU may assure yourself, that if you come over this spring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of study, but devoted to that historical task, which you have set me these many years. I am in hopes of some materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propose to myself. If they are not to be had, I must accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be surprized to find that I have been partly drawn by him and partly by myself, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important subject; that I have ventur'd to pay no regard whatever to any authority except sacred authority, and that I have ventured to start a thought, which must, if it is push'd as successfully as I think it is, render all your Metaphysical Theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expression in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this subject; and yet I am perswaded that Divines and Free-thinkers would both be clamorous against it, if it was to be submitted to their censure, as I do not intend that it shall. The passage I mean, is that where you say that you told Dr. * the Grand points of Christianity ought to be taken as infallible Revelations, &c.

It has happened that whilst I was writing this to you, the Dr. came to make me a visit from London, where I heard he was arrived some time ago: He was in haste to return, and is I perceive in great haste to print. He left with me eight Disserta-

tions, a small part, as I understand, of his work, and desired me to peruse, consider, and observe upon them against monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two first, I find my self unable to serve him. The principles he reasons upon are begged in a disputation of this sort, and the manner of reasoning is by no means close and conclusive. The sole advice I could give him in conscience would be that which he would take ill and not follow. I will get rid of this task as well as I can, for I esteem the man, and should be sorry to disoblige him where I cannot serve him.

As to retirement, and exercise, your notions are true: The first should not be indulged so much as to render us savage, nor the last neglected so as to impair health. But I know men, who for fear of being savage, live with all who will live with them; and who to preserve their health, saunter away half their time. Adieu: Pope calls for the paper.

P. S. I hope what goes before will be a strong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I shall see Ireland; I shall never desire it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I shall be, too soon, a Free-man ----- Your recommendations I constantly give to those you mention; tho' some of 'em I see but seldom, and am every day more retired. I am less fond of the world, and less curious about it; yet no way out of humour, disappointed, or angry: tho' in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters, but I don't feel them, therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I pass almost all my time at Dawley and at home; my Lord (of which I partly take the merit to myself) is as much estrang'd from politicks as I am. Let Philosophy be ever so vain, it is less vain now than Politicks, and not quite so vain at present as Divinity: I know nothing that moves strongly but Satire, and those who are asham'd of nothing

else, are so of being ridiculous. I fancy if we three were together but for three years, some good might be done even upon this Age.

I know you'll desire some account of my health: It is as usual, but my spirits rather worse. I write little or nothing. You know I never had either a taste or talent for politicks, and the world minds nothing else. I have personal obligations which I will ever preserve, to men of different sides, and I wish nothing so much as publick Quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or satyrical subjects, merely on the score of Party: and it is the greatest vanity of my life that I've contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to subjects moral, useful, and more worthy his pen. Dr. ----'s Book is what I can't commend so much as Dean Berkley's, tho' it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, tho' he meant it *ad Populum*, is I think purely *ad Clerum*. Adieu.

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but for three years, for good might be done even upon this
Again, and I shall be glad to see you, and I shall be glad to see you
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LETTERS OF DR. SWILL TO MR. GAY

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Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY:

From the Year 1729 to 1732.

LETTER XLIX.

Dublin, March 19, 1729.

I Deny it. I do write to you according to the old stipulation, for when you kept your old company, when I writ to one I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain since you are got into a new world, and will answer all your letters. You are first to present my most humble respects to the Duchess of Queensbury, and let her know that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with some difficulty that I can obey her when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the sauce is not very consistent. You must likewise tell her Grace that she is a general Toast among all honest folks here, and particularly at the Deanery, even in the face of my Whig sub-

* Found among Mr. Gay's papers, and return'd to Dr. Swift by the Duke of Queensbury and Mr. Pope.

jects. --- I will leave my money in Lord Bathurst's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours: and pray keep the interest money in a bag wrapt up and sealed by it self, for fear of your own fingers under your carelessness. Mr. Pope talks of you as a perfect stranger; but the different pursuits and manners and interests of life, as fortune hath pleased to dispose them, will never suffer those to live together, who by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough, you will have some little oeconomy of your own in town or country, and be able to give your friend a pint of Port; for the domestic season of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vamped Play, although Mr. Pope seem'd to have, and although it were ever so good: But you should have done like Parsons, and changed your Text, I mean the Title, and the names of the persons. After all, it was an effect of idleness, for you are in the prime of life when invention and judgment go together. I wish you had 100*l.* a year more for horses--- I ride and walk whenever good weather invites, and am reputed the best walker in this town and five miles round. I writ lately to Mr. Pope: I wish you had a little Villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any Lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.

LETTER XL.

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1730.

WHEN my Lord Peterborow in the Queen's time went abroad upon his Ambassies, the Ministry told me, that he was such a vagrant, they were forc'd to write *at* him by guess, because they knew not where to write *to* him. This is my case with you; sometimes in Scotland, sometimes at Ham-walks, some-

times God knows where. You are a man of business, and not at leisure for insignificant correspondence. It was I got you the employment of being my Lord Duke's *premier Ministre*: for his Grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be entrusted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a strong inclination to spend a summer near Salisbury-downs, having rode over them more than once, and with a young Parson of Salisbury reckoned twice the stones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I desire to present my most humble acknowledgements to my Lady Duchess in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that she is *mater pulchra filia pulchrior*: I never saw her since she was a girl, and would be angry she should excel her Mother, who was long my principal Goddess. I desire you will tell her Grace, that the ill management of forks is not to be help'd when they are only bidental, which happens in all poor houses, especially those of Poets; upon which account a knife was absolutely necessary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impossible with a bidental fork to convey a morsel of beef, with the incumbrance of mustard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her Grace hath cost me thirty pounds to provide Tridents for fear of offending her, which sum I desire she will please to return me.--- I am sick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my disorder. I have a strong mind to spend my 200 l. next summer in France: I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that sum left in this kingdom. You want no settlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a settlement) till you increase your fortune to what will support you with ease and plenty, a good house and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you: For I have often known a She-cousin of a good family and small fortune, passing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till she grew an old Maid,

and every body weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of seldom seeing you; but the evil is unavoidable, for different circumstances of life have always separated those whom friendship would join: God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progress towards real happiness here, which would make life more desirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneasy as it did your self; I mean the removal of that sollicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually fill'd your thoughts and disturb'd your conversation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope seriously tells me, you will have opportunity of saving every groat of the interest you receive; and so by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to pass the rest of your wine-less life, in ease and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having receiv'd a penny from those tasteless ungrateful people from whom you deserved so much, and who deserve no better Genius's than those by whom they are celebrated. ----- If you see Mr. Cesar present my humble service to him, and let him know that the scrub libel printed against me here, and re-printed in London, for which he shewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by my self, and sent to a Whig-printer: It was in the style and genius of such scoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this strain against a friend of mine whom you know ----- But my paper is ended.



LETTER LI.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1730.

I Writ to you a long letter about a fortnight past concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated: Nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimsbury so late in the year, at which season I take the Country to be only a scene for those who have been ill used by a Court on account of their Virtues; which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by Envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a Dukedom to lose favour in the manner their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret, since he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as Lieutenant: I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors, and I confess at the same time that he had, six times, a regard to my recommendation by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pultney's hands. I told you in my last, that a continuance of giddiness (tho' not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary, where I can with the Centurion say to my servant, go, and he goeth, and do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and consequently a Duchess is at this time the hatefulest Lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception, for in the way I mean her Grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander

my mony, because I hope you never less wanted it; and if you go on with success for two years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill-informed me, who says that Mr. Pope is at present the chief Poetical Favourite; yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a Philosopher and one wholly retir'd. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is, that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden in the laurel, the contention being between Concannen or Theobald, or some other Hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and I wish the Duchess had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no Ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I therefore sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding Measures and Ministries, by way of sauce to relish my meat: And I confess one point of conduct in my Lady Duchess's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my Lady Duchess room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200 l. to have left place for as many more.

To the Duchess.

Madam,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known and establish'd rule above twenty years in England, that the first advances have been

constantly made me by all Ladies who aspir'd to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet I know not by what weakness, I have condescended gratioously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person sent me eleven messages before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps you shall not like me; I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate; for I have certain intelligence, that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings, yours have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless: For Diogenes himself would be vain, to have receiv'd the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

LETTER XLII.

Dublin, March 13, 1730-1.

YOUR situation is an odd one; the Duchess is your Treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in some Verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do so and so, &c. like other Treasurers; how to deal with Servants, Tenants, or neighbouring Squires, which I take to be Courtiers, Parliaments, and Princes

Princes in alliance, and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me: I prove that Poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, &c.--- Pray why did you not get a new heel to your shoe? unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilliput. --- But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her Grace.

Madam, since Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection; I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your Grace shall have your own way, in all places except your own house, and the domains about it. There and there only, I expect to have mine, so that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town and country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all human kind, except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article of speaking your mind; which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to my self, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it) the presumptuous manner in which you began had slipped out of my memory. But I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good Character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England; and consequently am fifty years older than

I was at the Queen's death, and fifty-thousand times duller, and fifty-million times more peevish, perverse, and morose; so that under these disadvantages I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty bars length. Pray Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me sit at your left hand at least within three of you, for of two bad ears, my right is the best? My Groom tells me that he likes your park, but your house is too little. Can the Parson of the parish play at backgammon, and hold his tongue? is any one of your Women a good nurse, if I should fancy my self sick for four and twenty hours? how many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimsbury. For I profess you are the first Lady that ever I desired to see, since the first of August 1714, and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some Ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company? which however I think was a sign of my ill judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your Grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with; wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront your self. False spelling is only excusable in a Chambermaid, for I would not pardon it in any of your Waiting-women.-- Pray God preserve your Grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient and most humble servant, &c.

O

To Mr. Gay.

I have just got yours of February 24, with a postscript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him; I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine? I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

LETTER LIII.

Dublin, June 29, 1731.

Ever since I receiv'd your letter, I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Bristol, to pass a month at Aimsbury, as the Duchess hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered; first, I thought I had done with my law-suit, and so did all my lawyers, but my adversary after being in appearance a Protestant these twenty years, hath declared he was always a Papist, and consequently by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) sell; so that I am at sea again, for almost all I am worth. But I have still a worse evil; for the giddiness I was subject to, instead of coming seldom and violent, now constantly attends me more or less, tho' in a more peaceable manner yet such as will not quiesce me to live among the young and healthy: and the Duchess with her youth, spirit and grandeur will make a very ill nurse, and women not much better. Valetudinarians must live where they can command, and scold: I must have horses to ride, I must go to bed and rise when I please, and live where all mortals are subservient to me. I must talk nonsense when I please, and all who are present must commend it. I must ride thrice a week, and walk three or four miles besides, every day.

I always told you Mr. ----- was good for nothing but to be a rank Courtier, I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Duchess, and I hate to see you so charitable, and such a Cully ; and yet I love you for it, because I am one my self.

You are the filliest lover in Christendom : If you like Mrs. ----- why do you not command her to take you ? if she does not, she is not worth pursuing ; you do her too much honour ; she hath neither sense nor taste if she dares to refuse you, though she had ten thousand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I understand your meaning, and I am sure I had never the least thoughts of any my self. If I am your friend it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of self-love, and I do sometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I see very well how matters go with the Duchess in regard to me. I heard her say, Mr. Gay fill your letter to the Dean, that there may be no room for me, the frolick is gone far enough, I have writ thrice, I will do no more : if the man has a mind to come let him come ; what a clutter is here ? positively I will not write a syllable more. She is an ungrateful Duchess considering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thousands she had before. ----- I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000 *l.* which will bring you 300 *l. per Annum*, and this will maintain you, with the perquisite of spunging while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two servants and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink ----- provided you live in the country ----- Have you no scheme either in verse or prose ? The Duchess should keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write ; and so I have done with you.

Madam,

Since I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconstant, without any reproach from their conscience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (which ever it is that had designs upon a Chaplain) must be my nurse, if I happen to be sick or peevish at your house, and in that case you must suspend your domineering-Claim till I recover. Your omitting the usual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters hath done me infinite mischief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the Ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered since. I dare not confess that I have descended so low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but suspected it, I should lose them all. One of them who had an inklin of the matter (your Grace will hardly believe it) refused to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk.----- Pray consider this, and do your duty, or dread the consequence. I promise you shall have your will six minutes every hour at Aimsbury, and seven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be sick, I must govern to a second. Yet properly speaking, there is no man alive with so much truth and respect your Grace's most obedient and devoted servant.

L E T T E R L I V.

Aug. 28, 1731.

YOU and the Duchess use me very ill, for I profess I cannot distinguish the style or the hand-writing of either. I think her Grace writes more like you than herself, and that you write more like her Grace than your self. I would swear the beginning of your letter writ by the Duchess, though it is to pass for yours;

because there is a cursed lie in it, that she is neither young nor healthy, and besides it perfectly resembles the part she owns. I will likewise swear, that what I must suppose is written by the Duchess, is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country Parson's, to whom I lately gave a City-living such as an English Chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the publick good, having two great works in hand: One to reduce the whole politeness, wit, humour, and style of England into a short system, for the use of all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour. The other is of almost equal importance; I may call it the Whole duty of servants, in about twenty several stations, from the steward and waiting-woman down to the scullion and pantry-boy. ----- I believe no mortal had ever such fair invitations as to be happy in the best company of England. I wish I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland who from a shoe-boy grew to be several times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common sense: A Lord Lieutenant told the first King George, that he was the greatest subject he had in both kingdoms, and truly this character was gotten and preserved by his never appearing in England, which was the only wise thing he ever did, except purchasing sixteen thousand pounds a year ---- Why, you need not stare: it is easily apply'd: I must be absent, in order to preserve my credit with her Grace ---- Lo here comes in the Duchess again (I know her by her d d's; but am a fool for discovering my Art) to defend herself against my conjecture of what she said ---- Madam, I will imitate your Grace and write to you upon the same line. I own it is a base un-romantick spirit in me, to suspend the honour of waiting at your Grace's feet, till I can finish a paltry law-suit. It concerns indeed almost my whole fortune;

it is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two-thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about six weeks rent of your Grace's. This cursed accident hath drill'd away the whole summer. But Madam, understand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal sense, and whenever I have the honour to attend you, shall expect them to be literally performed: though perhaps I shall find it hard to prove your hand-writing in a court of justice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miserably hath your Grace been mistaken in thinking to avoid Envy by running into exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at Court. *Non te civitas, non Regia domus in exilium miserunt, sed tu utrasque.* So says Cicero (as your Grace knows) or so he might have said.

I am told that the Craftsman in one of his papers is offended with the publishers of (I suppose) the last edition of the Dunciad; and I was asked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new disgraced person as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but suppose it was the consequence of some mistake. As to writing, I look on you just in the prime of life for it, the very season when judgment and invention draw together. But schemes are perfectly accidental; some will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: And what you say, is past doubt, that every one can best find hints for himself: though it is possible that sometimes a friend may give you a lucky one just suited to your own imagination. But all this is almost past with me: my invention and judgment are perpetually at fifty-cuffs, till they have quite disabled each other; and the meerest trifles I ever wrote are serious philosophical lucubrations, in comparison to what I now busy myself about; as (to speak in the author's phrase) the world may one day see.

W^m

LETTER LV.

Septemb. 10, 1731.

IF your ramble was on horseback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between stage-coaches and friends coaches; for you are as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheap-side. One clean shirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and as for a night-gown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon rose without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, besides two or three under-ones, that may add another thousand pound to your stock; and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half a crown a day. I find a greater longing than ever to come amongst you; and reason good, when I am teased with Dukes and Duchesses for a visit, all my demands comply'd with, and all excuses cut off. You remember, "O happy Don Quixote, Queens held his horse, and Duchesses pulled off his armour," or something to that purpose. He was a mean-spirited fellow, I can say ten times more; O happy, &c. such a Duchess was designed to attend him, and such a Duke invited him to command his Palace. *Nam istos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula*: go read your Plautus, and observe Strobilus vamping after he had found the pot of gold.--- I will have nothing to do with that Lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more because you are so forgiving as not to hate her; however she has good qualities enough to make her esteemed; but not one grain of feeling. I only wish

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she were a fool.--- I have been several months writing near five hundred lines on a pleasant subject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will say on me after I am dead. I shall finish it soon, for I add two lines every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors.--- It is a great comfort to see how Corruption and ill conduct are instrumental in uniting Virtuous persons and Lovers of their country of all denominations: Whig and Tory, High and Low-church, as soon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be disaffection, pray God send me always among the disaffected! and I heartily wish you joy of your scurvy treatment at Court, which hath given you leisure to cultivate both publick and private Virtue, neither of them likely to be soon met with within the walls of St. James's or Westminster.--- But I must here dismiss you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the Duke for the great honour he hath done me.

My Lord,

I could have sworn that my Pride would be always able to preserve me from Vanity; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for some months past, first by the conduct of my Lady Duchess, and now by that of your Grace, which had like to finish the work: And I should have certainly gone about shewing my letters under the charge of secrecy to every blab of my acquaintance; if I could have the least hope of prevailing on any of them to believe that a man in so obscure a corner, quite thrown out of the present world, and within a few steps of the next, should receive such condescending invitations, from two such persons to whom he is an utter stranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial representations of a friend. But in the mean time, I must desire your Grace not to flatter yourself, that I waited for Your Consent to accept the invitation. I must

be ignorant indeed not to know, that the Duchefs, ever since you met, hath been most politickly employ'd in encreasing those forces, and sharpening those arms with which she subdued you at first, and to which, the braver and the wiser you grow, you will more and more submit. Thus I knew myself on the secure side, and it was a mere piece of good manners to insert that clause, of which you have taken the advantage. But, as I cannot forbear informing your Grace that the Duchefs's great secret in her art of government, hath been to reduce both your wills into one; so I am content in due observance to the forms of the world, to return my most humble thanks to your Grace for so great a favour as you are pleased to offer me, and which nothing but impossibilities shall prevent me from receiving, since I am with the greatest reason, truth, and respect, my Lord, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

Madam,

I have consulted all the learned in occult sciences of my acquaintance, and have sat up eleven nights to discover the meaning of those two hieroglyphical lines in your Grace's hand at the bottom of the last Aimsbury letter, but all in vain. Only 'tis agreed, that the language is Coptick, and a very profound Behmist assures me, the style is poetick, containing an invitation from a very great person of the female sex to a strange kind of man whom she never saw; and this is all I can find, which after so many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that respect wherewith I am, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

P

LETTER LVI.

*Mr. Gay to Dr. Swift.**December 1, 1731.*

YOU us'd to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you speak: you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you don't send to me now and then, the post-office will think me of no consequence, for I have no correspondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you please, you cannot be forgotten by those who ever knew you, and therefore please me by sometimes shewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendship to you; I seek no new acquaintance, and court no favour; I spend no shillings in coaches or chairs to levees or great visits, and as I don't want the assistance of some that I formerly convers'd with, I will not so much as seem to seek to be a dependant. As to my studies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot say that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is something in the way of those fables I have already publish'd. All the mony I get is by saving, so that by habit there may be some hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miser. All misers have their excuses; The motive to my parsimony is independence. If I were to be represented by the Duchess (she is such a downright niggard for me) this character might not be allow'd me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at the court-end of the town, and who is as poor as myself: for I don't pretend that I am equally saving with S-----k. Mr. Lewis desir'd you might be told that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will hardly

allow that a Verse-man can have a just knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-suit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, though you have the security now in your own possession; but still your case is not so bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruin'd by having a decree for him with costs. I have had an injunction for me against pyrating-booksellers, which I am sure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end drain me of some mony. When I begun this prosecution I fancy'd there would be some end of it, but the law still goes on, and 'tis probable I shall some time or other see an Attorney's bill as long as the Book. Poor Duke Disney is dead, and hath left what he had among his friends, among whom are Lord Bolingbroke 500 l. Mr. Pelham, 500 l. Sir William Wyndham's youngest son, 500 l. Gen. Hill, 500 l. Lord Massam's son, 500.

You have the good wishes of those I converse with, they know they gratify me when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own sake. I am satisfied with the love and friendship of good men, and envy not the demerits of those who are most conspicuously distinguish'd. Therefore as I set a just value upon your friendship, you cannot please me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me (the only satisfaction of distant friends!)

P. S. Mr. Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worst of it, is what should be its excuse, that I write in a head-ach that has lasted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together: tho' in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you shun your friends when you are in those circumstances, and I desire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady----took your letter very

kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no answer under a twelve-month; but kindness perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However she is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common justice. For God's sake why all this scruple about Lord B---'s keeping your horses who has a park, or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine; John Gay shall help me to entertain you, tho' you come like King Lear with fifty knights --- Tho' such prospects as I wish, cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again: the old Lord may die, the benefice may drop, or at worst, you may carry me into Ireland. You will see a work of Lord B---'s and one of mine; which, with a just neglect of the present age, consult only posterity; and with a noble scorn of politicks, aspire to philosophy. I am glad you resolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and interests of Parties, even of Countries, (for countries are but larger parties) *Quid verum atque decens, curare, & rogare, nostrum sit.* I am much pleased with your design upon Rochefoucault's maxim, pray finish it. I am happy whenever you join our names together: so would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleas'd with nothing; for his darling son is dying in all probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you ask me about is of little value. It might have been a seasonable satire upon the scandalous language and passion with which men of condition have stoop'd to treat one another: surely they sacrifice too much to the people, when they sacrifice their own characters, families, &c. to the diversion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of most popularity, fame, &c. even as a writer I am cool in it, and whenever you see what I am now writing, you'll be convinced I would please but a few, and (if I could) make mankind less Admi-

ners, and greater Reasoners. I study much more to render my own portion of being easy, and to keep this peevish frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unmann'd me, and it will delight you to hear they are not increas'd, tho' not diminish'd. I thank God I do not very much want people to attend me, tho' my Mother now cannot. When I am sick I lie down, when I am better I rise up: I am used to the head-ach, &c. If greater pains arrive (such as my late rheumatism) the servants bath and plaster me, or the surgeon scarifies me, and I bear it, because I must. This is the evil of Nature, not of Fortune. I am just now as well as when you was here: I pray God you were no worse. I sincerely wish my life were past near you, and such as it is I would not repine at it. --- All you mention remember you, and wish you here.

LETTER LVII.

*Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay.**Dublin, May, 4, 1732.*

I Am now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my Lady Duchess, which you promis'd, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Aimsbury Downs, and I declare that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one; nay worse than a thousand political ones, for which I appeal to courts and Ministers, who hobble on and prosper, without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is insulting me, for I can as soon

fly as do either. It is your pride or laziness, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expensive. No honour is lost by walking in the dark; and in the day, you may beckon a black-guard-boy under a gate, near your visiting place, (*experto crede*) save eleven pence, and get half a crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is, that I eat and drink and can digest neither for want of exercise; and to encrease my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you, for losing your Great acquaintance; in such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit, and be content with Good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refusing his pension, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which I conceive is wholly changed, and entirely devoted to new principles; so it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find by the whole cast of your letter that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever, just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who hath always loved a domestick life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own, but I profess I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Duchess, yet from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company, with a rooted laziness, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste, and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I who am so much later in life, can, or at least could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy

in your fortune: You are merciful to every thing but money, your best friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your Absence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Aimsbury write domestick libels to divert the family and neighbouring squires for five miles round? or venture so far on horseback, without apprehending a stumble at every step? can you set the foot-men a laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the Duchess's women admire your wit? in what esteem are you with the Vicar of the parish? can you play with him at back-gammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree? You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country skill is in fishing for Roaches, or Gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore desire you will show this letter to the Duchess, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace shall have the honour of my correspondence again when she goes to Aimsbury. Hear a piece of Irish news, I buried the famous General Meredyth's father last night in my Cathedral, he was ninety-six years old: so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr. Pope in health, pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongst you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day? My stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night, but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have society if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding, and middle rank. Adieu.

LETTER LVIII.

Dublin, July 10, 1732.

I Had your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I suppose he stayed long in the way. I am glad you determine upon something; there is no writing I esteem more than Fables, nor any thing so difficult to succeed in, which however you have done excellently well, and I have often admir'd your happiness in such a kind of performance which I have frequently endeavour'd at in vain. I remember I acted as you seem to hint; I found a Moral first and studied for a Fable, but could do nothing that pleased me, and so left off that scheme for ever. I remember one, which was to represent what scoundrels rise in Armies by a long War, wherein I suppos'd the Lion was engaged, and having lost all his animals of worth, at last Sergeant Hog came to be Brigadier, and Corporal Ass a Colonel, &c. I agree with you likewise about getting something by the stage, which when it succeeds is the best crop for poetry in England: But pray take some new scheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The present humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your present situation at the Court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but those circumstances may have altered (at least the former) since I left you. My scheme was to pass a month at Aimsbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and sometimes at Riskins, without going to London, where I now can have no occasional lodgings: But I am not yet in any condition for such removals. I would fain have you get enough against you grow old, to have two or three servants about you and a convenient house. It is hard to want

those *subsidia senectuti*, when a man grows hard to please, and few people care whether he be pleased or no. I have a large house, yet I should hardly prevail to find one visiter, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: so that when I am not abroad on horseback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful if a friend will pass the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and so here's your health ----- and the second and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Duchs ----- and I tell you that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope (a couple of Philosophers) would starve me, for even of port wine I should require half a pint a day, and as much at night: and you were growing as bad, unless your Duke and Duchs have mended you. Your cholick is owing to intemperance of the philosophical kind: you eat without care, and if you drink less than I, you drink too little. But your Inattention I cannot pardon, because I imagined the cause was removed, for I thought it lay in your forty millions of schemes by Court-hopes and Court-fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the same defect, and it is of all others the most mortal to conversation; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* but the Doctor is the King of Inattention. What a vexatious life should I lead among you? If the Duchs be a *re-veuse*, I will never come to Aimsbury; or if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the steward and chaplain.

Madam,

I mentioned something to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge-acquaintance, whom we forget of course when we return to town, and yet I am assured that if they meet again next summer, they have a better title to resume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of corresponding with your Grace to be better establish'd upon

your return to Aimsbury; and I shall at this time descend to forget, or at least suspend my resentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I still keep in my heart, that Mr. Gay had no sooner turned his back, than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill: though your guilt confounded you so far, that you wanted presence of mind to blot out the last line where that command stared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worst; and fortune is ever against me, but never so much as by pursuing me out of mere partiality to your Grace, for which you are to answer. By your connivance, she hath pleased by one stumble on the stairs to give me a lameness that six months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging my self by continuing a month at Aimsbury, and breeding confusion in your Grace's family. No disappointment through my whole life hath been so vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I shall ever live to see the invisible Lady to whom I was obliged for so many favours, and whom I never beheld since she was a bratt in hanging-sleeves. I am, and shall be ever with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, and most humble, &c.

 LETTER LIX.

Dublin, Aug. 12, 1732.

I Know not what to say to the account of your stewardship, and it is monstrous to me that the South-sea should pay half their debts at one clap. But I will send for the money when you put me into the way, for I shall want it here, my affairs being

in a bad condition by the miseries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled and worse than ever; so that I shall soon petition the Duchess, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thousand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me six hogheads of wine, which will support me a year; *provisæ frugis in annum copia*; Horace desired no more, for I will construe *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get some lucky hint, which must come by chance, and it shall be a thing of importance, *quod & hunc in annum vivat et in plures*, and you shall not finish it in haste, and it shall be diverting, and usefully satyrical, and the Duchess shall be your critick; and betwixt you and me, I do not find she will grow weary of you till this time seven years. I had lately an offer to change for an English living, which is just too short by 300 l. a year: and that must be made up out of the Duchess's pin-mony before I can consent. I want to be Minister of Aimsbury, Dawley, Twittenham, Riskins, and Prebendary of Westminster, else I will not stir a step, but content my self with making the Duchess miserable three months next summer. But I keep ill company; I mean the Duchess and you, who are both out of favour; and so I find am I, by a few verses wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. D--y has got a wife with 1600 l. a year; I who am his governor cannot take one under two thousand; I wish you would inquire of such a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profess I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but three thousand pounds more, to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which last evil at Aimsbury, you must learn to domineer and be peevish, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the servants, with some other lessons which I shall teach you, and always practiced my self with

success. I believe I formerly desired to know whether the Vicar of Aimsbury can play at back-gammon? pray ask him the question, and give him my service.

To the Duchess.

Madam,

I was the most unwary creature in the world, when against my old maxims, I writ first to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condescension of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pretend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any Inattention, although the pretended causes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay last in London, talking with him on some poetical subjects, he would answer; "Well, I am determined not to accept the employment of "of Gentleman-usher:" and of the same disposition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him I utterly despair.--- As to your self, I will say to you (though comparisons be odious) what I said to the --- that your quality should be never any motive of esteem to me: My compliment was then lost, but it will not be so to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by six months conversing. Your pen is always more natural and sincere and unaffected than your tongue: in writing you are too lazy to give your self the trouble of acting a part, and have indeed acted so indiscreetly that I have you at mercy; and although you should arrive to such a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet whenever I produce it, the world will unite in swearing this must come from you only.

I will answer your question. Mr. Gay is not discreet enough to live alone, but he is too discreet to live alone; and yet (unless you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's com-

pany. Your quarreling with each other upon the subject of bread and butter, is the most usual thing in the world; Parliaments, Courts, Cities, and Kingdoms quarrel for no other cause; from hence, and from hence only arise all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between those who are in the Ministry, and those who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the Church, the Law, and the Army; even the common proverb teaches you this, when we say, it is none of my bread and butter, meaning it is no business of mine. Therefore I despair of any reconciliation between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjusted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet should come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Aimsbury, she offer'd fifty guineas to have you both at her house for one hour over a bottle of burgundy which we were then drinking. To your question I answer, that your Grace should pull me by the sleeve till you tore it off, and when you said you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you say of my Lord Duke, unless I see three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay must give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not ashamed of you tho' you be Duke and Duchess, tho' I have been of others who are, &c. and I do not doubt but even your own servants love you, even down to your postilions; and when I come to Aimsbury, before I see your Grace I will have an hours conversation with the Vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobson and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her son Jacky.

I am, and shall be ever with the greatest respect, your Grace's most obedient, &c.

LETTER LX.

Dublin, Oct. 3, 1731.

I usually write to friends after a pause of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diversions. I believe I have told you of a great Man who said to me, that he never once in his life receiv'd a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reasons enough without affronting our understandings. For there is not one person out of this country who regards any events that pass here, unless he hath an estate or employment.-----I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the least provocation to the present Ministry, and much less to the Court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not see the politick of opening common letters, directed to persons generally known: For a man's understanding would be very weak to convey secrets by the post, if he knew any, which I declare I do not: and besides I think the world is already so well informed by plain events, that I question whether the Ministers have any secrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehension if a letter should be sent me full of treason; because I cannot hinder people from writing what they please, nor sending it to me; and although it should be discover'd to have been open'd before it came to my hand, I would only burn it and think no further. I approve of the scheme you have to grow somewhat richer, though I agree you will meet with discouragements; and it is reasonable you should, considering what kind of pens are at this

time only employed and encouraged. For you must allow that the bad painter was in the right, who having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens and even the chickens, for fear those who passed by his shop might make a comparison with his work. And I will say one thing in spite of the Post-officers, that since Wit and learning began to be made use of in our kingdoms, they were never professedly thrown aside, contemned and punished, till within your own memory; nor Dulness and ignorance ever so openly encouraged and promoted. In answer to what you say of my living among you, if I could do it to my ease; perhaps you have heard of a scheme for an exchange in Berkshire proposed by two of our friends, but besides the difficulty of adjusting certain circumstances, it would not answer. I am at a time of life that seeks ease and independence, you'll hear my reasons when you see those friends, and I concluded them with saying; That I would rather be a freeman among slaves, than a slave among freemen. The dignity of my present station damps the pertness of inferior puppies and squires, which without plenty and ease on your side the channel, would break my heart in a month.

Madam,

See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that same Strado del Poe; and yet if that Author be against lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good Courtier; which I am sure your Grace is not, no not so much as to be a Maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a free-thinker, nor can sell bargains; that you can neither spell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a Courtier; that you pretend to be respected for qualities which have been out of fashion ever since you were almost in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of disaffection;

which is further confirmed by your ill taste for Wit, in preferring two old-fashioned poets before Duck or Cibber. Besides you spell in such a manner as no court-lady can read, and write in such an old-fashioned style, as none of them can understand. ——— You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's stock of health. I promise you he will spend it all upon laziness, and run deep in debt by a winter's repose in town; therefore I entreat your Grace will order him to move his chops less and his legs more for the six cold months, else he will spend all his money in physick and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you dispose what you call your love and respect, which you say are not paid to Merit but to your own Humour. Now Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of Merit, and there goes an ugly observation, that the Humour of ladies is apt to change. Now Madam, if I should go to Aimsbury with a great load of merit, and your Grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchase my merchandize at the price of your respect, the goods may be damaged, and no body else will take them off my hands. Besides you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the first part, and I but the second, which is hard treatment, since I shall be the newest acquaintance by some years, and I will appeal to all the rest of your sex, whether such an innovation ought to be allowed? I should be ready to say in the common forms that I was much obliged to the Lady who wish'd she could give me the best living, &c. if I did not vehemently suspect it was the very same Lady who spoke many things to me in the same style, and also with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whose Dupe he was, as well as of her Waiting-woman: but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I desire to present my most humble respects to my Lord Duke, and with

my heartiest prayer for the prosperity of the whole family, remain your Graces, &c.

L E T T E R LXI.

To Mr. Pope.

Dublin, June 12, 1732.

I Doubt, habit hath little power to reconcile us with sickness attended by pain. With me, the lowness of spirits hath a most unhappy effect; I am grown less patient with solitude, and harder to be pleas'd with company; which I could formerly better digest, when I could be easier without it than at present. As to sending you any thing that I have written since I left you (either verse or prose) I can only say, that I have order'd by my Will, that all my Papers of any kind shall be deliver'd you to dispose of as you please. I have several things that I have had schemes to finish, or to attempt, but I very foolishly put off the trouble, as sinners do their repentance: for I grow every day more averse from writing, which is very natural, and when I take a pen say to my self a thousand times, *non est tanti*. As to those papers of four or five years past, that you are pleas'd to require soon; they consist of little accidental things writ in the country; family amusements, never intended further than to divert our selves and some neighbours: or some effects of anger on Publick Grievances here, which would be insignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy three years ago to write a Weekly paper, and call it an Intelligencer. But it continued not long; for the whole Volume (it was re-printed in London and I find you have seen it) was the work only of two, my self and Dr. Sheridan. If we could have got some ingenious young man to have

been the manager, who should have published all that might be sent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the Printer here could not afford such a young man one farthing for his trouble, the Sale being so small, and the price one half-penny; and so it dropt. In the Volume you saw, (to answer your questions) the 1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the Verses, (very uncorrect, but against a fellow we all hated) the 9th mine, the 10th only the Verses, and of those not the four last slovenly lines; the 15th is a Pamphlet of mine printed before with Dr. Sh---'s Preface, merely for laziness not to disappoint the town; and so was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miseries of Ireland, and wholly useless and unentertaining. As to other things of mine since I left you; there are in prose a View of the State of Ireland; a Project for eating Children; and a Defence of Lord Carteret; in verse a Libel on Dr. D--- and Lord Carteret; a Letter to Dr. D--- on the Libels writ against him; the Barack (a stol'n Copy) the Lady's Journal; the Lady's Dressing-room (a stol'n Copy) the Plea of the Damn'd (a stol'n Copy); all these have been printed in London, (I forgot to tell you that the Tale of Sir Ralph was sent from England.) Besides these there are five or six (perhaps more) Papers of Verses writ in the North, but perfect Family-things, two or three of which may be tolerable, the rest but indifferent, and the humour only local, and some that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameness, and live long enough to see you either here or there. I forget again to tell you that the Scheme of paying Debts by a Tax on Vices, is not one Syllable mine, but of a young Clergy-man whom I countenance; he told me it was built upon a passage in Gulliver, where a Projector hath something upon the same Thought. This young Man is the most hopeful we have: a book of his Poems was printed in London;

Dr. D----- is one of his Patrons: he is marry'd and has children, and makes up about 100 l. a year, on which he lives decently. The utmost stretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much superfluous money as will give him a sight of you, and half an hour of your presence; after which he will return home in full satisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drain'd, and I profess I grow gradually so dry, that a Rhime with me is almost as hard to find as a Guinea, and even Prose speculations tire me almost as much. Yet I have a thing in prose, begun above twenty-eight years ago, and almost finish'd. It will make a four-shilling Volume, and is such a perfection of folly, that you shall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you shall be left to guess. Nay I have another of the same age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worse than the former, in which I will serve you the same way. I heard lately from Mr.----- who promises to be less lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are seldom provident enough to consider that both Wit and Beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is past.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her, and I doubt my Lord will find Dawley too solitary without her. In that, neither he nor you are companions young enough for me, and I believe the best part of the reason why men are said to grow children when they are old, is because they cannot entertain themselves with thinking; which is the very case of little boys and girls, who love to be noisy among their play-fellows. I am told Mrs. Pope is without pain, and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneasiness to her self or friends; yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater sufferer, by having the person you most love so long

before you, and dying daily ; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

LETTER LXII.

* *Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.*

Dec. 5, 1732.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not answered me two letters (in the last of which I was impatient under some fears) It is not now indeed a time to think of my self, when one of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had, is broken all on a sudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died last night at nine a clock, not deprived of his senses entirely at last, and possessing them perfectly till within five hours. He asked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. His effects are in the Duke of Queensbury's custody. His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will----Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage? in every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.

I shall never see you now I believe; one of your principal Calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the most amiable by far, his qualities were the gentlest, but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have lost had not been

* *On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death: Received December 15, but not read till the 20th, by an Impulse foreboding some Misfortune. [This note is indors'd on the original letter in Dr. Swift's hand.] Dublin Edit.*

so amiable, nor so good! but that's a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure if Innocence and Integrity can deserve Happiness, it must be his. Adieu. I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminish nothing from it. Yet write to me, and soon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than

A. Pope.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whose humanity you know, heartily commends himself to you. All possible diligence and affection has been shown, and continued attendance on this melancholy occasion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly disconsolate.

Dear Sir,

I am sorry that the renewal of our correspondence should be upon such a melancholy occasion. Poor Mr. Gay dy'd of an inflammation, and I believe at last a mortification, of the bowels; it was the most precipitate case I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two Physicians besides myself. I believed the distemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleasure of a line from you these two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no answer. I wish you all health and happiness, being with great affection and respect, Sir, Your, &c.

L E T T E R LXIII.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I Received yours with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our losing Mr. Gay, upon which event I shall

say nothing. I am only concern'd that long living hath not hardened me: for even in this kingdom, and in a few days past, two persons of great merit whom I loved very well, have dy'd in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myself upon the loss of friends, as I do upon the loss of money; by turning to my account-book, and seeing whether I have enough left for my support? but in the former case I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelihood than my self, to die poor and friendless. You are a much greater loser than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a summer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left, and I wish, that with those already extant, they could be all published in a fair edition under your inspection. Your poem on the Use of Riches hath been just printed here, and we have no objection but the obscurity of several passages by our ignorance in facts and persons, which make us lose abundance of the Satyr. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honestly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which however would have been but few, for my long absence hath made me ignorant of what passes out of the scene where I am. I never had the least hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon Taft. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the same bulk to be inscrib'd to other friends, one (for instance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and so on--- Doctor Delany presents you his most humble service, he behaves himself very commendably, converses only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them constantly at an elegant plentiful table, walks the streets as usual, by day-

light, does many acts of charity and generosity, cultivates a country house two miles distant, and is one of those very few within my knowledge, on whom a great access of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forc'd to continue here on the ill condition of his estate by the knavery of an Agent; he is a most worthy Gentleman, whom I hope you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P----, which I desire may continue no longer than he shall deserve by his Modesty, a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballast. If you are acquainted with the Duchess of Queensbury, I desire you will present her my most humble service: I think she is a greater loser by the death of a friend than either of us. She seems a Lady of excellent sense and spirit. I had often Postscripts from her in our friends letters to me, and her part was sometimes longer than his, and they made up a great part of the little happiness I could have here. This was the more generous, because I never saw her since she was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing so much as being a domestick friend to such a Lady. I desire you will never fail to send me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly enquire about Mrs. Pope, who I am told is but just among the living, and consequently a continual grief to you: she is sensible of your tenderness, which robs her of the only happiness she is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her, you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg she may not shorten yours.



LETTER LXIV.

Feb. 16, 1732-3.

IT is indeed impossible to speak on such a subject as the loss of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I send you what I intend for the inscription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queensbury will set up at Westminster. As to his writings, he left no Will, nor spoke a word of them, or any thing else, during his short and præcipitate illness, in which I attended him to his last breath. The Duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him, and it will be strange if the sisters do not leave his papers totally to his disposal, who will do the same that I would with them. He has managed the Comedy (which our poor friend gave to the playhouse the week before his death) to the utmost advantage for his relations; and proposes to do the same with some Fables he left finished.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than Mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the best monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: (for those are the best, when their minds are such as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is.) I am preparing also for my own, and have nothing so much at heart, as to shew the silly world that men of Wit, or even Poets, may be the most moral of mankind. A few loose things sometimes fall from them, by which censorious fools judge as ill of them as possibly they can, for their own comfort: and indeed, when such unguarded and trifling *Jeux d'Esprit* have once got abroad, all that prudence or repentance can do, since they cannot be deny'd, is to put 'em fairly upon that foot; and teach the publick (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of Miscellanies) to distinguish betwixt our

studies and our idlenesses, our works and our weaknesses. That was the whole end of the last Vol. of Miscellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That these volumes contain'd all that we have ever offended in, that way," would have been discredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the libel on Dr. D----- and the best Panegyrick on myself, that either my own times or any other could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book as you observe was printed in great haste; the cause whereof was, that the booksellers here were doing the same, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff; I don't mean that any thing of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland which was so, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to separate what you writ seriously from what you writ carelessly; and thought my own weeds might pass for a sort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that sent you those books into Ireland, and so I did my Epistle to Lord Bathurst even before it was publish'd, and another thing of mine, which is a * Parody from Horace, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of these, nor less than of the latter: yet every friend has forc'd me to print it, tho' in truth my own single motive was about twenty lines toward the latter end, which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole scheme of my present Work, expecting still to do it in a better manner in person: but you will see pretty soon, that the letter to Lord Bathurst is a part of it, and you will find a plain connexion between them, if you read them in the order just contrary to that they were publish'd in. I imitate those cunning tradesmen, who show their best silks last: or, (to give you a truer idea, tho' it

* Sat. i. Lib. 2.

sounds too proudly) my works will in one respect be like the works of Nature, much more to be liked and understood when consider'd in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly look'd upon one by one; and often, those parts which attract most at first sight, will appear to be not the most, but the least considerable.

I am pleas'd and flatter'd by your expression of *Orna me*. The chief pleasure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and justice, insert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deserves to be lov'd or adorn'd. But I smile at your applying that phrase to my visiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have some apprehension (from their extraordinary passion for Poetry, and their boundless Hospitality) of being *adorn'd* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of somewhere or other. My Mother lives (which is an answer to that point) and I thank God tho' her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and sensible to me, tho' scarce to any thing else; which doubles the reason of my attendance, and at the same time sweetens it. I wish (beyond any other wish) you could pass a summer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unless you preferr'd to see France first, to which country I think you would have a strong invitation. Lord Peterborow has narrowly escaped death, and yet keeps his chamber: he is perpetually speaking in the most affectionate manner of you: he has written you two letters which you never receiv'd, and by that has been discourag'd from writing more. I can well believe the post-office may do this, when some letters of his to me have met the same fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this discourage you from writing to me, or to him inclos'd in the common way, as I do to you: Innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and for my part, I wou'd give 'em

free leave to send all I write to Curll, if most of what I write was not too silly.

I desire my sincere services to Dr. Delany, who I agree with you is a man every way esteemable: my Lord Orrery is a most virtuous and good-natur'd Nobleman, whom I should be happy to know. Lord B. receiv'd your letter thro' my hands; it is not to be told you how much he wishes for you: The whole list of persons to whom you sent your services return you theirs, with proper sense of the distinction ----- Your Lady friend is *Semper Eadem*, and I have written an Epistle to her, on that qualification in a female character; which is thought by my chief Critick in your absence to be my *Chef d'Oeuvre*: but it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age so fore of Satire, and so willing to misapply Characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as usual. I have lain ill seven days of a slight feaver (the complaint here) but recover'd by gentle sweats, and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. The play Mr. Gay left succeeds very well; it is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preserve your life, your health, your limbs, your spirits, and your friendships!

LETTER LXV.

April 2, 1733.

YOU say truly, that death is only terrible to us as it separates us from those we love, but I really think those have the worst of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more (I fancy) in the loss of Mr. Gay, than I shall suffer in the thought of going away myself into a state that can feel none of this sort of losses. I wish'd vehemently to

to have seen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the rest of our days together, the two most idle, most innocent, undesigning Poets of our age. I now as vehemently wish you and I might walk into the grave together, by as slow steps as you please, but contentedly and cheerfully: Whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we shall walk out of the grave. But it suffices me to know it will be exactly what region or state our Maker appoints, and that whatever *Is*, is *Right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands, and for as much as is so, I will take care to suppress things unworthy of him. As to the Epitaph, I'm sorry you gave a copy, for it will certainly by that means come into print, and I would correct it more, unless you will do it for me (and that I shall like as well:) Upon the whole I earnestly wish your coming over hither, for this reason among many others, that your influence may be join'd with mine to suppress whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my Neighbours and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as soon as you come. That I am an author whose characters are thought of some weight, appears from the great noise and bustle that the Court and Town make about any I give: and I will not render them less important or less interesting, by sparing Vice and Folly, or by betraying the cause of Truth and Virtue. I will take care they shall be such, as no man can be angry at but the persons I would have angry. You are sensible with what decency and justice I paid homage to the Royal Family, at the same time that I satirized false Courtiers, and Spies, &c. about 'em. I have not the courage however to be such a Satyrist as you, but I would be as much, or more, a Philosopher. You call your satires, Libels; I would rather call my satires, Epistles: They will consist more of Morality than of Wit, and grow graver,

which you will call duller. I shall leave it to my Antagonists to be witty (if they can) and content myself to be useful, and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady ----'s or Lord *'s performance? they are certainly the Top wits of the Court, and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me; for it was labour'd, corrected, præ-commended and post-disapprov'd, so far as to be dis-own'd by themselves, after each had highly cry'd it up for the others. I have met with some complaints, and heard at a distance of some threats, occasion'd by my verses: I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them, and so it dropp'd. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a distance, and have nothing to say to you when they see you.---- I am glad you persist and abide by so good a thing as that Poem, in which I am immortal for my Morality: I never took any praise so kindly, and yet I think I deserve that praise better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it consist of? I have but last week finished another of my Epistles, in the order of the system; and this week (*exercitandi gratia*) I have translated (or rather parody'd) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you advising me about my expences, housekeeping, &c. But these things shall lye by, till you come to carp at 'em, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our Parliament will sit till Midsummer, which I hope may be a motive to bring you rather in summer than so late as autumn: you us'd to love what I hate, a hurry of politicks; &c. Courts I see not, Courtiers I know not, Kings I adore not, Queens I compliment not; so I am never like to be in fashion, nor in dependance. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor Lady for her unhappiness, and should only pity her more, if she had more of what they at Court call Happiness. Come then, and perhaps we

may go all together into France at the end of the season, and compare the Liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me dear Sir, (with a thousand warm wishes, mix'd with short sighs) ever yours.

LETTER LXVI.

To Mr. Pope.

Dublin, May 1, 1733.

I Answer your Letter the sooner because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago came over a Poem call'd, *The Life and Character of Dr. S. written by himself*, it was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a Maxim in Rochefoucault, and the dedication after a formal story says, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the same Maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that Impostor says in his Dedication, with many circumstances, all pure invention. I desire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this spurious piece there is not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuine Copy, any more than it does Virgil's *Æneis*, for I never gave a Copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight. And although I shew'd it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and some of them, (especially one or two females) had got many lines by heart, here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens that not one single line or thought is contained in this Imposture, although it appears that they who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me

to print the true one, which indeed is not proper to be seen till I can be seen no more: I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends, and I will order an Advertisement to be printed here, and transmit it to England, that every body may know the delusion, and acquit me, as I am sure you must have done your self, if you have read any part of it, which is mean, and trivial, and full of that Cant that I most despise: I would fink to be a Vicar in Norfolk rather than be charged with such a performance. Now I come to your Letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy disorder more or less is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at least equally pity my self, if I liv'd amongst you; because I should have seen him oftner than you did, who are a kind of Hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your Ill nature in not letting the honest Villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happiness, and terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel, that of all men living, you are the most happy in your Enemies and your Friends: And I will swear you have fifty times more Charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore, *facit indignatio versus*, is only to be apply'd when the indignation is against general Villany, and never operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dullness, only I would be satisfy'd since you are so dull, why are they so angry? give me a shilling, and I will ensure you, that posterity shall never know you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserv'd.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr. Gays papers. You do not exert your self as much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two sisters were hang'd than see his works swell'd by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see the most valuable printed by themselves, those which ought not to be seen burn'd immediately, and the others that have gone abroad, printed separately like opuscula, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your Epitaph was immediately to be engrav'd, and therefore I made less scruple to give a Copy to Lord Orrery, who earnestly desir'd it, but to no body else; and he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recall. I have a short Epigram of his upon it, wherein I would correct a line, or two at most, and then I will send it you (with his permission.) I have nothing against yours, but the last line, *Striking their aching*, the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like. I shall write to the Duchess, who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design next to seeing you is to be a severe Critick on you and your neighbour; but first kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near 600 l. for a wall to keep mine, and I never ride without two servants for fear of accidents; *hic vivimus ambitiosa paupertate*. You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I will find grass, and wine, and servants, but with him not.----- The Collection you speak of is this. A Printer came to me to desire he might print my works (as he call'd them) in four volumes by subscription. I said I would give no leave, and should be sorry to see them printed here. He said they could not be printed in Lon-

don, I answer'd, they could, if the Partners agreed. He said he "would be glad of my permission, but as he could print them without it and was advis'd that it could do me no harm, and having been assur'd of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I would not be angry at his pursuing his own interest," &c. Much of this discourse past, and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determine not to intermeddle, though it be much to my discontent; and I wish it could be done in England, rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the truth of the story.

My Vanity turns at present on being personated in your *Quæ Virtus*, &c. You will observe in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low spirit; but a Heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest Earnestness and Truth.

LETTER LXVII.

May 28, 1733.

I Have begun two or three letters to you by snatches, and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations. I must first acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whose praises are that precious ointment Solomon speaks of, which can be given only by men of Virtue: all other praise, whether from Poets or Peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough and experienced enough to know, that the only praises worth having, are those bestowed *by Virtue for Virtue*. My Poetry I abandon to the criticks, my Morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me: and therefore I was more pleas'd with your Libel, than with any Verses I ever receiv'd. I wish such a collection of your writings could be

printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was surprized to receive from the Printer that spurious piece call'd, *The Life and character of Dr. Swift*, with a letter telling me the person who 'publish'd it had assur'd him the Dedication 'to me was what I would not take ill, or else he would not 'have printed it.' I can't tell who the man is, who took so far upon him as to answer for my way of thinking; tho' had the thing been genuine, I should have been greatly displeas'd at the publisher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earnest as you can be, in doing my best to prevent the publishing of any thing unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wish you would come over. All the mysteries of my philosophical work shall then be clear'd to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough: It will not want for Satire, but as for Anger I know it not; or at least only that sort of which the Apostle speaks, "Be ye angry and sin not."

My Neighbour's writings have been metaphysical, and will next be historical. It is certainly from him only, that a valuable History of Europe in these latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wisest indifferent whether posterity be any wiser than we. To a man in years, Health and Quiet become such rarities, and consequently so valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this I doubt not has caus'd so many great men to die without leaving a scrap to posterity.

I am sincerely troubled for the bad account you give of your own health. I wish every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully assure you.

L E T T E R LXVIII.

From Dr. Swift.

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

I Must condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death the papers have been full. But I would rather rejoice with you, because if any circumstances can make the death of a dear Parent and Friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extream old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful Son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me, and so much the worse, because I expected *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation pressed on you, alledging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find that you have given some credit to a notion, of our great plenty and hospitality. It is true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them: I believe there are not in this whole city three Gentlemen out of Employment, who are able to give Entertainments once a month. Those who are in employments of church or state, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: Those indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year: Dr. Delany is the only

gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner, and to pass the evening, where there is nothing of excess, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who hath just left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenues, but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is easy in his fortune, and very hospitable. The conveniences of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London. For the two large strands just at two ends of the town are as firm and dry in winter as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good humour and taste, able and desirous to please you, and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the best people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myself, I declare my health is so uncertain that I dare not venture amongst you at present. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniences in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney-coaches, carts and carriages round this town, who dare not insult me like your rascally waggoners or coach-men, but give me the way; nor is there one Lord or Squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and fix. Thus, I make some advantage of the publick poverty, and give you the reasons for what I once writ, why I chuse to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then, I walk the streets in peace without being jostled, nor ever without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am

Lord Mayor of 120 houses, I am absolute Lord of the greatest Cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring Princes, the Lord Mayor of the city, and the Arch Bishop of Dublin, only the latter, like the K. of France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midst of this raillery, I can tell you with seriousness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord B-----and your self, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c. that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my Lord and your self, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet at your or his time of life, I could have leap'd over the moon.

L E T T E R LXIX.

Sept. 1, 1733.

I Have every day wish'd to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet I think I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; every body is so concern'd for the publick, that all private enjoyments are lost, or dis-relish'd. I write more to show you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did: but all these are to no purpose: the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none

of it to you. There is a great gulph between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea sickness, (considering the oppression of cholical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excessive flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be cramm'd, either way. Let your hungry Poets, and your rhyming Peers digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half starved, than to be so over-praised and over-fed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you: I only reserve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and esteeming you: you are the only Patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your Character and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject: for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness: Nature is so much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year: It is no affectation to tell you, my Mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy, and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I; as little for any nation in contradistinction to others, as I: and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man at sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people who are (at last) like the primitive christians, of one soul and of one mind. The

day is come, which I have often wished but never thought to see; when *every mortal that I esteem is of the same sentiment in Politicks and in Religion.*

Adieu. All you love, are yours, but all are busy, except (dear Sir) your sincere friend.

LETTER LXX.

Jan. 6, 1734.

I Never think of you and can never write to you, now, without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talk'd: The reflection both of the friends we have been depriv'd of by Death, and of those from whom we are separated almost as eternally by Absence, checks me to that degree that it takes away in a manner the pleasure (which yet I feel very sensibly too) of thinking I am now conversing with you. You have been silent to me as to your Works; whether those printed here are, or are not genuine? but one I am sure is yours; and your method of concealing your self puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail stick out. You'll have immediately by several franks (even before 'tis here publish'd) my Epistle to Lord Cobham, part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the last Essay on Man, both which I conclude will be grateful to your bookseller on whom you please to bestow them so early. There is a woman's war declar'd against me by a certain Lord, his weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter: I writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and after shewing it to some people,

suppreſt it: otherwiſe it was ſuch as was worthy of him and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow, who rejoices in your doings, and always ſpeaks with the greateſt affection of you. I need not tell you who elſe do the ſame, you may be ſure almoſt all thoſe whom I ever ſee, or deſire to ſee. I wonder not that B----- paid you no ſort of civility while he was in Ireland: he is too much a half-wit to love a true-wit, and too much half-honeſt, to eſteem any entire merit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will do my beſt to make him: he is ſo inſupportably inſolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I muſt affront him to be rid of it. That ſtrict neutrality as to publick parties, which I have conſtantly obſerv'd in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack ſuch men, as flander and belye my character in private, to thoſe who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unleſs at the ſame time they are Peſts of private ſociety, or miſchievous members of the publick, that is to ſay, unleſs they are enemies to all men as well as to me.---- Pray write to me when you can: If ever I can come to you, I will: if not, may providence be our friend and our guard thro' this ſimple world, where nothing is valuable, but ſenſe and friendſhip. Adieu, dear Sir, may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P.S. I am juſt now told a very curious Lady intends to write to you to pump you about ſome poems ſaid to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not answered me on the ſame queſtions, and that I ſhall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have conceal'd from me.



LETTER LXXI.

Sept. 15, 1734.

I Have ever thought you as sensible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendship, and yet I fear (from what Lord B. tells me you said in your last letter) that you did not quite understand the reason of my late silence. I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am most greived about. Death has not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do, since most accounts I have give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you, and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I should find great relief, could we write freely; and yet when I have done so, you seem by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness as I do, or to abstain from some prudential reason. Yet I am sure, nothing that you and I wou'd say to each other, (tho' our whole souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post office) could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of any honest man or good subject, as the intervening, officious, impertinence of those Goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name, and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these Friends, especially those

who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses. It is generally on such little scraps that Witlings feed; and 'tis hard world should judge of our house-keeping from what we fling to the our dogs, yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the Epistle to a Lady; it was just the same hand (if I have any judgment in style) which printed your Life and Character before, which you so strongly dis-avow'd in your letters to Lord Carteret, myself and others. I was very well informed of another fact which convinced me yet more; the same person who gave this to be printed offer'd to a bookseller a piece in prose as yours, and as commissioned by you, which has since appear'd and been own'd to be his own. I think (I say once more) that I know your hand, tho' you did not mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England: but no secret can cross your Irish Sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, tho' you lost sight of me in the first of those Essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect; I was thought a Divine, a Philosopher and what not? and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to the gayeties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either? but be the future as it will, I shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter, and send it you, where you will find frequent mention of your self. I was glad you suffer'd your writings to be collected more compleatly than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wish'd it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dress'd, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not

laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a Philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. 'Tis just what my Lord B. is doing with Metaphysicks. I hope, you will live to see, and stare at the learned figure he will make, on the same shelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You see how I talk to you (for this is not writing) if you like I should do so, why not tell me so? if it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a week most gladly: but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the Nothings he can express? If you can, really and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray however tell me, is it a satisfaction? that will make it one to me: and we will Think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

P. S. Our friend who is just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and dispatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my Metaphysicks, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true I have writ six letters and an half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and an half more which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the Name of an Author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have seen them, *satis magnum Theatrum mihi estis*, I shall not have the itch of making them more publick. I know how little regard you pay to Writings of this kind. But I imagine that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip Metaphysicks of all their

hombast, keep within the sight of every well-constituted Eye, and never bewilder themselves whilst they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long letter sometime ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *vale & me ama.*

LETTER LXXII.

From Dr. Swift.

Nov. 1, 1734.

I Have yours with my Lord B——'s Postscript of September 15, it was long on its way, and for some weeks after the date I was very ill with my two inveterate disorders, giddiness and deafness. The latter is pretty well off, but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much dispirits me. But I continue to ride and walk, both of which although they be no cures, are at least amusements. I did never imagine you to be either inconstant, or to want right notions of friendship, but I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world so long, so frequently, so happily, under so many bodily disorders. My Lord B. says you have been three months rambling, which is the best thing you can possibly do in a summer season; and when the winter recalls you, we will for our own interests leave you to your speculations. God be thanked I have done with every thing and of every kind that requires writing, except now and then a letter, or, like a true old man, scribbling trifles only fit for children or school-boys of the lowest class at best, which three or four of us read and laugh at to day, and burn to morrow. Yet, what is fin-

gular, I never am without some great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the most vigorous healthy man: although I am convinced that I shall never be able to finish three Treatises, that have lain by me several years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord B. said in his postscript that you would go to Bath in three days; we since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the news-mongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom on his return from Bath, assured me he left you well, and so did some others whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart that you are pestered with people who come in my name, and I profess to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend, for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the free-hold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside your self on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in Morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice; I believe I told you before what the Duke of D---- said to me on that occasion, How a Judge here, who knows you, told him that on the first reading those Essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark: On the second most of them clear'd up, and his pleasure increased: On the third he had no doubt remain'd, and then he admir'd the whole. My Lord B----'s attempt of reducing Metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking, and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present, and so I shall while I live:

It saves your money, and my time; and he being your Genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwise between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B---- to follow that example, if I live to read his Metaphysicks. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

LETTER LXXIII.

Twitenham, Decemb. 19, 1734.

I Am truly sorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think (I know you will, for you have all the candor of a good understanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects those who are dead a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering every thing that has pleased me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers we past together dwell always on my mind, like a vision which gave me a glimpse of a better life and better company, than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcase I am annex'd to did not hinder me. I rambled by very easy journies this year to Lord Bathurst and Lord Peterborow, who upon ev'ry occasion commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now pass my days between

Dawley, London, and this place, not studious, nor idle, rather polishing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandon'd several years; and of this sort you'll soon see one, which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written, and thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company, and the next morning found my self in a fever, highly disorder'd, and so continu'd in bed for five days, and in my chamber till now; but so well recover'd as to hope to go abroad to morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, tho' not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wish to God we could once meet again, before that separation, which yet I would be glad to believe shall re-unite us: But he who made us, not for ours but his purposes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worse, that the affections of this life should, or should not continue into the other: and doubtless it is as it should be. Yet I am sure that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you; you are to me like a limb lost, and buried in another country; tho' we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always consider you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much, but 'tis as much as I would desire you would do to me. However, if I could inspire you to bestow correction upon those three Treatises which you say are so near compleated, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almost at the end of my Morals, as I've been, long ago, of my Wit; my system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to Truth (or to speak more like a hu-

man creature, to the appearances of Truth) we soon find the shortness of our Tether. Indeed by the help of a metaphysical chain of Idæas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progress beyond the point to which Providence has pinn'd us: But this does not satisfy me, who would rather say a little to no purpose, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed; he is so taken up still, (in spite of the monitory Hint given in the first line of my Essay) with particular Men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the Universe: This World, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the Court, to the Castle, and so diminishing, till it comes to our own affairs, and our own persons. When you write (either to him or to me, for we accept it all as one) rebuke him for it, as a Divine if you like it, or as a Baudineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will show you that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him, and every body that comes from Ireland pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to see any that are truly so, and therefore do not mistake any thing I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIV.

From Dr. Swift.

May 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford who landed the same day, but I have not yet seen him. As

to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestick affairs are in great confusion by the villany of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had: nor am I unconcerned to see all things tending towards absolute power, in both nations (it is here in perfection already) although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both publick and personal to myself, hath given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor, have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To shew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight since I heard of the death of my Lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health: but in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder for which a sea-voyage is not in some degree a remedy. The old Duke of Ormond said, he would not change his dead son (Offory) for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you my absent friend for the best-present friend round the Globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord B. called a Dissertation upon Parties. I think it very masterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers: I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the Prelates in both kingdoms, or any Prelates in Europe except the Bishop of Marseilles. And God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) Parsons in a lump.

I am ever entirely yours.

X

LETTER LXXV.

From Dr. Swift.

Sept. 3, 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curl. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say as David did, I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done? You have given no offence to the Ministry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in Power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. "You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that hath so long passed between us; although I never destroy'd one of your letters. But my Executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me." Neither did our letters contain any Turns of Wit, or Fancy, or Politicks, or Satire, but mere innocent friendship; yet I am loth that any letters, from you and a very few other friends, should dye before me; I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect ev'ry month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in haste, to have one Epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height. I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend; *Orna me.* A month ago were

sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Esq; They are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a Poet for me, and I think among the *mediocribus* in prose as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle, he is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us, but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character; I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every Oppression that can be inflicted on mankind ----- shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world: But, Oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a Bishop, or a Judge, or a Colonel, or a Commissioner of the Revenues.

Adieu.

L E T T E R LXXVI.

TO Answer your question as to Mr. Hughes, what he wanted as to genius he made up as an honest man: but he was of the class you think him.

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the Bishops, and a disgrace to one Bishop, two things you will like: But what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your un-friended, un-bene-

fited Nation; he will be a friend to human race, wherever he goes. Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life: I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom whom I liked so much as Dr. Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a last leave of, at his setting sail for Lisbon: No Body can be more wasted, no Soul can be more alive. Immediately after the severest operation of being cut into the bladder for a suppression of urine, he took coach, and got from Bristol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborow! there is another string lost, that wou'd have help'd to draw you hither! He order'd on his death-bed his Watch to be given me (that which had accompanied him in all his travels) with this reason, "That I might have something to put me every day in mind of him." It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and *Insignia* are graved on the inner-case; on the outer, I have put this inscription. *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliae, Dux Sabaudiae, &c. &c. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit. 1735.*

Pray write to me a little oftener: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleasure, that your present care is to relieve the most helpless of this world, those objects * which most want our compassion, tho' generally made the scorn of their fellow-creatures, such as are less innocent than they. You always think generously; and of all charities, this is the most disinterested, and least vain-glorious, done to such as never will thank you, or can praise you for it.

* Idiots.

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resign'd temper of mind, if not a very chearful one. It is upon these terms I live myself tho' younger than you, and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVII.

From Dr. Swift.

OCT. 21, 1735.

I Answer'd your letter relating to Curl, &c. I believe my letters have escap'd being publish'd, because I writ nothing but Nature and Friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observ'd that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny writ their letters for the publick view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the Entertainment they have given me. Balsac did the same thing, but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting: Now I must tell you that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world; but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holy-head, for I will not lie in a Country of slaves. It pleaseth me to find that you begin to dislike things in spight of your Philosophy; your Muse cannot forbear her hints to that purpose. I cannot travel to see you; otherwise I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a day, yet is my health so uncertain that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come home to my own bed at night: My best way

would be to marry, for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle aged one; you know me a middle aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord -----? methinks I am enquiring after a Tulip of last year. ----- "You need not apprehend any Curll's meddling with your letters to me; I will not destroy them, but have ordered my Executors to do that office." I have a thousand things more to say, *longævitæ est garrula*, but I must remember I have other letters to write if I have time, which I spend to tell you so; I am ever dearest Sir, Your, &c.

LETTER LXXVIII.

From Dr. Swift.

Feb. 9, 1735-6.

I Cannot properly call you my best friend, because I have not another left who deserves the name, such a havock have Time, Death, Exile, and Oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifference in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or miserable. The very maid-servants in a family have the same notion: I have heard them often say, Oh, I'm very sick, if any body cared for it! I am vexed when my visitors come with the compliment usual here, Mr. Dean I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we miscall their bet-

ters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends, from whom and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the Gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast that I neither visit or am acquainted with any Lord Temporal or Spiritual in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own Cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is reflecting on the most execrable Corruptions that run through every branch of publick management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated, *Singula de nobis anni*, &c. You have put them in a strong and admirable light; but however I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity, and will out-weigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies. I never saw them before, by which it is plain that the letter you sent me miserr'd. --- I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and some of them may be deserving: For Youth is the season of virtue: Corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their Virtue, when they leave you and go into the world; how long will their spirit of independency last against the temptations of future Ministers, and future Kings. --- As to the new Lord Lieutenant, I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.



LETTER LXXIX.

*From Dr. Swift.**Feb. 7, 1735-6.*

IT is some time since I dined at the bishop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing since, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own sake and the world's more than for yours; because I well know how little you value life both as a Philosopher and a Christian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us hereticks can equal you. If you are well recovered, you ought to be reproached for not putting me especially out of pain, who could not bear the loss of you; although we must be for ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual rents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickel was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town who had never seen you.

I read to the Bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his Lordship exprest his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning and conversation and humanity, but he is beloved by all people:

I have no body now left but you: Pray be so kind to outlive me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain, and let us meet in a better place, if my Religion will permit, but

rather my Virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is more or less too constant; I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese-language as my own: I am as fit for Matrimony as Invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable Essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become wast paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove by Arithmetick, for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray put me out of fear as soon as you can, about that ugly report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheselden is, that hath so lately sprung up in your favour? Give me also some account of your neighbour who writ to me from Bath: I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the Test; which grieves me extreamly, from all the unprejudiced Reasons I ever was able to form, and against the Maxims of all wise christian governments, which always had some establish'd Religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

Farewel my dearest friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.



Y

LETTER LXXX.

March 25, 1736.

IF ever I write more Epistles in Verse, one of them shall be address'd to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finished as my last work ought to be, that is to say, more finished than any of the rest. The subject is large, and will divide into four Epistles, which naturally follow the Essay on Man, viz. 1. Of the Extent and Limits of Human Reason, and Science. 2. A view of the useful and therefore attainable, and of the un-useful and therefore un-attainable, Arts, 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Use of different Capacities: 4. Of the Use of *Learning*, of the *Science* of the *World*, and of *Wit*. It will conclude with a Satire against the mis-application of all these, exemplify'd by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the task is great, and *non sum qualis eram!* My understanding indeed, such as it is, is extended rather than diminish'd: I see things more in the whole, more consistent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to, each other. But what I gain on the side of philosophy, I lose on the side of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our Heaven of a Court) is but cold and uncertain; the winds rise, and the winter comes on. I find myself but little disposed to build a new house; I have nothing left but to gather up the reliques of a wreck, and look about me to see how few friends I have left. Pray whose esteem or admiration should I desire now to procure by my writings? whose friendship or conversation to obtain by 'em? I am a man of desperate fortunes, that is a

man whose friends are dead: for I never aim'd at any other fortune than in friends. As soon as I had sent my last letter, I received a most kind one from you, expressing great pain for my late illness at Mr. Cheselden's. I conclude you was eased of that friendly apprehension in a few days after you had dispatch'd yours, for mine must have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheselden was? it shews that the truest merit does not travel so far any way as on the wings of poetry; he is the most noted, and most deserving man, in the whole profession of Chirurgery; and has sav'd the lives of thousands by his manner of cutting for the stone.----- I am now well, or what I must call so.

I have lately seen some writings of Lord B's, since he went to France. Nothing can depress his Genius: Whatever befalls him, he will still be the greatest man in the world, either in his own time, or with posterity.

Every man you know or care for here, enquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wish you had any motive to see this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for your self and two servants; I have indeed room enough, nothing but myself at home: the kind and hearty house-wife is dead! the agreeable and instructive neighbour is gone! yet my house is enlarg'd, and the gardens extend and flourish, as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of; nay I have good Melons and Pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better Gardiner, as I am a worse Poet, than when you saw me: But gardening is near a-kin to Philosophy, for Tully says *Agricultura proxima sapientiæ*. For God's sake, why should not you, (that are a step higher than a Philosopher, a Divine, yet have too much grace and wit

than to be a Bishop) e'en give all you have to the Poor of Ireland (for whom you have already done every thing else) so quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales Animæ Concordes* be our Motto and our Epitaph.

LETTER LXXXI.

From Dr. Swift.

Dublin, April 22, 1736.

MY common illness is of that kind which utterly disqualifies me for all conversation; I mean my Deafness; and indeed it is that only which discourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; because I am never sure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honest Gout, I could catch an interval, to take a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an easy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. "As to what you say of your Letters, since you have many years of life more than I, my resolution is to direct my Executors to send you all your letters, well sealed and packeted, along with some legacies mentioned in my will, and leave them entirely to your disposal: Those things are all tied up, endors'd and locked in a cabinet, and I have not one servant who can properly be said to write or read: No mortal shall copy them, but you shall surely have them when I am no more." I have a little repined at my being hitherto slipped by you in your Epistles, not from any other ambition than the Title of a Friend, and in that sense I expect you shall perform your promise, if your health and leisure and inclination will permit. I deny your losing on the side of Poetry; I could reason against you a little from ex-

perience; you are, and will be some years to come, at the age when Invention still keeps its ground, and Judgment is at full maturity; but your subjects are much more difficult when confin'd to Verse. I am amazed to see you exhaust the whole science of Morality in so masterly a manner. Sir W. Temple said that the loss of Friends was a Tax upon long life: It need not be very long, since you have had so great a share, but I have not above one left: and in this Country I have only a few general companions of good nature and midling understandings. How should I know Chesham? on your side, men of fame start up and dye before we here (at least I) know any thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you say of Lord B's Genius still keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author, and useful to the world. — Common reports have made me very uneasy about your neighbour Mr. P. It is affirmed that he hath been very near death: I love him for being a Patriot in most corrupted times, and highly esteem his excellent Understanding. Nothing but the perverse nature of my disorders, as I have above described them, and which are absolute disqualifications for converse, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nursing you to Paris. In short my Ailments amount to a prohibition, although I am as you describe yourself, what *I must call well*, yet I have not spirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diversion. And I must expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal sum which must lessen every day; and indeed I am likewise literally almost in the same case, while every body owes me, and no body pays me. Instead of a young race of Patriots on your side, which gives me some glimpse of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young Dunces and Atheists, or old Villains and Monsters, whereof four-fifths are more wicked and stupid than Chartres. Your wants

are so few, that you need not be rich to supply them; and my wants are so many, that a King's seven millions of guineas would not support me.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

Aug. 17, 1736.

I Find, tho' I have less experience than you, the truth of what you told me some time ago, that increase of years makes men more talkative but less writative: to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain business, or plain how-d'ye's, to those few I am forced to correspond with, either out of necessity, or love: And I grow Laconic even beyond Laconicism; for sometimes I return only Yes, or No, to questionnaire or petitionary Epistles of half a yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almost the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whose writings will reach the next: Others are mere mortals. Whatever failings such men may have, a respect is due to them, as Luminaries whose exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather causes it to seem so to others. I am afraid to censure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, because I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull: And you shou'd be cautious of censuring any action or motion of Lord B. because you hear it only from shallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him I find to my great scandal repeated in one of yours to---- Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the prophane? the thing, if true, shou'd be conceal'd; but it is I assure you absolutely untrue, in every circumstance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainbleau, and

makes it his whole business *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you so long? I may, for I hear from him seldomer than from you, that is twice or thrice a year at most. Can you possibly think he can neglect you, or disregard you? if you catch your self at thinking such nonsense, your parts are decay'd. For believe me, great Genius's must and do esteem one another, and I question if any others can esteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only guess at that merit, or see glimmerings of their minds: A genius has the intuitive faculty: Therefore imagine what you will, you cannot be so sure of any man's esteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you despise me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought so by posterity, than if all the House of Lords writ Commendatory Verses upon me, the Commons order'd me to print my Works, the Universities gave me publick thanks, and the King, Queen and Prince crown'd me with Laurel. You are a very ignorant man: you don't know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter: I do, and will preserve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, sed proximus, intervallo*. I will not quarrel with the present Age; it has done enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not and cannot burn your works: while those subsist, you'll both appear the greatest men of the time, in spite of Princes and Ministers; and the wisest, in spite of all the little Errors you may please to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than I fear you possess; may but as good health attend you always as mine is at present; tolerable, when an easy mind is join'd with it.



LETTER LXXXIII.

From Dr. Swift.

Decemb. 2, 1736.

I Think you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and Infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual disorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converse. All I have left is to walk and ride; The first I can do tolerably; but the latter for want of good weather at this season is seldom in my power; and having not an ounce of flesh about me, my skin comes off in ten miles riding, because my skin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, because you will not suppose me as sick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I should not be able to answer. I have too many vexations by my station and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few distant friends that are left; and, considering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but your self. What Horace says, *Singula de nobis anni prædantur*, I feel every month, at farthest; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I shall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begun to distinguish so confounded early, that your acquaintance with distinguish'd men of all kinds was almost as antient as mine. I mean Wycherley, Row, Prior, Congreve, Addison, Parnel, &c. and in spite of your heart, you have owned me a Cotemporary. Not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborow: In short, I was t'other day recollecting twenty-seven great Ministers, or Men of Wit and Learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance,

within twenty years past; neither have I the grace to be sorry, that the present times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life. ---- May my friends be happy in this and a better life, but I value not what becomes of Posterity when I consider from what Monsters they are to spring. ----- My Lord Orrery writes to you to morrow, and you see I send this under his cover, or at least franked by him. He has 3000 *l.* a year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid; This is our condition, in these blessed times. I writ to your Neighbour about a month ago, and subscribed my name: I fear he hath not received my letter, and wish you would ask him; but perhaps he is still a rambling; for we hear of him at New-market, and that Boerhave hath restored his health. ----- How my services are lessened of late with the number of my friends on your side! yet, my Lord Bathurst and Lord Masham and Mr. Lewis remain, and being your acquaintance I desire when you see them to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. P. B. and let me know whether she be as young and agreeable as when I saw her last? Have you got a supply of new friends to make up for those who are gone? and are they equal to the first? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti se puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am less grieved for living here, because it is a perfect retirement, and consequently fittest for those who are grown good for nothing; for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North-Wales ----- My head is so ill that I cannot write a paper full as I used to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you. ----- I had reason to expect from some of your letters, that we were to hope for more Epistles of Morality; and I assure you, my acquaintance resent that they have not seen my name at the head of one. The subjects of such Epistles are

more useful to the publick, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings; and although in so profligate a world as ours they may possibly not much mend our manners, yet posterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a Court happens to have the least relish for Virtue and Religion.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To Dr. Swift.

Decemb. 30, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almost any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Tho' others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good spirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me: And indeed it is but a prudent part, to seem not so concern'd about others, nor so crazy ourselves as we really are: for we shall neither be beloved or esteem'd the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we must complain, of what ('tis a thousand to one) he complains with us; for if we have known him long, he is old, and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you shall not have much of my Pity: But if you ever live to have less, you shall not have less of my Affection. A whole people will rejoyce at every year that shall be added to you, of which you have had a late instance in the publick rejoycings on your birth-day. I can assure you, something better and greater

than high birth and quality, must go toward acquiring those demonstrations of publick esteem and love. I have seen a royal birthday uncelebrated, but by one vile Ode, and one hired bonfire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general esteem, for your Sense, Virtue, and Charity.

The most melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of those we lov'd and have lost, perpetually increasing. How much that Reflection struck me, you'll see from the Motto I have prefix'd to my Book of Letters, which so much against my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus,

*Quo desiderio veteres revocamus Amores,
Atque olim amissas flemus Amicitias!*

I detain this letter till I can find some safe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine must be, of any thing to offend my superiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue. But I have much reason to fear, those which you have too partially kept in your hands will get out in some very disagreeable shape, in case of our mortality: and the more reason to fear it, since this last month Curl has obtain'd from Ireland two letters, (one of Lord Bolingbroke and one of mine, to you which we wrote in the year 1723,) and he has printed them, to the best of my memory, rightly, except one passage concerning Dawley which must have been since inserted, since my Lord had not that place at that time. Your answer to that letter he has not got; it has never been out of my custody; for whatever is lent is lost, (Wit as well as Money) to these needy poetical Readers.

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He seems, in the whole turn of his letters, to be a settled and prin-

cipled Philosopher, thanking Fortune for the Tranquility he has been led into by her aversion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the sea into a calm harbour. You ask me if I have got any supply of new Friends to make up for those that are gone? I think that impossible, for not our friends only, but so much of our selves is gone by the mere flux and course of years, that were the same Friends to be restored to us, we could not be restored to our selves, to enjoy them. But as when the continual washing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and sedges in their room; so the course of time brings us something, as it deprives us of a great deal; and instead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flourish and adorn us, gives us only what is of some little use, by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my seeking, a few chance-acquaintance, of young men, who look rather to the past age than the present, and therefore the future may have some hopes of them. If I love them, it is because they honour some of those whom I, and the world, have lost, or are losing. Two or three of them have distinguish'd themselves in Parliament, and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their asserting of Independency, and contempt of Corruption. One or two are link'd to me by their love of the same studies and the same authors: but I will own to you, my moral capacity has got so much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter score, and none without a casting weight on the former. But I find my heart harden'd and blunt to new impressions, it will scarce receive or retain affections of yesterday; and those friends who have been dead these twenty years, are more present to me now, than these I see daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former sort to me, in all respects, but that we can, yet, correspond together. I don't know whether 'tis not more vexatious, to know we are

both in one world, without any further intercourse. Adieu. I can say no more, I feel so much: Let me drop into common things ----- Lord Masham has just married his son. Mr. Lewis has just buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindness. Mrs. B. sighs more for you, than for the loss of youth. She says she will be agreeable many years hence, for she has learn'd that secret from some receipts of your writing. ----- Adieu.

L E T T E R LXXXV.

March 23, 1736-7.

TH O' you were never to write to me, yet what you desired in your last, that I would write often to you, would be a very easy task: for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only set down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myself verging to that period of life which is to be labour and sorrow, the more I prop myself upon those few supports that are left me. People in this state are like props indeed, they cannot stand alone, but two or more of them can stand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wish you and I might pass this part of life together. My only necessary care is at an end. I am now my own master too much; my house is too large; my gardens furnish too much wood and provision for my use. My servants are sensible and tender of me; they have inter-married, and are become rather low friends than servants: and to all those that I see here with pleasure, they take a pleasure in being useful. I conclude this is your case too in your domestic life,

and I sometimes think of your old house-keeper as my nurse; tho' I tremble at the sea, which only divides us. As your fears are not so great as mine, and I firmly hope your strength still much greater, is it utterly impossible, it might once more be some pleasure to you to see England? My sole motive in proposing France to meet in, was the narrowness of the passage by sea from hence, the Physicians having told me the weakness of my breast, &c. is such, as a sea-sickness might indanger my life. Tho' one or two of our friends are gone, since you saw your native country, there remain a few more who will last so till death, and who I cannot but hope have an attractive power to draw you back to a Country, which cannot quite be sunk or enslaved, while such spirits remain. And let me tell you, there are a few more of the same spirit, who would awaken all your old Idæas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and Virtue. These look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the sight of him at whose soul they have taken fire, in his writings, and deriv'd from thence as much Love of their species as is consistent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reason (and a strong one it is) for doing it so seldom, is Fear; Fear of a very great and experienc'd evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and passing into the hands, and malice of enemies; who publish them with all their Imperfections on their head, so that I write not on the common terms of honest men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whose care of you in the voyage I could so certainly depend on; and bring with you your old housekeeper and two or three servants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make

our last days easy, and leave some sort of Monument, what Friends two Wits could be in spite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From Dr. Swift.

Dublin, May 31, 1737.

IT is true, I owe you some letters, but it has pleased God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you shall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the same disability to your present or future friends. But my age is not my disability, for I can walk six or seven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together, this deafness unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not speak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham; for deafness being not a frequent disorder, hath no allowance given it; and the scurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly insupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt; which by your way of reckoning I must always be, for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, because I am not at the head of any one of your Epistles. I am often wondring how you come to excel all mortals on the subject of Morality, even in the poetical way; and should have wondred more, if Nature

and Education had not made you a professor of it from your infancy. "All the letters I can find of yours, I have fastned in "a folio cover, and the rest in bundles endors'd; But, by re-
"ding their dates, I find a chasm of six years, of which I can
"find no copies; and yet I keep them with all possible care:
"But, I have been forced, on three or four occasions to send
"all my papers to some friends, yet those papers were all sent
"sealed in bundles, to some faithful friends; however, what I
"have, are not much above sixty." I found nothing in any one of them to be left out: None of them have any thing to do with Party, of which you are the clearest of all men, by your Religion, and the whole Tenour of your life; while I am raging every moment against the Corruption of both kingdoms, especially of this; such is my weakness.

I have read your Epistle of Horace to Augustus: it was sent me in the English Edition, as soon as it could come. They are printing it in a small octavo. The curious are looking out, some for flattery, some for Ironies in it; the four folks think they have found out some: But your admirers here, I mean every man of taste, affect to be certain, that the Profession of friendship to Me in the same poem, will not suffer you to be thought a Flatterer. My happiness is that you are too far engaged, and in spite of you the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and esteemed me, although I dyed the object of Court and Party-hatred.

Pray who is that Mr. Glover, who writ the Epic Poem called Leonidas, which is re-printing here, and hath great vogue. We have frequently good Poems of late from London. I have just read one upon Conversation, and two or three others. But the croud do not incumber you, who like the Orator or Preacher, stand aloft, and are seen above the rest, more than the whole assembly below.

I am able to write no more ; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finish the paper : I am, my dearest friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or speak, or think.

J. SWIFT.

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

From Dr. Swift.

Dublin, July 23, 1737.

I Sent a letter to you some weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery inclosed in one of his, to which I receiv'd as yet no answer, but it will be time enough when his Lordship goes over, which will be as he hopes in about ten days, and then he will take with him "all the letters I preserved of yours, which are not above "twenty-five. I find there is a great chasm of some years, but "the dates are more early than my two last journeys to England, "which makes me imagine, that in one of those journeys I "carry'd over another Cargo. But I cannot trust my memory half an hour ; and my disorders of deafness and giddiness increase daily. So that I am declining as fast as it is easily possible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of Letters, which I am told are to be printed here : Some of those who highly esteem you, and a few who know you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English Gentry of this Kingdom, and the savage old Irish, (who are only the vulgar, and some Gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the Kingdom) but the English Colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many Counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard, that an

American who is of the fifth generation from England, should be allowed to preserve that title, only because we have been told by some of them that their names are entered in some parish in London. I have three or four Cousins here who were born in Portugal, whose Parents took the same care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who as I take it, is of an Irish family, came to visit me three days ago, on purpose to complain of those passages in your Letters; he will not allow such a difference between the two climates, but will assert that North-Wales, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and the other Northern Shires have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In short, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a Palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of Letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the best System that ever was wrote for the Conduct of human life, at least to shame all reasonable men out of their Follies and Vices. It is some recommendation of this Kingdom, and of the taste of the people, that you are at least as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for Slavery, Corruption, Atheism, and such trifles, do it freely, but include England, only with an addition of every other Vice.--- I wish you would give orders against the corruption of English by those Scribblers who send us over their trash in Prose and Verse, with abominable curtailings and quaint modernisms.--- I now am daily expecting an end of life: I have lost all spirit, and every scrap of health; I sometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be silent, and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my Lord Orrery see you often; next to yourself I love no man so well; and tell him what I say, if he visits you. I have now done, for it is evening, and my head grows

worse. May God always protect you, and preserve you long, for a pattern of Piety and Virtue.

Farewel my dearest and almost only constant friend. I am ever, at least in my esteem, honour, and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be.

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

From Dr. Swift.

My dear Friend,

Dublin, Aug. 8, 1738.

I Have yours of July 25, and first I desire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and sunk by publick as well as personal vexations. I have entirely lost my memory, incapable of conversation by a cruel deafness, which has lasted almost a year, and I despair of any cure. I say not this to encrease your compassion (of which you have already too great a part) but as an excuse for my not being regular in my Letters to you, and some few other friends. I have an ill name in the Post-Office of both Kingdoms, which makes the Letters addressed to me not seldom miscarry, or be opened and read, and then sealed in a bungling manner before they come to my hands. Our friend Mrs. B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my esteem; I desire you will be the messenger of my humble thanks and service to her. That superior universal Genius you describe, whose hand-writing I know towards the end of your Letter, hath made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes I fear he will be too soon gone to his Forest abroad. He began in the Queen's time to be my Patron, and then descended to be my Friend.

It is a great favour of Heaven, that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have absolutely done with Poetry for several years past, and even at my best times I could produce nothing but trifles: I therefore reject your compliments on that score, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your second Dialogue that you lately sent me, to equal almost any thing you ever writ; although I live so much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and persons, which I presume are very well known from Temple-bar to St. James's; (I mean the Court exclusive.)

“ I can faithfully assure you, that every letter you have favoured me with, these twenty years and more, are sealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs. W----, a very worthy, rational, and judicious Cousin of mine, and the only relation whose visits I can suffer: All these Letters she is directed to send safely to you upon my decease.”

My Lord Orrery is gone with his Lady to a part of her estate in the North: She is a person of very good understanding as any I know of her sex. Give me leave to write here a short answer to my Lord B's letter in the last page of yours.

My dear Lord,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordship for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confess, that I have more obligations to your Lordship than to all the world besides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great Minister of State: and yet I love you still more, for your condescending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an Exil. I can hardly hope to live till you publish your History, and am vain enough to wish that my name could be squeez'd in among the few Subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui*: If not, I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that

I had the honour to have your Lordship for my best Patron; and I will live and die, with the highest veneration and gratitude, your most obedient, &c.

P. S. I will here in a Postscript correct (if it be possible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I shewed my Cousin the above letter, and she assures me, "that a great Collection of
 " * your letters to ^{me,} _{you,} are put up and sealed, and in some very safe
 " hand."

I am, my most dear and honoured Friend, entirely yours,

It is now *Aug.* 24,
 1738.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER LXXXIX.

The Earl of Orrery to Mr. Pope.

S I R,

Marston, Oct. 4, 1738.

I Am more and more convinc'd that your letters are neither lost nor burnt: but who the Dean means by a *safe hand* in Ireland is beyond my power of guessing, tho' I am particularly acquainted with most, if not all, of his friends. As I knew you had the recovery of those Letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains to find out where they were, but my enquiries were to no purpose; and I fear whoever has them is too tenacious of them to discover where they lie. " Mrs. W---- did

* Tis written just thus in the Original. The Book that is now printed seems to be part of the Collection here spoken of, as it contains not only the Letters of Mr. Pope, but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay, which were return'd him after Mr. Gay's death: Tho' any mention made by Mr. P. of the Return or Exchange of Letters has been industriously suppress'd in the Publication, and only appears by some of the Answers.

“ assure me she had not one of them, and seem’d to be under
 “ great uneasiness that you shou’d imagine they were left with
 “ her. She likewise told me she had stopt the Dean’s letter which
 “ gave you that information; but believ’d he would write such
 “ another; and therefore desir’d me to assure you, from her, that
 “ she was totally ignorant where they were.”

You may make what use you please, either to the Dean or
 any other person, of what I have told you. I am ready to tes-
 tify it; and I think it ought to be known, “ That the Dean says
 “ they are deliver’d into a safe hand, and Mrs. *W--- declares
 “ she has them not. The Consequence of their being hereafter
 “ publish’d may give uneasiness to some of your Friends, and
 “ of course to you: so I would do all in my power to make
 “ you entirely easy in that point.”

This is the first time I have put pen to paper since my late mis-
 fortune, and I shou’d say (as an excuse for this letter) that it has
 cost me some pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to assure
 you, that I am, dear Sir, with the truest esteem,

Your very faithful and

obedient Servant,

ORRERY.

* This Lady since gave Mr. Pope the strongest Assurances that she had used her utmost Endeavours
 to prevent the Publication; nay, went so far as to secrete the Book, till it was commanded from her,
 and delivered to the Dublin Printer: Whereupon her Son in law, D. Swift, Esq; insisted upon wri-
 ting a Preface, to justify Mr. P. from having any Knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt
 Practices of the Printers in London; but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the Truth of
 the Fact.

F I N I S.

THOUGHTS

VARIOUS SUBJECTS

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THOUGHTS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

THOUGHTS

VARIOUS SUBJECTS



THOUGHTS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

I.

PA R T Y is the madness of Many, for the gain of a Few.

II.

There never was any Party, Faction, Sect, or Cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent: For a Bee is not a busier animal than a Blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to Politicians; and perhaps it may be with States as with Clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

III.

To endeavour to work upon the Vulgar with fine Sense, is like attempting to hew Blocks with a Razor.

IV.

Fine Sense and exalted Sense are not half so useful as common Sense: There are forty Men of Wit for one man of Sense: And he that will carry nothing about him but Gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

Learning is like Mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands ; in unskilful, the most mischievous.

The nicest Constitutions of Government are often like the finest pieces of Clockwork ; which depending on so many Motions, are therefore more subject to be out of order.

VII.

Every man has just as much Vanity as he wants Understanding.

VIII.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little leaves a man at ease, whereas Boasting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not. If we have Sense, Modesty best proves it to others ; if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For as Blushing will sometimes make a Whore pass for a virtuous Woman, so Modesty may make a Fool seem a man of Sense.

IX.

It is not so much the being exempt from Faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us : it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which if destroy'd and consum'd upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more, than if none had ever sprung there.

X.

To pardon those Absurdities in our selves, which we cannot suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools our selves, than to have others so.

XI.

A Man shou'd never be ashamed to own he has been in the

wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to day than he was yesterday.

XII.

Our Passions are like Convulsion-Fits, which tho' they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

XIII.

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon our selves.

XIV.

A brave man thinks no one his Superior who does him an injury, for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

XV.

To relieve the Oppress'd is the most glorious Act a Man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and Providence.

XVI.

Superstition is the Spleen of the Soul.

XVII.

Atheists put on a false courage and alacrity in the midst of their Darkness and apprehensions; like Children, who when they go in the dark, will sing for fear.

XVIII.

An Atheist is but a mad ridiculous derider of Piety, but a Hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and Religion. He finds it easier to be upon his knees, than to rise to do a good Action; like an impudent Debtor, who goes every day and talks familiarly to his Creditor, without ever paying what he owes.

XIX. What Tully says of War, may be apply'd to disputing, it

should be always so manag'd as to remember that the only end of it is Peace : But generally true Disputants are like true Sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit ; and a Disputant no more cares for the Truth, than the Sportsman for the Hare.

XX.

The Scripture in time of Disputes is like an open Town in time of War, which serves indifferently the occasions of both Parties ; each makes use of it for the present turn, and then resigns it to the next comer to do the same.

XXI.

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other mens houses, reforming every thing there, while their own runs to ruin.

XXII.

When Men grow virtuous in their old Age, they only make a Sacrifice to God of the Devil's leavings.

XXIII.

When we are young, we are slavishly employ'd in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old ; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we propos'd.

XXIV.

People are scandaliz'd if one laughs at what they call a serious thing. Suppose I were to have my head cut off to morrow, and all the world were talking of it to day, yet why might not I laugh to think, what a bustle is here about my head ?

XXV.

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a Wit by the world, is that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the Fool.

XXVI.

We ought in humanity no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the Mind, than for those of the Body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly consider'd, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains crack'd, than for having his head broke.

XXVII.

A Man of Wit is not incapable of Business, but above it. A sprightly generous Horse is able to carry a Pack-saddle as well as an Ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

XXVIII.

Wherever I find a great deal of Gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted, there would be as much Generosity if he were a rich man.

XXIX.

Flowers of Rhetoric in Sermons and serious discourses, are like the blue and red Flowers in Corn, pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit from it.

XXX.

When two people compliment each other with the choice of any thing, each of them generally gets that which he likes least.

XXXI.

He who tells a lye, is not sensible how great a task he under-

takes, for he must be forc'd to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

XXXII.

Giving advice is many times only the privilege of saying a foolish thing one's self, under pretence of hindring another from doing one.

XXXIII.

'Tis with followers at Court, as with followers on the Road, who first bespatter those that go before, and then tread on their heels.

XXXIV.

False Happiness is like false Money, it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions: but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and allay, and feel the loss.

XXXV.

Daftardly Men are like sorry Horses, who have but just spirit and mettle enough to be mischievous.

XXXVI.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reason, because they understand every thing too soon.

XXXVII.

A Person who is too nice an observer of the busines of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of the Bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

XXXVIII.

A Man of Business may talk of Philosophy, a Man who has none may practice it.

XXXIX.

There are some Solitary wretches who seem to have left the rest of mankind only as Eve left Adam, to meet the Devil in private.

XL.

The Vanity of human life is like a River, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

XLI.

I seldom see a noble Building, or any great piece of Magnificence and pomp, but I think, how little is all this to satisfy the ambition, or to fill the Idea, of an immortal Soul?

XLII.

'Tis a certain truth, that a man is never so easy or so little impos'd upon, as among people of the best sense: It costs far more trouble to be admitted or continu'd in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employ'd, so they have more vanity to be pleas'd; and to keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself and with others, is no very easy task.

XLIII.

The difference between what is commonly call'd ordinary company and good company, is only hearing the same things said in a little room, or in a large Salon, at small tables, or at great Tables, before two candles or twenty Sconces.

XLIV.

It is with narrow-foul'd people as with narrow-neck'd bottles: the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

XLV.

Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing, more a cunning thing, but very few a generous thing.

XLVI.

Since 'tis reasonable to doubt most things, we should most of all doubt that Reason of ours which wou'd demonstrate all things.

XLVII.

To buy Books, as some do who make no use of them only because they were publish'd by an eminent Printer, is much as if a man should buy Cloaths that did not fit him, only because they were made by some famous Taylor.

XLVIII.

'Tis as offensive to speak Wit in a fool's company, as it would be ill manners to whisper in it; he is displeas'd at both for the same reason, because he is ignorant of what is said.

XLIX.

False Criticks rail at false Wits, as Quacks and Impostors are still cautioning us to beware of Counterfeits, and decry others cheats only to make more way for their own.

L.

Old Men, for the most part, are like old Chronicles, that give you dull but true accounts of times past, and are worth knowing only on that score.

LI.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a Woman for her Beauty, as in loving a Man for his Prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

LII.

We should manage our Thoughts in composing any work, as Shepherds do their Flowers in making a Garland, first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other.

LIII.

As handsome Children are more a dishonour to a deform'd Father than ugly ones, because unlike himself ; so good thoughts, own'd by a Plagiary, bring him more shame than his own ill ones. When a poor thief appears in rich garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

LIV.

Human Brutes, like other beasts, find snares and poison in the provisions of life, and are allur'd by their Appetites to their destruction.

LV.

The most positive men are the most credulous ; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their falsest Flatterer and worst enemy, their own Self-love.

LVI.

Get your Enemies to read your works, in order to mend them, for your friend is so much your second-self, that he will judge too like you.

LVII.

Women use Lovers as they do Cards ; they play with 'em a while, and when they have got all they can by 'em, throw 'em away ; call for new ones, and then perhaps lose by the new ones all they got by the old ones.

LVIII.

Honour in a Woman's mouth, like the oath in the mouth of a Gamester, is ever still most us'd as their truth is most question'd.

LIX.

Women, as they are like riddles in being unintelligible, so

generally resemble them in this, that they please us no longer when once we know them.

LX.

A Man who admires a fine Woman, has yet no more reason to wish himself her husband, than one who admir'd the Hesperian Fruit wou'd have had to wish himself the Dragon that kept it.

LXI.

He who marries a wife because he can't always live chafly, is much like a man who finding a few humours in his body, resolves to wear a perpetual blister.

LXII.

Marry'd people, for being so closely united, are but the apter to part; as knots, the harder they are pull'd, break the sooner.

LXIII.

A Family is but too often a Commonwealth of Malignants: What we call the Charities and Ties of affinity, prove but so many separate and clashing interests: the son wishes the death of the father; the younger brother that of the elder; the elder repines at the sisters portions: When any of them marry, there are new divisions, and new animosities. It is but natural and reasonable to expect all this, and yet we fancy no comfort but in a Family.

LXIV.

Authors in France seldom speak ill of each other, but when they have a personal pique; Authors in England seldom speak well of each other, but when they have a personal friendship.

LXV.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one Religion, but that they should talk together every day.

LXVI.

Men are grateful, in the same degree that they are resentful.

LXVII.

The longer we live, the more we shall be convinc'd, that it is reasonable to love God, and despise Man, as far as we know either.

LXVIII.

That character in conversation which commonly passes for Agreeable, is made up of civility and falshood.

LXIX.

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man, is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with it.

LXX.

What is generally accepted as Virtue in women, is very different from what is thought so in men: A very good woman would make but a paltry man.

LXXI.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of Good humour, which is as much a virtue as Drunkenness.

LXXII.

Those people only will constantly trouble you with doing little offices for them, who least deserve you should do them any.

LXXIII.

We are sometimes apt to wonder, to see those people proud who have done the meanest things, whereas a consciousness of having done poor things, and a shame of hearing of it, often make the composition we call Pride.

LXXIV.

An Excuse is worse and more terrible than a Lye: For an excuse is a *Lye guarded*.

LXXV.

Praise is like Ambergrise: a little whiff of it, and by snatches, is very agreeable; but when a man holds a whole lump of it to your nose, it is a stink, and strikes you down.

LXXVI.

The general cry is against Ingratitude, but sure the complaint is misplac'd, it shou'd be against Vanity. None but direct villains are capable of wilful Ingratitude; but almost every body is capable of thinking he hath done more than another deserves, while the other thinks he hath receiv'd less than he deserves.

LXXVII.

I never knew any man in my life, who cou'd not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

LXXVIII.

Several Explanations of Casuists, to multiply the Catalogue of Sins may be called *Amendments to the Ten Commandments*.

LXXIX.

'Tis observable that the Ladies frequent Tragedies more than Comedies: The reason may be, that in Tragedy their sex is deify'd and ador'd, in Comedy expos'd and ridicul'd.

LXXX.

The Character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness, or ill grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than expences of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of Avarice.

LXXXI.

Some men's Wit is like a dark lanthorn, which serves their own turn, and guides them their own way : but is never known (according to the Scripture Phrase) either to shine forth before Men, or to glorify their Father in heaven.

LXXXII.

It often happens that those are the best people, whose characters have been most injur'd by slanderers: As we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

LXXXIII.

The people all running to the Capital city, is like a confluence of all the animal spirits to the heart; a symptom that the constitution is in danger.

LXXXIV.

The wonder we often express at our neighbours keeping dull company, wou'd lessen, if we reflected, that most people seek companions less to be talk'd to, than to talk.

LXXXV.

Amusement is the happiness of those that cannot think.

LXXXVI.

Never stay dinner for a Clergyman who is to make a morning visit e'er he comes; for he will think it his duty to dine with any greater man that asks him.

LXXXVII.

A contented man is like a good tennis player, who never fatigues and confounds himself with running eternally after the ball, but stays till it comes to him.

LXXXVIII

Two things are equally unaccountable to reason, and not the object of reasoning; the Wisdom of God, and the Madneſs of Man.

LXXXIX.

Many men, prejudic'd early in diſfavour of mankind by bad maxims, never aim at making friendships; and while they only think of avoiding the Evil, miſs of the Good that would meet them. They begin the world knaves, for prevention, while others only end ſo, after diſappointment.

XC.

No woman ever hates a man for having been in love with her; but many a woman hates a man for being a friend to her.

XCI.

The eye of a Critick is often like a Microſcope, made ſo very fine and nice, that it diſcovers the atoms, grains, and minuteſt particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or ſeeing all at once the harmony.

XCII.

A King may be a Tool, a thing of ſtraw; but if he ſerves to frighten our enemies, and ſecure our property, it's well enough: A ſcarecrow is a thing of ſtraw, but it protects the Corn.

XCIII.

The greateſt things and the moſt praiſe-worthy, that can be done for the publick good, are not what require great parts, but great honeſty: Therefore for a King to make an amiable character, he needs only to be a man of common honeſty, well adviſed.

XCIV.

Notwithstanding the common complaint of the knavery of men in power, I have known no great Minister or man of parts in business, so wicked as their Inferiors; their sense and knowledge preserves them from a hundred common rogueries, and when they become bad, it is generally more from the necessity of their situation, than from a natural bent to evil.

XCV.

Whatever may be said against a Premiere or Sole Minister, the evil of such an one, in an Absolute Government, may not be great: For it is possible that almost any Minister may be a better man than a King born and bred.

XCVI.

A man coming to the water-side is surrounded by all the crew: every one is officious, every one making applications, every one offering his services; the whole bustle of the place seems to be only for him. The same man going from the water-side, no noise made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter neglect! The picture of a Minister when he comes into power, and when he goes out.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Date to the first Letter to Mr. Wycherley, for 1724, r. 1704. Letter 37, line 38. for *be* in whose sight, r. *him* in whose, *ibid.* Line 41, for *more ascend nature than I know*, r. *more ascend nature than anything I know*. Letter 181, line 12, for *no* r. *not*.

XCIV.

Notwithstanding the common complaint of the knavery of men in power, I have known no great Minister or man of parts in business to be wicked as their inferiors; their sense and knowledge preserves them from a hundred common rogues, and when they become bad, it is generally more from the necessity of their situation, than from a natural bent to evil.

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XCVII.

R. A. T. A.

Due to the first letter to Mr. W. for 1794, line 38. for be in whole debt, I am in whole debt. I am for more of the nature than I have, I more of the nature than anything I know. Letter 18, line 12, for so I was.

MEMOIRS

Of the Extraordinary

LIFE, WORKS, and DISCOVERIES

O F

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

B

MEMOIRS

Of the Extraordinary

LIFE, WORKS, AND DISCOVERIES

OF

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.



INTRODUCTION

To the READER.

IN the Reign of Queen ANNE, (which notwithstanding those happy Times which succeeded, every Englishman may remember) thou may'st possibly, gentle Reader, have seen a certain Venerable Person who frequented the Out-side of the Palace of St. James's, and who by the Gravity of his Deportment and Habit, was generally taken for a decay'd Gentleman of Spain. His stature was tall, his visage long, his complexion olive, his brows were black and even, his eyes hollow yet piercing, his nose inclin'd to Aquiline, his beard neglected and mix'd with grey: All this contributed to spread a solemn Melancholy over his countenance. Pythagoras was not more silent, Pyrrho more motionless, nor Zeno more austere. His Wig was as black and smooth as the plumes of a Raven, and hung as strait as the hair of a River-God rising from the water. His Cloak so compleatly covered his whole person, that whether or no he had any other cloaths (much less any linnen) under it, I shall not say; but his sword appear'd a full yard behind him, and his manner of wearing it was so stiff, that it seem'd grown to his Thigh. His whole figure was so utterly unlike any thing of this world, that it was not natural for any man to ask him a question with-

out blessing himself first. Those who never saw a *Jesuit*, took him for one, and others believed him some *Higb Priest of the Jews*.

But under this macerated form was conceal'd a Mind replete with Science, burning with a Zeal of benefiting his fellow-creatures, and filled with an honest conscious Pride, mixt with a scorn of doing or suffering the least thing beneath the dignity of a Philosopher. Accordingly he had a soul that would not let him accept of any offers of Charity, at the same time that his body seem'd but too much to require it. His lodging was in a small chamber up four pair of stairs, where he regularly payed for what he had when he eat or drank, and he was often observed wholly to abstain from both. He declin'd speaking to any one, except the Queen, or her first Minister, to whom he attempted to make some applications; but his real business or intentions were utterly unknown to all men. Thus much is certain, that he was obnoxious to the Queen's Ministry; who either out of Jealousy or Envy, had him spirited away, and carried abroad as a dangerous person, without any regard to the known Laws of the Kingdom.

One day, as this Gentleman was walking about dinner-time alone in the Mall, it happen'd that a Manuscript dropt from under his cloak, which my servant pick'd up, and brought to me. It was written in the Latin tongue, and contain'd many most profound Secrets, in an unusual turn of reasoning and style. The first leaf was inscribed with these words, *Codicillus, seu Liber Memorialis, Martini Scribleri*. The Book was of so wonderful a nature, that it is incredible what a desire I conceiv'd that moment to be acquainted with the Author, who I clearly perceiv'd was some great Philosopher in disguise. I several times endeavour'd to speak to him, which he as often industriously avoided. At length I found an opportunity (as he stood under the Piazza by the Dancing-room in St. James's) to acquaint him in the Latin tongue, that his Manuscript was fallen into my hands: and saying this, I presented it to him, with great Encomiums on the learned Author. Hereupon he took me aside, survey'd me over with a fixt attention, and opening the clasps of the Parchment cover, spoke (to my great surprize) in English, as follows.

“ Courteous stranger, whoever thou art, I embrace thee as my best friend;
 “ for either the Stars and my Art are deceitful, or the destin'd time is come
 “ which is to manifest Martinus Scriblerus to the world, and thou the person

“ chosen by fate for this task. What thou seest in me is a body exhausted
“ by the labours of the mind. I have found in Dame Nature not indeed an
“ unkind, but a very coy Mistress: Watchful nights, anxious days, slender
“ meals, and endless labours, must be the lot of all who pursue her, through her
“ labyrinths and meanders. My first vital air I drew in this Island (a soil fruit-
“ ful of Philosophers) but my complexion is become adust, and my body arid,
“ by visiting lands (as the Poet has it) *alio sub sole calentes*. I have, through
“ my whole life, passed under several disguises and unknown names, to screen
“ my self from the envy and malice which mankind express against those who
“ are possessed of the *Arcanum Magnum*. But at present I am forc’d to take
“ Sanctuary in the British Court, to avoid the Revenge of a cruel Spaniard,
“ who has pursued me almost through the whole terraqueous globe. Being
“ about four years ago in the City of Madrid in quest of natural knowledge, I
“ was informed of a Lady who was marked with a Pomegranate upon the in-
“ side of her right Thigh, which blossom’d, and, as it were, seem’d to ripen
“ in the due season. Forthwith was I possessed with an insatiable curiosity to
“ view this wonderful Phænomenon. I felt the ardour of my passion encrease
“ as the season advanced, till in the month of July I could no longer contain. I
“ bribed her Duenna, was admitted to the Bath, saw her undress’d, and the
“ wonder display’d. This was soon after discovered by the husband, who find-
“ ing some letters I had writ to the Duenna, containing expressions of a doubt-
“ ful meaning, suspected me of a crime most alien from the Purity of my
“ Thoughts. Incontinently I left Madrid by the advice of friends, have been
“ pursued, dogg’d, and way-laid through several Nations, and even now scarce
“ think myself secure within the sacred walls of this Palace. It has been my
“ good fortune to have seen all the grand Phænomena of Nature, excepting an
“ Earthquake, which I waited for in Naples three years in vain; and now by
“ means of some British Ship (whose Colours no Spaniard dares approach)
“ I impatiently expect, a safe passage to Jamaica, for that benefit. To thee, my
“ Friend, whom Fate has marked for my Historiographer, I leave these my
“ Commentaries, and others of my works. No more — be faithful and im-
“ partial.”

He soon after performed his promise, and left me the Commentaries, giving

me also further lights by many Conferences ; when he was unfortunately snatch'd away (as I before related) by the jealousy of the Queen's Ministry.

Tho' I was thus to my eternal grief depriv'd of his conversation, he for some years continued his Correspondence, and communicated to me many of his Projects for the benefit of mankind. He sent me some of his Writings, and recommended to my care the recovery of others, stragling about the world, and assumed by other men. The last time I heard from him was on occasion of his Strictures on the Dunciad: since when, several years being elaps'd, I have reason to believe this excellent Person is either dead, or carry'd by his vehement thirst of knowledge into some remote, or perhaps undiscover'd Region of the world. In either case, I think it a debt no longer to be delay'd, to reveal what I know of this Prodigy of Science, and to give the History of his life, and of his extensive merits to mankind; in which I dare promise the Reader, that whenever he begins to think any one Chapter dull, the style will be immediately changed in the next.



DEFEROR IN VICVM

VENDITEM THVS ET ODORIS



MEMOIRS OF MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of the Parentage and Family of Scriblerus, how he was begot, what Care was taken of him before he was born, and what Prodigies attended his Birth.



IN the City of Munster in Germany, lived a grave and learned Gentleman, by Profession an Antiquary; who among all his invaluable Curiosities, esteemed none more highly, than a Skin of the true Pergamenian Parchment, which hung at the upper-end of his hall. On this was curiously traced the ancient Pedigree of the *Scribleri*, with all their Alliances and collateral Relations (among which were reckon'd Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus Bombastus, and the famous Scaligers in old time Princes of Verona) and deduced even from the Times of the Elder Pliny to Cornelius Scriblerus: For such was the

name of this venerable Personage; whose glory it was, that by the singular Virtue of the Women, not one had a Head of a different Cast from his family.

His wife was a Lady of singular beauty, whom not for that reason only he espoused, but because she was undoubted daughter either of the great Scriverius, or of Gaspar Barthius. It happen'd on a time, the said Gaspar made a visit to Scriverius at Harlem, taking with him a comely Lady of his acquaintance who was skilful in the Greek Tongue, of whom the learned Scriverius became so enamour'd, as to inebriate his friend, and be familiar with his Mistress. I am not ignorant of what *Columesius affirms, that the learned Barthius was not so overtaken but he perceiv'd it; and in Revenge suffer'd this unfortunate Gentlewoman to be drowned in the Rhine at her return. But Mrs. Scriblerus (the issue of that Amour) was a living proof of the falsehood of this Report. Dr. Cornelius was further induc'd to his marriage, from the certain information that the aforesaid Lady, the mother of his wife, was related to Cardan on the father's side, and to Aldrovandus on the mother's: Besides which, her Ancestors had been professors of Physick, Astrology, or Chymistry, in German Universities, from generation to generation.

With this fair Gentlewoman had our Doctor lived in a comfortable Union for about ten years: But this our sober and orderly pair, without any natural infirmity, and with a constant and frequent compliance to the chief duty of conjugal life, were yet unhappy, in that Heaven had not blessed them with any issue. This was the utmost grief to the good man; especially considering what exact Precautions and Methods he had used to procure that Blessing: for he never had cohabitation with his spouse, but he ponder'd on the Rules of the Ancients, for the generation of Children of Wit. He ordered his diet according to the prescription of Galen, confining himself and his wife for almost the whole first year to †Goat's Milk and Honey. It unfortunately besel her, when she was about four months gone with child, to long for somewhat which that author inveighs against, as prejudicial to the understanding of the Infant: This her husband thought fit to deny her, affirming, it was better to be childless, than to become the Parent of a Fool. His Wife miscarried; but as the Abortion proved only a female Fætus, he comforted himself, that had it arriv'd to per-

* Columesius relates this from Isaac Vossius, in his Opuscul. p. 102. & mali succi. cap. 3.

† Galen Lib. de Cibis boni

fection, it would not have answer'd his account; his heart being wholly fixed upon the learned Sex. However he disdained not to treasure up the Embryo in a Vial, among the curiosities of his family.

Having discovered that Galen's prescription could not determine the sex, he forthwith betook himself to Aristotle. Accordingly he with-held the nuptial embrace when the wind was in any point of the South; this * Author asserting that the grossness and moisture of the southerly winds occasion the procreation of females, and not of males. But he redoubled his diligence when the wind was at West, a wind on which that great Philosopher bestowed the Encomiums of Father of the earth, Breath of the Elysian Fields, and other glorious Elogies. For our learned man was clearly of opinion, that the Semina out of which Animals are produced, are Animalcula ready formed, and received in with the Air. †

Under these regulations, his wife, to his unexpressible joy, grew pregnant a second time; and, (what was no small addition to his happiness) he just then came to the possession of a considerable Estate by the death of her Uncle, a wealthy Jew who resided at London. This made it necessary for him to take a journey to England; nor would the care of his posterity let him suffer his Wife to remain behind him. During the voyage, he was perpetually taken up on the one hand, how to employ his great Riches; and on the other, how to educate his Child. He had already determin'd to set apart several annual Sums, for the recovery of *Manuscripts*, the effusion of *Coins*, the procuring of *Mummies*; and for all those curious discoveries by which he hoped to become (as himself was wont to say) a second *Peireskius*. He had already chalked out all possible schemes for the improvement of a male child, yet was so far prepar'd for the worst that could happen, that before the nine months were expired, he had composed two Treatises of Education; the one he called *A Daughter's Mirrour*, and the other *A Son's Monitor*.

This is all we can find relating to Martinus, while he was in his Mother's womb, excepting that he was entertained there with a Consort of Musick once in twenty four hours, according to the Custom of the Magi: and that on a || particular day, he was observed to leap and kick exceedingly, which was on the first of April, the birth-day of the great *Basilus Valentinus*.

* Arist. 14. Sect. Prob. 5.

|| Ramsey's Cyrus.

† Religion of Nature, Sect. 5. Parag. 15.

The Truth of this, and every preceding Fact, may be depended upon, being taken literally from the Memoirs. But I must be so ingenuous as to own, that the Accounts are not so certain of the exact time and place of his birth. As to the first, he had the common frailty of old men, to conceal his age: as to the second, I only remember to have heard him say, that he first saw the light in St. Giles's Parish. But in the investigation of this point, Fortune hath favoured our diligence. For one day as I was passing by the *Seven Dials*, I overheard a dispute concerning the place of Nativity of a great Astrologer, which each man alledged to have been in his own street. The circumstances of the time, and the description of the person, made me imagine it might be that universal Genius whose life I am writing. I returned home, and having maturely considered their several arguments, which I found to be of equal weight, I quieted my curiosity with this natural conclusion, that he was born in some point common to all the seven streets; which must be that on which the Column is now erected. And it is with infinite pleasure that I since find my Conjecture confirmed, by the following passage in the Codicil to Mr. Neale's Will.

I appoint my Executors to engrave the following Inscription on the Column in the Center of the seven Streets which I erected.

LOC. NAT. INCLUT. PHILOS. MAR. SCR.

But Mr. Neale's Order was never performed, because the Executors durst not administer.

Nor was the Birth of this great man unattended with Prodigies: He himself has often told me, that on the night before he was born, Mrs. Scriblerus dream'd she was brought to bed of a huge *Ink-born*, out of which issued several large streams of Ink, as it had been a fountain. This dream was by her husband thought to signify, that the child should prove a very voluminous Writer. Likewise a * *Crab-tree* that had been hitherto barren, appeared on a sudden laden with a vast quantity of Crabs: This sign also the old gentleman imagined to be a prognostic of the acuteness of his Wit. A great swarm of † *Wasps* play'd round his Cradle without hurting him, but were very troublesome to all in

* Virgil's Laurel Donat.

† Plato, Lucan, &c.

the room besides: This seemed a certain presage of the effects of his Satire. A Dunghill was seen within the space of one night to be covered all over with *Mushrooms*: This some interpreted to promise the infant great fertility of fancy, but no long duration to his works: but the Father was of another opinion.

But what was of all most wonderful, was a thing that seemed a monstrous *Fowl*, which just then dropt through the sky-light, near his wife's apartment. It had a large body, two little disproportioned wings, a prodigious tail, but no head. As its colour was white, he took it at first sight for a Swan, and was concluding his son would be a Poet: but on a nearer view, he perceived it to be speckled with black, in the form of letters; and that it was indeed a Paper kite which had broke its leath by the impetuosity of the wind. His back was armed with the Art Military, his belly was filled with *Phyick*, his wings were the wings of *Quarles* and *Withers*, the several Nodes of his voluminous tail were diversify'd with several branches of Science; where the Doctor beheld with great joy a knot of *Logick*, a knot of *Metaphysick*, a knot of *Casuistry*, a knot of *Polemical Divinity*, and a knot of *Common Law*, with a *Lanthorn* of *Jacob Behmen*.

There went a Report in the family, that as soon as he was born he uttered the voice of nine several animals: he cry'd like a Calf, bleated like a Sheep, chattered like a Mag-pye, grunted like a Hog, neighed like a Foal, croaked like a Raven, mewed like a Cat, gabbled like a Goose, and bray'd like an Ass. And the next morning he was found playing in his bed with two Owls, which came down the chimney. His Father greatly rejoiced at all these signs, which betokened the variety of his Eloquence, and the extent of his Learning; but he was more particularly pleased with the last, as it nearly resembled what happen'd at the birth of * *Homer*.

CHAP. II.

The Speech of Cornelius over his Son, at the Hour of his Birth.

NO sooner was the cry of the Infant heard, but the old gentleman rushed into the Room, and snatching it in his arms, examin'd every limb with at-

* Vid. Eustat. in Odyss. l. 12. ex Alex. Paphio. & Leo. Allat. de patr. Hom. pag 45.

tention. He was infinitely pleas'd to find, that the Child had the Wart of Cicero, the wry Neck of Alexander, knots upon his legs like Marius, and one of them shorter than the other like Agefilaus. The good Cornelius also hoped he would come to stammer like Demosthenes, in order to be as eloquent; and in time arrive at many other Defects of famous men. He held the child so long, that the Midwife grown out of all patience, snatch'd it from his arms, in order to swaddle it. "Swaddle him? (quoth he) far be it from me to submit to such a pernicious Custom! Is not my son a Man? and is not Man the Lord of the Universe? Is it thus you use this Monarch at his first arrival in his dominions, to manacle and shackle him hand and foot? Is this what you call to be free-born? If you have no regard to his natural Liberty, at least have some to his natural Faculties. Behold with what agility he spreadeth his Toes, and moveth them with as great variety as his Fingers! a power, which in the small circle of a year may be totally abolish'd, by the enormous confinement of shoes and stockings. His Ears (which other animals turn with great advantage towards the sonorous object) may, by the ministry of some accursed Nurse, for ever lye flat and immoveable. Not so the Ancients, they could move them at pleasure, and accordingly are often describ'd *arrectis auribus*." "What a devil (quoth the Midwife) would you have your son move his Ears like a Drill?" "Yes fool (said he) why should he not have the perfection of a Drill, or of any other animal?" Mrs. Scriblerus, who lay all this while fretting at her husband's discourse, at last broke out to this purpose. "My dear, I have had many disputes with you upon this subject before I was a month gone: We have but one child, and can not afford to throw him away upon experiments. I'll have my boy bred up like other gentlemen, at home, and always under my own eye." All the Gossips with one voice, cry'd, Ay, ay; but Cornelius broke out in this manner. "What, bred at home? Have I taken all this pains for a creature that is to lead the inglorious life of a Cabbage, to suck the nutritious juices from the spot where he was first planted? No; to perambulate this terraqueous Globe is too small a Range; were it permitted, he should at least make the Tour of the whole System of the Sun. Let other Mortals pore upon Maps, and swallow the legends of lying travellers; the son of Cornelius shall make his own Legs his Compasses; with those he shall measure Continents, Islands, Capes, Bays, Streights, and Isthmus's: He shall himself take the altitude of the highest

“mountains, from the pick of Derby to the pick of Teneriff; when he has
 “visited the top of Taurus, Imaus, Caucasus, and the famous Ararat where
 “Noah’s Ark first moor’d, he may take a slight view of the snowy Riphæans;
 “nor would I have him neglect Athos and Olympus, renowned for poetical
 “fictions. Those that vomit fire will deserve a more particular attention: I
 “will therefore have him observe with great care Vesuvius, Ætna, the burn-
 “ing mountain of Java, but chiefly Hecla the greatest rarity in the Northern
 “Regions. Then he may likewise contemplate the wonders of the Mephitick
 “cave. When he has div’d into the bowels of the earth, and survey’d the
 “works of Nature under ground, and instructed himself fully in the nature of
 “Vulcanos, Earthquakes, Thunders, Tempests and Hurricanes, I hope he will bless
 “the world with a more exact survey of the deserts of Arabia and Tartary, than
 “as yet we are able to obtain: Then will I have him cross the seven Gulphs,
 “measure the currents in the fifteen famous Streights, and search for those
 “fountains of fresh water that are at the bottom of the Ocean.” — At these
 last words Mrs. Scriblerus fell into a trembling: the description of this terrible
 Scene made too violent an impression upon a woman in her condition, and
 threw her into a strong hysteric Fit; which might have prov’d dangerous, if
 Cornelius had not been push’d out of the room by the united force of the
 women.

C H A P. III.

*Shewing what befel the Doctor’s Son and his Shield, on the Day
 of the Christ’ning.*

THE day of the Christ’ning being come, and the house filled with Gossips,
 the Levity of whose Conversation suited but ill with the Gravity of
 Dr. Cornelius, he cast about how to pass this day more agreeably to his Cha-
 racter; that is to say, not without some *Profitable Conference*, nor wholly with-
 out observance of some *Ancient Custom*.

He remembered to have read in Theocritus, that the Cradle of Hercules was

a Shield; and being possess'd of an antique *Buckler* which he held as a most inestimable Relick, he determined to have the infant laid therein, and in that manner brought into the Study, to be shown to certain learned men of his acquaintance.

The regard he had for this Shield, had caused him formerly to compile a Dissertation concerning it, proving from the several properties, and particularly the colour of the Rust, the exact chronology thereof.

With this Treatise, and a moderate supper, he propos'd to entertain his Guests; tho' he had also another design, to have their assistance in the calculation of his Son's *Nativity*.

He therefore took the *Buckler* out of a Case (in which he always kept it, lest it might contract any modern rust) and entrusted it to his House-maid, with orders, that when the company was come she should lay the Child carefully in it, cover'd with a mantle of blue Sattin.

The Guests were no sooner seated, but they entered into a warm Debate about the *Triclinium* and the manner of *Decubitus* of the Ancients, which Cornelius broke off in this manner.

"This day, my Friends, I purpose to exhibit my son before you; a Child
"not wholly unworthy of Inspection, as he is descended from a Race of Vir-
"tuosi. Let the Physiognomists examine his features; let the Chirographists
"behold his Palm; but above all let us consult for the calculation of his Na-
"tivity. To this end, as the child is not vulgar, I will not present him unto
"you in a vulgar manner. He shall be cradled in my Ancient Shield, so fa-
"mous through the Universities of Europe. You all know how I purchas'd
"that invaluable piece of Antiquity at the great (though indeed inadequate) ex-
"pence of all the Plate of our family, how happily I carry'd it off, and how
"triumphantly I transported it hither, to the inexpressible grief of all Ger-
"many. Happy in every circumstance, but that it broke the heart of the great
"Melchior Infipidus!"

Here he stopp'd his Speech, upon sight of the Maid, who enter'd the room with the Child: He took it in his arms and proceeded:

"Behold then my Child, but first behold the Shield: Behold this Rust, —
"or rather let me call it this precious *Ærugo*, — behold this beautiful Varnish
"of Time, — this venerable Verdure of so many Ages —

In speaking these words, he slowly lifted up the Mantle, which cover'd it, inch by inch; but at every inch he uncovered, his cheeks grew paler, his hand trembled, his nerves failed, till on sight of the whole the Tremor became universal: The Shield and the Infant both dropt to the ground, and he had only strength enough to cry out, "O God! my Shield, my Shield!"

The Truth was, the Maid (extreamly concern'd for the reputation of her own cleanliness, and her young master's honour) had scoured it as clean as her Andirons.

Cornelius sunk back on a chair, the Guests stood astonished, the infant squawl'd, the maid ran in, snatch'd it up again in her arms, flew into her mistress's room, and told what had happen'd. Down stairs in an instant hurried all the Gossips, where they found the Doctor in a Trance: Hungary water, Hartshorn, and the confus'd noise of shrill voices, at length awaken'd him: when opening his eyes, he saw the Shield in the hands of the House-maid. "O Woman! Woman! he cry'd (and snatch'd it violently from her) was it to thy ignorance that this Relick owes its ruin? where, where is the beautiful Crust that cover'd thee so long? where those Traces of Time, and *Fingers* as it were of Antiquity? Where all those beautiful obscurities, the cause of much delightful disputation, where doubt and curiosity went hand in hand and eternally exercis'd the speculations of the learned? All this the rude Touch of an ignorant woman hath done away! The *curious Prominence* at the belly of that figure, which some taking for the *Cuspis* of a sword, denominat'd a Roman Soldier; others accounting the *Insignia Virilia*, pronounc'd to be one of the *Dii Termini*; behold she hath cleaned it in like shameful sort, and shown to be the head of a Nail. O my Shield! my Shield! well may I say with Horace, *non bene relieta Parmula.*"

The Gossips, not at all inquiring into the cause of his sorrow, only asked if the Child had no hurt? and cry'd, "Come, come, all is well; what has the woman done but her duty? a tight cleanly wench I warrant her; what a stir a man makes about a *Bason*, that an hour ago, before this labour was bestowed upon it, a Country Barber would not have hung at his shop door." "A *Bason*! (cry'd another) no such matter, 'tis nothing but a paultry old *Sconce*, with the nozzle broke off." The learned Gentlemen, who till now had stood speechless, hereupon looking narrowly on the Shield, declar'd their Assent

to this latter opinion; and desir'd Cornelius to be comforted, assuring him it was a *Sconce* and no other. But this, instead of comforting, threw the Doctor into such a violent Fit of passion, that he was carried off groaning and speechless to bed; where, being quite spent, he fell into a kind of slumber.

CHAP. IV.

Of the Suction and Nutrition of the Great Scriblerus in his Infancy, and of the first Rudiments of his Learning.

AS soon as Cornelius awaked, he rais'd himself on his elbow, and casting his eye on Mrs. Scriblerus, spoke as follows. "Wisely was it said by Homer, that in the Cellar of Jupiter are two barrells, the one of good, the other of evil, which he never bestows on mortals separately, but constantly mingles them together. Thus at the same time hath Heav'n bless'd me with the birth of a Son, and afflicted me with the scouring of my Shield. Yet let us not repine at his Dispensations, who gives and who takes away; but rather join in prayer, that the Rust of Antiquity which he hath been pleas'd to take from my Shield, may be added to my Son; and that so much of it as it is my purpose he shall contract in his Education, may never be destroy'd by any Modern Polishing."

He cou'd no longer bear the sight of the Shield, but order'd it should be remov'd for ever from his eyes. It was not long after purchas'd by Dr. Woodward, who, by the assistance of Mr. Kemp incrusted it with a new Rust, and is the same whereof a Cut hath been engraved, and exhibited to the great Contentation of the learned.

Cornelius now began to regulate the Suction of his child. Seldom did there pass a day without disputes between him and the Mother, or the Nurse, concerning the nature of Aliment. The poor woman never dined but he denied her some dish or other, which he judg'd prejudicial to her milk. One day she had a longing desire to a piece of beef, and as she stretch'd her hand towards it, the old gentleman drew it away, and spoke to this effect. "Had'st thou read

“ the Ancients, O Nurse, thou would’st prefer the welfare of the Infant which
 “ thou nourishest, to the indulging of an irregular and voracious Appetite. Beef,
 “ it is true, may confer a Robustness on the limbs of my son, but will hebetate
 “ and clogg his Intellectuals.” While he spoke this, the Nurse look’d upon
 him with much anger, and now and then cast a wishful eye upon the Beef—
 “ Passion (continu’d the Doctor, still holding the dish) throws the mind into
 “ too violent a fermentation; it is a kind of Fever of the soul, or as Horace
 “ expresses it, a *Short Madness*. Consider Woman, that this day’s Suction of
 “ my son may cause him to imbibe many ungovernable Passions, and in a man-
 “ ner spoil him for the temper of a Philosopher. Romulus by sucking a
 “ Wolf, became of a fierce and savage disposition; and were I to breed some
 “ Ottoman Emperor or Founder of a Military Commonwealth, perhaps I
 “ might indulge thee in this carnivorous Appetite”—What, interrupted the
 Nurse, Beef spoil the understanding? that’s fine indeed—how then could
 our Parson preach as he does upon Beef, and Pudding too, if you go to that?
 Don’t tell me of your Ancients, had not you almost kill’d the poor babe with a
 dish of Dæmonial black Broth? --“Lacedemonian black Broth, thou would’st
 “ say, (reply’d Cornelius) but I cannot allow the surfeit to have been occasioned
 “ by that diet, since it was recommended by the Divine Lycurgus. No, Nurse,
 “ thou must certainly have eaten some meats of ill digestion the day before,
 “ and that was the real cause of his disorder. Consider Woman, the different
 “ Temperaments of different Nations: What makes the English Phlegmatick
 “ and melancholy but Beef? what renders the Welch so hot and cholerick, but
 “ cheese and leeks? the French derive their levity from their Soups, Frogs, and
 “ mushrooms: I would not let my Son dine like an Italian, lest like an Italian he
 “ should be jealous and revengeful: The warm and solid diet of Spain may be
 “ more beneficial, as it might indue him with a profound Gravity, but at the same
 “ time he might suck in with their food their intolerable Vice of Pride. There-
 “ fore Nurse, in short, I hold it requisite to deny you at present, not only Beef,
 “ but likewise whatsoever any of those Nations eat.” During this speech, the
 Nurse remain’d pouting and marking her plate with the knife, nor would she
 touch a bit during the whole dinner. This the old Gentleman observing, or-
 der’d that the Child, to avoid the risque of imbibing ill humours, should be
 kept from her breast all that day, and be fed with Butter mix’d with Honey,

according to a Prescription he had met with somewhere in Eustathius upon Homer. This indeed gave the Child a great looseness, but he was not concern'd at it, in the opinion that whatever harm it might do his body, would be amply recompenced by the improvements of his understanding. But from thenceforth he insisted every day upon a particular Diet to be observed by the Nurse; under which having been long uneasy, she at last parted from the family, on his ordering her for dinner the *Paps* of a Sow with Pig; taking it as the highest indignity, and a direct Insult upon her Sex and Calling.

Four years of young Martin's life pass'd away in squabbles of this nature. Mrs. Scriblerus consider'd it was now time to instruct him in the fundamentals of Religion, and to that end took no small pains in teaching him his *Catechism*: But Cornelius look'd upon this as a tedious way of Instruction, and therefore employ'd his head to find out more pleasing methods, the better to induce him to be fond of learning. He would frequently carry him to the *Puppet-show*, of the Creation of the world, where the Child with exceeding delight gain'd a notion of the History of the Bible. His first rudiments in profane history were acquired by seeing of *Raree-shows*, where he was brought acquainted with all the Princes of Europe. In short the old Gentleman so contriv'd it, to make every thing contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very Dress. He invented for him a Geographical suit of cloaths, which might give him some hints of that Science, and likewise some knowledge of the Commerce of different Nations. He had a French Hat with an African Feather, Holland Shirts and Flanders Lace, English Cloth lin'd with Indian Silk, his Gloves were Italian, and his Shoes were Spanish: He was made to observe this, and daily catechis'd thereupon, which his Father was wont to call "Travelling at home." He never gave him a Fig or an Orange but he obliged him to give an account from what Country it came. In Natural history he was much assisted by his Curiosity in *Sign-Posts*, insomuch that he hath often confess'd he owed to them the knowledge of many Creatures which he never found since in any Author, such as White Lions, Golden Dragons, &c. He once thought the same of Green Men, but had since found them mention'd by Kercherus, and verifi'd in the History of William of Newbury*

His disposition to the Mathematicks was discover'd very early, by his drawing

* Gul. Neubrig. Book i. Ch. 27.

† parallel lines on his bread and butter, and intersecting them at equal Angles, so as to form the whole Superficies into squares. But in the midst of all these Improvements, a stop was put to his learning the *Alphabet*, nor would he let him proceed to Letter D, till he could truly and distinctly pronounce C in the ancient manner, at which the Child unhappily boggled for near three months. He was also oblig'd to delay his learning to *write*, having turn'd away the Writing Master because he knew nothing of Fabius's Waxen Tables.

Cornelius having read, and seriously weigh'd the methods by which the famous Montaigne was educated, and resolving in some degree to exceed them, resolv'd he should speak and learn nothing but the learned Languages, and especially the Greek; in which he constantly eat and drank, according to Homer. But what most conduced to his easy attainment of this Language, was his love of Ginger-bread; which his Father observing, caused it to be stamp'd with the Letters of the Greek Alphabet; and the child the very first day eat as far as Iota. By his particular application to this language above the rest, he attain'd so great a proficiencie therein, that Gronovius ingenuously confesses he durst not confer with this child in Greek at eight years old; and at fourteen he compos'd a Tragedy in the same language, as the younger * Pliny had done before him.

He learn'd the Oriental Languages of Erpenius who resided some time with his father for that purpose. He had so early a Relish for the Eastern way of writing, that even at this time he compos'd (in imitation of it) the *Thousand and One Arabian Tales*, and also the *Persian Tales*, which have been since translated into several languages, and lately into our own with particular elegance, by Mr. Ambrose Philips. In this work of his Childhood, he was not a little assist-
ed by the historical Traditions of his Nurse.

CHAP. V.

A Dissertation upon Play-things.

HERE follow the Instructions of Cornelius Scriblerus concerning the Plays and Play-things to be used by his son Martin.

† Pascal's Life. Locke of Educ. &c.

* Plin. Epist. Lib. 7.

" *Play* was invented by the *Lydians* as a remedy against *Hunger*, *Sophocles*
 " says of *Palamedes*, that he invented *Dice* to serve sometimes instead of a din-
 " ner. It is therefore wisely contrived by Nature, that Children, as they have
 " the keenest *Appetites*, are most addicted to *Plays*. From the same cause, and
 " from the unprejudic'd and incorrupt simplicity of their minds it proceeds,
 " that the *Plays* of the Ancient Children are preserv'd more entire than any other
 " of their Customs. In this matter I would recommend to all who have any con-
 " cern in my Son's Education, that they deviate not in the least from the primi-
 " tive and simple Antiquity.

" To speak first of the *Whistle*, as it is the first of all Play-things. I will
 " have it exactly to correspond with the ancient *Fistula*, and accordingly to be
 " compos'd, *septem paribus disjuncta cicutis*.

" I heartily wish a diligent search may be made after the true *Crepitaculum*
 " or *Rattle* of the Ancients, for that (as *Archytas Tarentinus* was of opinion)
 " kept the children from breaking Earthen Ware. The *China* Cups in these
 " days are not at all the safer for the modern *Rattles*; which is an evident proof
 " how far their *Crepitacula* exceeded ours.

" I would not have Martin as yet to scourge a *Top*, till I am better informed
 " whether the *Trochus* which was recommended by *Cato* be really our present
 " *Top*, or rather the *Hoop* which the boys drive with a stick. Neither *Cross*
 " and *Pile*, nor *Ducks* and *Drakes* are quite so ancient as *Handy-dandy*, tho'
 " *Macrobius* and *St. Augustine* take notice of the first, and *Minutius Fœlix* de-
 " scribes the latter; but *Handy-dandy* is mention'd by *Aristotle*, *Plato*, and *Ari-*
 " *stophanes*.

" The Play which the *Italians* call *Cinque*, and the *French* *Mourre*, is ex-
 " tremely ancient; it was play'd at by *Hymen* and *Cupid* at the Marriage of
 " *Psyche*, and term'd by the *Latins*, *digitis micare*.

" *Julius Pollux* describes the *Omilla* or *Chuck-farthing*: tho' some will have
 " our modern *Chuck-farthing* to be nearer the *Aphetinda* of the Ancients. He
 " also mentions the *Bafilinda*, or *King I am*; and *Myinda*, or *Hoopers-Hide*.

" But the *Chytindra* described by the same Author is certainly not our *Hot-*
 " *cockle*; for that was by pinching and not by striking; tho' there are good au-
 " thors who affirm the *Rathapygismus* to be yet nearer the modern *Hot-cockle*. My
 " son Martin may use either of them indifferently, they being equally antique.

" *Building of Houses*, und *Riding upon Sticks* have been used by children in all
 " ages, *Ædificare casas, equitare in arundine longa*. Yet I much doubt whether
 " the *Riding upon Sticks* did not come into use after the age of the *Gentaur*s.

" There is one Play which shews the gravity of ancient Education, call'd the
 " *Acinetinda*, in which children contended who could longest *stand still*. This
 " we have suffer'd to perish entirely; and if I might be allowed to guess, it
 " was certainly first lost among the *French*.

" I will permit my Son to play at *Apodidiascinda*, which can be no other than
 " our *Puffs in a Corner*.

" Julius Pollux in his ninth book speaks of the *Melolouthé* or the *Kite*; but I
 " question whether the *Kite* of Antiquity was the same with ours: And tho'
 " the *Ostryxoria* or *Quail-fighting* is what is most taken notice of, they had
 " doubtless *Cock-matches* also, as is evident from certain ancient Gems and Relie-
 " vo's.

" In a word, let my son Martin disport himself at any Game truly Antique,
 " except one, which was invented by a people among the Thracians, who hung
 " up one of their Companions in a Rope, and gave him a Knife to cut himself
 " down; which if he fail'd in, he was suffer'd to hang till he was dead; and
 " this was only reckon'd a sort of joke. I am utterly against this, as barbarous
 " and cruel.

" I cannot conclude, without taking notice of the beauty of the *Greek*
 " names, whose Etymologies acquaint us with the nature of the sports; and how
 " infinitely, both in sense and sound, they excel our barbarous names of Plays.

Notwithstanding the foregoing Injunctions of Dr. Cornelius, he yet conde-
 scended to allow the Child the use of some few modern Play-things; such as
 might prove of any benefit to his mind, by instilling an early notion of the
 sciences. For example, he found that *Marbles* taught him *Percussion* and the
Laws of Motion; *Nut-crackers* the use of the *Leaver*; *Swinging* on the ends of
 a Board, the *Balance*; *Bottle-screws*, the *Vice*; *Whirligigs* the *Axis* and *Peritro-*
chia; *Bird-cages*, the *Pully*; and *Tops* the *Centrifugal* motion.

Others of his sports were farther carry'd to improve his tender soul even in
 Virtue and Morality. We shall only instance one of the most useful and
 instructive, *Bob-cherry*, which teaches at once two noble Virtues, Patience and
 Constancy; the first in adhering to the pursuit of one end, the latter in bear-
 ing a disappointment.

Besides all these, he taught him as a diversion, an odd and secret manner of *Stealing*, according to the Custom of the Lacedemonians; wherein he succeeded so well, that he practised it to the day of his death.

CHAP. VI

Of the Gymnasticks, in what Exercises Martinus was educated; something concerning Musick, and what sort of a Man his Uncle was.

NOR was Cornelius less careful in adhering to the rules of the purest Antiquity, in relation to the *Exercises* of his Son. He was stript, powder'd, and anointed, but not constantly bath'd, which occasioned many heavy complaints of the Landress about dirtying his linnen. When he play'd at Quoits, he was allowed his Breeches and Stockings; because the *Discoboli* (as Cornelius well knew) were naked to the middle only. The Mother often contended for modern Sports and common Customs, but this was his constant reply, "Let a Daughter be the care of her Mother, but the Education of a Son should be the delight of his Father."

It was about this time, he heard to his exceeding content, that the *Harpastus* of the Ancients was yet in use in *Cornwall*, and known there by the name of *Hurling*. He was sensible the common *Foot-ball* was a very imperfect imitation of that exercise; and thought it necessary to send Martin into the West, to be initiated in that truly ancient and manly part of the *Gymnasticks*. The poor boy was so unfortunate as to return with a broken leg. This Cornelius look'd upon but as a slight ailment, and promis'd his Mother he would instantly cure it: He slit a green Reed, and cast the knife upward, then tying the two parts of the Reed to the disjointed place, pronounced these words, *Daries, daries, astataries, dissunapiter; huat, banat, huat, ista, pista fista, domi abo, damnaustra.*

Pliny Hist. Nat. lib. 17. in fine. Carmen contra luxata membra, cujus verba inserere non equidem serio ausim, quoniam a Catone prodita. Vid. Cato de re rust. c. 160.

But finding to his no small astonishment, that this had no effect, in five days he condescended to have it set by a modern Surgeon.

Mrs. Scriblerus, to prevent him from exposing her Son to the like dangerous Exercises for the future, propos'd to send for a Dancing-Master, and to have him taught the Minuet and Rigadoon. "Dancing (quoth Cornelius) I much approve, for *Socrates* said the best Dancers were the best Warriors; but not those species of Dancing which you mention: They are certainly Corruptions of the Comic and Satyric Dance, which were utterly disliked by the founder Ancients. Martin shall learn the Tragic Dance only, and I will send all over Europe till I find an Antiquary able to instruct him in the *Saltatio Pyrrhica*. * Scaliger, from whom my son is lineally descended, boasts to have perform'd this warlike Dance in the presence of the Emperor, to the great admiration of all Germany. What would he say, could he look down and see one of his posterity so ignorant, as not to know the least step of that noble kind of *Saltation*?"

The poor Lady was at last enur'd to bear all these things with a laudable patience, till one day her husband was seized with a new thought. He had met with a saying, that "*Spleen, Garter, and Girdle* are the three impediments to the *Cursus*." Therefore Pliny (lib. xi. cap. 37.) says, that such as excel in that exercise have their *Spleen* cauteriz'd. "My son (quoth Cornelius) runs but heavily; therefore I will have this operation performed upon him immediately. Moreover it will cure that immoderate Laughter to which I perceive he is addicted: For laughter (as the same author hath it, *ibid.*) is caused by the bigness of the *Spleen*." This design was no sooner hinted to Mrs. Scriblerus, but she burst into tears, wrung her hands, and instantly sent to his Brother Albertus, begging him for the love of God to make haste to her husband.

Albertus was a discreet man, sober in his opinions, clear of Pedantry, and knowing enough both in Books and in the world, to preserve a due regard for whatever was useful or excellent, whether ancient or modern: If he had not always the authority, he had at least the art, to divert Cornelius from many extravagancies. It was well he came speedily, or Martin could not have boast-

* Scalig. Poetic. l. i. c. 9.. Hanc saltationem Pyrrhicam, nos sæpe & diu, jussu Bonifatii patrui, coram Divo Maximiliano, non sine stupore totius Germaniæ, representavimus. Quo tempore vox illa Imperatoris, Hic puer aut Thoracem pro pelle aut pro cunis habuit.

ed the entire Quota of his Viscera. "What does it signify (quoth Albertus) whether my Nephew excels in the *Cursus* or not? Speed is often a symptom of Cowardice, witness Hares and Deer." — "Do not forget Achilles (quoth Cornelius) I know that Running has been condemn'd by the proud Spartans, as useless in war; and yet Demosthenes could say, ἀνὴρ ὁ πύργου καὶ πάλιν μαχέσθαι, a thought which the English Hudibras has well rendered,

For he that runs may fight again,

Which he can never do that's slain.

"That's true (quoth Albertus) but pray consider on the other side that Animals * spleen'd grow extremely falacious, an experiment well known in dogs. Cornelius was struck with this, and reply'd gravely; If it be so, I will defer the Operation, for I will not encrease the powers of my son's body at the expence of those of his mind. I am indeed disappointed in most of my projects, and fear I must sit down at last contented with such methods of Education as modern barbarity affords. Happy had it been for us all, had we liv'd in the age of Augustus! Then my son might have heard the Philosophers dispute in the Porticos of the Palestra, and at the same time form'd his Body and his Understanding." "It is true (reply'd Albertus) we have no *Exedra* for the Philosophers, adjoining to our Tennis-Courts; but there are Ale-houses where he will hear very notable argumentations: Tho' we come not up to the Ancients in the *Tragic-dance*, we excel them in the *αὐβίστην*, or the art of *Tumbling*. The Ancients would have beat us at *Quoits*, but not so much at the *Jaculum* or *pitching the Bar*. The † *Pugilatus* is in as great perfection in England as in old Rome, and the *Cornish-Hug* in the ‡ *Luētus* is equal to the *volutatoria* of the Ancients." "You could not (answer'd Cornelius) have produc'd a more unlucky instance of modern folly and barbarity, than what you say of the *Jaculum*. || The Cretians wisely forbid their servants *Gymnasticks*, as well as Arms; and yet your modern Footmen exercise themselves daily in the *Jaculum* at the corner of *Hyde-Park*, whilst their enervated Lords are lol-ling in their chariots (a species of *Veftitation* seldom us'd amongst the Ancients,

* Blackmore's Essay on Spleen.
|| Aristot. politic. lib. 2. cap. 3.

† Fifty-Cuffs.

‡ Wrestling.

“except by old men.) You say well (quoth Albertus) and we have several
 “other kinds of Veftitation unknown to the Ancients, particularly flying Cha-
 “riots, where the people may have the benefit of this exercife at the small ex-
 “pence of a farthing. But fuppofe (which I readily grant) that the Ancients
 “excel’d us almoft in every thing, yet why this fingularity? your fon muft take
 “up with fuch mafters as the prefent age affords; we have Dancing-mafters,
 “Writing-mafters, and Mufick-mafters.

The bare mention of *Mufick* threw Cornelius into a paffion. “How
 “can you dignify (quoth he) this modern fidling with the name of Mufick?
 “Will any of your beft Hautboys encounter a Wolf now-a-days with no o-
 “ther arms but their instruments, as did that ancient piper Pythocaris? Have
 “ever wild Boars, Elephants, Deer, Dolphins, Whales, or Turbotts, fhew’d
 “the leaft emotion at the moft elaborate ftrains of your modern Scrapers, all
 “which have been as it were tam’d and humaniz’d by ancient Muficians? Does
 “not *Ælian tell us how the Lybian Mares were excited to horfing by Mu-
 “fick? (which ought in truth to be a caution to modeft Women againft fre-
 “quenting Operas; and confider, brother, you are brought to this dilemma,
 “either to give up the virtue of the Ladies, or the power of your Mufick)
 “Whence proceeds the degeneracy of our Morals? Is it not from the lofs of
 “ancient Mufick, by which (fays Aristotle) they taught all the Virtues? Elfe
 “might we turn Newgate into a College of Dorian Muficians, who fhould teach
 “moral Virtues to thofe people. Whence comes it that our prefent difeafes are fo
 “stubborn? whence is it that I daily deplore my Sciatical pains? Alas! becaufe we
 “have loft their true cure, by the melody of the Pipe. All this was well known to
 “the Ancients, as ** Theophrastus affures us, (whence † Cælius calls it *loca dolen-*
 “*tia decantare*) only indeed fome fmall remains of this fkill is preferved in the cure
 “of the Tarantula. Did not ‖ Pythagoras ftop a company of drunken Bullies from
 “ftorming a civil houfe, by changing the ftrain of the Pipe to the fober Spon-
 “dæus? and yet your modern Muficians want art to defend their windows from
 “common Nickers. It is well known that when the Lacedemonian Mob were up,
 “they ‡ commonly fent for a Lesbian Mufician to appeafe them, and they imme-

* Ælian Hift. Animal, lib. xi. cap. 18. and lib. xii. cap. 44.

** Athenæus, lib. xiv.

† Lib. de fanitat. tuenda cap. 2.

‖ Quintilian lib. 1. cap. 10.

‡ Suidas in Timotheo.

“diately grew calm as soon as they heard Terpander sing: Yet I don’t believe that
 “the Pope’s whole band of Musick, though the best of this age, could keep his
 “Holiness’s Image from being burnt on a fifth of November. Nor would
 “Terpander himself (reply’d Albertus) at Billingsgate, nor Timotheus at Hock-
 “ley in the Hole have any manner of effect, nor both of ’em together bring
 “† Horneck to common civility.” “That’s a gross mistake (said Cornelius very
 “warmly) and to prove it so, I have here a small Lyra of my own, fram’d,
 “strung, and tun’d after the ancient manner. I can play some fragments of
 “Lesbian tunes, and I wish I were to try them upon the most passionate creatures
 “alive” — “You never had a better opportunity (says Albertus) for yonder are
 “two Apple-women scolding, and just ready to uncoif one another.” With
 that Cornelius, undress’d as he was, jumps out into his Balcony, his Lyra in
 hand, in his slippers, with his breeches hanging down to his ankles, a stocking
 upon his head, and a waistcoat of murrey-colour’d sattin upon his body: He
 touch’d his Lyra with a very unusual sort of an Harpegiatura, nor were his
 hopes frustrated. The odd Equipage, the uncouth Instrument, the strangeness of
 the Man and of the Musick, drew the ears and eyes of the whole Mob that
 were got about the two female Champions, and at last of the Combatants them-
 selves. They all approach’d the Balcony, in as close attention as Orpheus’s
 first Audience of Cattle, or that of an Italian Opera when some favourite Air
 is just awaken’d. This sudden effect of his Musick encouraged him mightily,
 and it was observ’d he never touch’d his Lyre in such a truly chromatick and
 enharmonick manner as upon that occasion. The mob laugh’d, sung, jump’d,
 danc’d, and us’d many odd gestures, all which he judg’d to be caused by his
 various strains and modulations. “Mark (quoth he) in this, the power of the
 “Ionian, in that, you see the effect of the Æolian” But in a little time they
 began to grow riotous, and threw stones: Cornelius then withdrew, but with
 the greatest air of Triumph in the world. “Brother (said he) do you observe
 “I have mixed unawares too much of the *Phrygian*; I might change it to the
 “*Lydian*, and soften their riotous tempers: But it is enough: learn from this
 “Sample to speak with veneration of ancient Musick.” “If this Lyre in my un-
 “skilful hands can perform such wonders, what must it not have done in
 “those of a Timotheus or a Terpander?” Having said this, he retir’d with

† Horneck, a scurrilous Scribler who wrote a weekly paper, called *the High German Doctor*.

the utmost Exultation in himself, and Contempt of his Brother; and, it is said, behav'd that night with such unusual haughtiness to his family, that they all had reason to wish for some ancient Tibicen to calm his Temper.

C H A P. VII.

Rhetorick, Logick, and Metaphysicks.

Cornelius having (as hath been said) many ways been disappointed in his attempts of improving the bodily Forces of his son, thought it now high time to apply to the Culture of his Internal faculties. He judg'd it proper in the first place to instruct him in *Rhetorick*. But herein we shall not need to give the Reader any account of his wonderful progress, since it is already known to the learned world by his Treatise on this subject: I mean the admirable Discourse *Περὶ Βαλῆς*, which he wrote at this time but conceal'd from his Father, knowing his extreme partiality for the Ancients. It lay by him conceal'd, and perhaps forgot among the great multiplicity of other Writings, till about the year 1727, he sent it us to be printed, with many additional examples drawn from the excellent live Poets of this present age. We proceed therefore to *Logick* and *Metaphysick*.

The wise Cornelius was convinced, that these being *Polemical* Arts, 'could no more be learned alone, than Fencing or Cudgel-playing. He thought it therefore necessary to look out for some Youth of pregnant parts, to be a sort of humble Companion to his son in those studies. His good fortune directed him to one of most singular endowments, whose name was Conradus Crambe, who by the father's side was related to the *Crouches* of Cambridge, and his mother was Cousin to Mr. *Swan*, Gamester and Punster of the City of London. So that from both parents he drew a natural disposition to sport himself with *Words*, which as they are said to be the counters of wise Men, and ready-money of Fools, Crambe had great store of cash of the latter sort. Happy Martin in such a Parent, and such a Companion! What might not he atchieve in Arts and sciences.

Here I must premise a general observation of great benefit to mankind: That there are many people who have the use only of one Operation of the Intellect, tho' like short-sighted men they can hardly discover it themselves: They can form *single apprehensions*, but have neither of the other two faculties, the *judicium* or *discursus*. Now as it is wisely order'd, that people depriv'd of one sense have the others in more perfection, such people will form single Ideas with a great deal of vivacity; and happy were it indeed if they would confine themselves to such, without forming *judicia*, much less *argumentations*.

Cornelius quickly discover'd, that these two last operations of the intellect were very weak in Martin, and almost totally extinguish'd in Crambe; however he used to say that Rules of Logick are Spectacles to a purblind understanding, and therefore he resolv'd to proceed with his two Pupils.

Martin's understanding was so totally immers'd in *sensible objects*, that he demanded examples from Material things of the abstracted Ideas of Logick: As for Crambe, he contented himself with the Words, and when he could but form some conceit upon them, was fully satisfy'd. Thus Crambe would tell his Instructor, that All men were not *singular*; that Individuality could hardly be prædicated of any man, for it was commonly said that a man is not the same he *was*, that madmen are *beside themselves*, and drunken men *come to themselves*; which shows, that few men have that most valuable logical endowment, Individuality. Cornelius told Martin that a shoulder of mutton was an individual, which Crambe deny'd, for he had seen it cut into commons: That's true (quoth the Tutor) but you never saw it cut into shoulders of mutton: If it could (quoth Crambe) it would be the most lovely individual of the University. When he was told, a *substance* was that which was *subject to accidents*; then Soldiers (quoth Crambe) are the most substantial people in the world. Neither would he allow it to be a good definition of *accident*, that it could be *present or absent without the destruction of the subject*; since there are a great many accidents that destroy the subject, as burning does a house, and death a man. But as to that, Cornelius informed him, that there was a *natural death*, and a *logical death*; that though a man after his natural death was not capable of the least parish-office, yet he might still keep his Stall amongst the logical prædicaments.

Cornelius was forc'd to give Martin sensible images; thus calling up the Coachman he ask'd him what he had seen at the Bear-garden? the man an-

ſwer'd he ſaw two men fight a prize; one was a fair man, a Sergeant in the Guards, the other black, a Butcher; the Sergeant had red breeches, the Butcher blue; they fought upon a Stage about four o'clock, and the Sergeant wounded the Butcher in the leg. "Mark (quoth Cornelius) how the fellow runs through the prædicaments. Men, *Subſtantia*; two, *quantitas*; fair and black, *qualitas*; "Sergeant and Butcher, *relatio*; wounded the other, *actio & paſſio*; fighting, *ſitus*; "Stage, *ubi*; two a Clock, *quando*; blue and red Breeches, *habitus*." At the ſame time he warn'd Martin, that what he now learn'd as a Logician, he muſt forget as a natural Philoſopher; that tho' he now taught them that accidents inher'd in the ſubject, they would find in time there was no ſuch thing; and that colour, taſte, ſmell, heat, and cold, were not in the things but only phantaſms of our brains. He was forc'd to let them into this ſecret, for Martin could not conceive how a habit of dancing inher'd in a dancing-maſter, when he did not dance; nay, he would demand the Characteriſticks of Relations: Crambe us'd to help him out by telling him, a Cuckold, a loſing gameſter, a man that had not din'd, a young heir that was kept ſhort by his father, might be all known by their countenance; that, in this laſt caſe, the Paternity and Filiation leave very ſenſible impreſſions in the *relatum* and *correlatum*. The greateſt difficulty was, when they came to the Tenth prædicament: Crambe affirmed, that his *Habitus* was more a ſubſtance than he was; for his cloaths could better ſubſiſt without him, than he without his cloaths.

Martin ſuppos'd an *Univerſal Man* to be like a Knight of a Shire or a Burgeſs of a Corporation, that repreſented a great many Individuals. His Father ask'd him, if he could not frame the Idea of an Univerſal Lord Mayor? Martin told him, that never having ſeen but one Lord Mayor, the Idea of that Lord Mayor always return'd to his mind; that he had great difficulty to abſtract a Lord Mayor from his Fur, Gown, and Gold Chain; nay, that the horſe he ſaw the Lord Mayor ride upon not a little diſturb'd his imagination. On the other hand Crambe, to ſhow himſelf of a more penetrating genius, ſwore that he could frame a conception of a Lord Mayor not only without his Horſe, Gown, and Gold Chain, but even without Stature, Feature, Colour, Hands, Head, Feet, or any Body; which he ſuppos'd was the abſtract of a Lord Mayor. Cornelius told him that he was a lying Rascal; that an *Univerſale* was not the object of imagination, and that there was no ſuch thing in reality, or a *parte Rei*. But

I can prove (quoth Crambe) that there are *Clysters a parte Rei*, but *clysters* are *universales*; *ergo*. Thus I prove my Minor. *Quod aptum est inesse multis*, is an *universale* by definition: but every clyster before it is administred has that quality; therefore every clyster is an *universale*.

He also found fault with the Advertisements, that they were not strict logical *definitions*: In an advertisement of a Dog stol'n or stray'd, he said it ought to begin thus, *An irrational animal of the Genus caninum*, &c. Cornelius told them, that though those advertisements were not fram'd according to the exact rules of logical definitions, being only *descriptions* of things *numero differentibus*, yet they contain'd a faint image of the *prædicabilia*, and were highly subservient to the common purposes of life; often discovering things that were lost, both animate and inanimate. *An Italian Grey-hound, of a mouse-colour, a white speck in the neck, lame of one leg, belongs to such a Lady.* Grey-hound, Genus; mouse-colour'd, &c. *differentia*; lame of one leg, *accidens*; belongs to such a Lady, *proprium*.

Though I'm afraid I have transgress'd upon my Reader's patience already, I cannot help taking notice of one thing more extraordinary than any yet mention'd; which was Crambe's *Treatise of Syllogisms*. He suppos'd that a Philosopher's brain was like a great Forest, where Ideas rang'd like animals of several kinds; that those Ideas copulated, and engender'd Conclusions; that when those of different Species copulate, they bring forth monsters or absurdities; that the *Major* is the male, the *Minor* the female, which copulate by the Middle Term, and engender the Conclusion. Hence they are call'd the *præmissæ*, or Predecessors of the Conclusion; and it is properly said by the Logicians *quod pariunt scientiam, opinionem*, they beget science, opinion, &c. Universal Propositions are Persons of quality; and therefore in Logick they are said to be of the first Figure. Singular Propositions are Private persons, and therefore plac'd in the third or last figure, or rank. From those principles all the rules of Syllogisms naturally follow.

- I. That there are only three Terms, neither more nor less; for to a child there can be only one father and one mother.
- II. From universal premisses there follows an universal conclusion, as if one should say that persons of quality always beget persons of quality.

- III. From singular premisses follows only a singular conclusion, that is, if the parents be only private people, the issue must be so likewise.
- IV. From particular propositions nothing can be concluded, because the *Individa vaga* are (like whoremasters and common strumpets) barren.
- V. There cannot be more in the conclusion than was in the premisses, that is, children can only inherit from their parents.
- VI. The conclusion follows the weaker part, that is, children inherit the diseases of their parents.
- VII. From two negatives nothing can be concluded, for from divorce or separation there can come no issue.
- VIII. The medium cannot enter the conclusion, that being logical incest.
- IX. An hypothetical proposition is only a contract, or a promise of marriage; from such therefore there can spring no real issue.
- X. When the premisses or parents are necessarily join'd (or in lawful wedlock) they beget lawful issue; but contingently join'd, they beget bastards.

So much for the Affirmative propositions; the Negative must be defer'd to another occasion.

Crambe us'd to value himself upon this System, from whence he said one might see the propriety of the expression, *such a one has a barren imagination*; and how common it is for such people to *adopt* conclusions that are not the issue of their premisses? therefore as an Absurdity is a *Monster*, a Falsity is a *Bastard*; and a true conclusion that followeth not from the premisses, may properly be said to be *adopted*. But then what is an Enthymem? (quoth Cornelius.) Why, an Enthymem (reply'd Crambe) is when the Major is indeed married to the Minor, but the Marriage *kept secret*.

METAPHYSICKS were a large field in which to exercise the Weapons *Logick* had put into their hands. Here Martin and Crambe us'd to engage like any prize-fighters, before their Father, and his other Learned companions of the Symposiacks. And as Prize-fighters will agree to lay aside a buckler or some such defensive weapon, so would Crambe promise not to use *simpliciter* & *secundum quid*, provided Martin would part with *materialiter* & *formaliter*: But it was found, that without the help of the defensive armour of those Distinctions, the

arguments cut so deep, that they fetch'd blood at every stroke. Their *Theses* were pick'd out of Suarez, Thomas Aquinas, and other learned writers on those subjects. I shall give the Reader a taste of some of them.

- I. If the Innate Desire of the knowledge of Metaphysics was the cause of the Fall of Adam; and the *Arbor Porphyriana* the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil? *affirm'd.*
 - II. If transcendental goodness could be truly prædicated of the Devil? *affirm'd.*
 - III. Whether one, or many be first? or if one doth not suppose the notion of many? *Suarez.*
 - IV. If the desire of news in mankind be *appetitus innatus* not *elicitus*? *affirm'd.*
 - V. Whether there is in human understandings potential falities? *affirm'd.*
 - VI. Whether God loves a *possible Angel* better than an *actually-existent flye*? *deny'd.*
 - VII. If Angels pass from one extreme to another without going through the middle? *Aquinas.*
 - VIII. If Angels know things more clearly in a morning? *Aquinas.*
 - IX. Whether every Angel hears what one Angel says to another? *deny'd. Aquinas.*
 - X. If temptation be *proprium quarto modo* of the Devil? *deny'd. Aquinas.*
 - XI. Whether one Devil can illuminate another? *Aquin.*
 - XII. If there would have been any females born in the state of Innocence? *Aquinas.*
 - XIII. If the Creation was finish'd in six days, because six is the most perfect number; or if six be the most perfect number because the Creation was finished in six days? *Aquinas.*
- There were several others of which in the course of the life of this learned we may person have occasion to treat, and one particularly that remains undecided to this day; it was taken from the learned Suarez.
- XIV. *An præter esse reale actualis essentiæ sit aliud esse necessarium quo res actualiter existat?* In English thus. Whether besides the real being of actual being, there be any other being necessary to cause a thing to be?

This brings into my mind a Project to banish Metaphysics out of Spain, which was suppos'd might be effectuated by this method: That no-body should

use any Compound or Decomound of the Substantial Verbs but as they are read in the common conjugations: for every body will allow, that if you debar a Metaphysician from *ens, essentia, entitas, subsistentia*, &c. there is an end of him.

Crambe regretted extremely, that *Substantial Forms*, a race of harmless beings which had lasted for many years, and afforded a comfortable subsistence to many poor Philosophers, should be now hunted down like so many Wolves, without the possibility of a retreat. He consider'd that it had gone much harder with them than with *Essences*, which had retir'd from the *Schools* into the *Apothecaries Shops*, where some of them had been advanc'd into the degree of *Quintessences*. He thought there should be a retreat for poor *substantial Forms*, amongst the Gentlemen-ushers at court; and that there were indeed *substantial forms*, such as *forms of Prayer*, and *forms of Government*, without which, the things themselves could never long subsist. He also us'd to wonder that there was not a reward for such as could find out a *fourth Figure* in *Logick*, as well as for those who shou'd discover the *Longitude*.

CHAP. VIII.

ANATOMY.

Cornelius, it is certain, had a most superstitious veneration for the Ancients; and if they contradicted each other, his Reason was so pliant and ductile, that he was always of the opinion of the last he read. But he reckon'd it a point of honour never to be vanquish'd in a dispute; from which quality he acquir'd the Title of the *Invincible Doctor*. While the Professor of Anatomy was demonstrating to his son the several kinds of *Intestines*, Cornelius affirm'd that there were only two, the *Colon* and the *Aichos*, according to Hippocrates, who it was impossible could ever be mistaken. It was in vain to assure him this error proceeded from want of accuracy in dividing the whole Canal of the Guts: Say what you please (he reply'd) this is both mine and Hippocrates's opinion. You may with equal reason (answer'd the Professor) affirm that a man's Liver hath

five Lobes, and deny the Circulation of the blood. Ocular demonstration (said Cornelius) seems to be on your side, yet I shall not give it up: Show me any viscus of a human body, and I will bring you a monster that differs from the common rule in the structure of it. If Nature shews such variety in the same age, why may she not have extended it further in several ages? Produce me a man now of the age of an Antidiluvian; of the strength of Sampson, or the size of the Giants. If in the whole, why not in parts of the body, may it not be possible the present generation of men may differ from the Ancients? The Moderns have perhaps lengthen'd the channel of the guts by Gluttony, and diminish'd the liver by hard drinking. Though it shall be demonstrated that modern blood circulates, yet I will still believe with Hippocrates, that the blood of the Ancients had a flux and reflux from the heart, like a Tide. Consider how Luxury hath introduced new diseases, and with them not improbably alter'd the whole Course of the Fluids. Consider how the current of mighty Rivers, nay the very channels of the Ocean are changed from what they were in ancient days; and can we be so vain to imagine that the Microcosm of the human body alone is exempted from the fate of all things? I question not but plausible Conjectures may be made even as to the Time when the blood first began to circulate.—Such disputes as these frequently perplex'd the Professor to that degree, that he would now and then in a passion leave him in the middle of a Lecture, as he did at this time.

There unfortunately happen'd soon after, an unusual accident, which retard'd the prosecution of the studies of Martin. Having purchas'd the body of a Malefactor, he hir'd a Room for its dissection near the Pest-fields in St. Giles's, at a little distance from Tyburn Road. Crambe (to whose care this body was committed) carry'd it thither about twelve a clock at night in a Hackney-coach, few House-keepers being very willing to let their lodgings to such kind of Operators. As he was softly stalking up stairs in the dark, with the dead man in his arms, his burthen had like to have slipp'd from him, which he (to save from falling) grasp'd so hard about the belly that it forced the wind through the *Anus*, with a noise exactly like the *Crepitus* of a living man. Crambe (who did not comprehend how this part of the Animal Oeconomy could remain in a dead man) was so terrify'd, that he threw down the body, ran up to his master, and had scarce breath to tell him what had happen'd. Martin with

all his Philosophy could not prevail upon him to return to his post. You may say what you please (quoth Crambe) no man alive ever broke wind more naturally; nay, he seemed to be mightily relieved by it. The rolling of the corps down stairs made such a noise that it awak'd the whole house. The maid shriek'd, the landlady cry'd out Thieves; but the Landlord, in his shirt as he was, taking a candle in one hand and a drawn sword in the other, ventur'd out of the Room. The maid with only a single petticoat ran up stairs, but spurning at the dead body, fell upon it in a swoon. Now the landlord stood still and list'ned, then he look'd behind him, and ventur'd down in this manner one stair after another, 'till he came where lay his maid, as dead, upon another corps unknown. The wife ran into the street and cry'd out Murder! the Watch ran in, while Martin and Crambe, hearing all this uproar, were coming down stairs. The Watch imagin'd they were making their escape, seiz'd them immediately, and carried them to a neighbouring Justice; where, upon searching them, several kind of knives and dreadful weapons were found upon them. The Justice first examin'd Crambe. What is your Name? says the Justice. I have acquir'd (quoth Crambe) no great Name as yet; they call me Crambe or Crambo, no matter which, as to my self; though it may be some dispute to posterity.—What is yours and your Masters profession? —“It is our business to imbrue our hands in blood; we cut off the heads, and pull out the hearts of those that never injur'd us; we rip up big-belly'd women, and rear children limb from limb.” Martin endeavour'd to interrupt him; but the Justice being strangely astonish'd with the frankness of Crambe's Confession, order'd him to proceed; upon which he made the following Speech.

“May it please your Worship, as touching the body of this man, I can answer each head that my accusers alledge against me, to a hair. They have hitherto talk'd like num-skulls without brains; but if your Worship will not only give ear, but regard me with a favourable eye, I will not be brow-beaten by the supercilious looks of my adversaries, who now stand cheek by jowl by your Worship. I will prove to their faces, that their foul mouths have not open'd their lips without a falsity; though they have show'd their teeth as if they would bite off my nose. Now, Sir, that I may fairly slip my neck out of the collar, I beg this matter may not be slightly skin'd over. Tho' I have no man here to back me, I will un-bosom my self, since Truth

"is on my side, and shall give them their bellies full, though they think they have me upon the hip. Whereas they say I came into their lodgings, with arms, and murder'd this man without their Privy, I declare I had not the least finger in it; and since I am to stand upon my own legs, nothing of this matter shall be left till I set it upon a right foot. In the vein I am in, I cannot for my heart's blood and guts bear this usage: I shall not spare my lungs to defend my good name: I was ever reckon'd a good liver; and I think I have the bowels of compassion. I ask but justice, and from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot I shall ever acknowledge myself your Worship's humble Servant."

The Justice stared, the Landlord and Landlady lifted up their eyes, and Martin fretted, while Crambe talk'd in this rambling incoherent manner; till at length Martin begg'd to be heard. It was with great difficulty that the Justice was convinc'd, till they sent for the Finisher of human laws, of whom the Corps had been purchas'd; who looking near the left ear, knew his own work, and gave Oath accordingly.

No sooner was Martin got home, but he fell into a passion at Crambe. "What Demon, he cry'd, hath possessed thee, that thou wilt never forsake that impertinent custom of punning? Neither my council nor my example have thus misled thee; thou governest thy self by most erroneous Maxims." Far from it (answers Crambe) my life is as orderly as my Dictionary, for by my Dictionary I order my life. I have made a Kalendar of radical words for all the seasons, months, and days of the year: Every day I am under the dominion of a certain Word; but this day in particular I cannot be misled, for I am govern'd by one that rules all sexes, ages, conditions, nay all animals rational and irrational. Who is not govern'd by the word *Led*? Our Noblemen and Drunkards are pimp-led, Physicians and Pulses see-led, their Patients and Oranges pil-led, a New-married Man and an Ass are bride-led, an old-married Man and a Pack-horse sad-led; Cats and Dice are rat-led, Swine and Nobility are sty-led, a Coquet and a Tinder-box are spark-led, a Lover and a Blunderer are grove-led. And that I may not be tedious—Which thou art (reply'd Martin, stamping with his foot) which thou art, I say, beyond all human toleration—Such an unnatural, unaccountable, uncoherent, unintelligible, unprofitable—There it is now! (interrupted Crambe) this is your Day for *Uns*. Martin could bear

no longer — however composing his Countenance, — Come hither — he cry'd, there are five pounds, seventeen shillings and nine pence: thou hast been with me eight months, three weeks, two days, and four hours. Poor Crambe upon the receipt of his Salary, fell into tears, flung the money upon the ground, and burst forth in these words: "O Cicero, Cicero! if to pun be a crime, 'tis a crime I have learned from thee: O Bias, Bias! if to pun be a crime, by thy example was I bias'd." Whereupon Martin, (considering that one of the greatest of Orators, and even a Sage of Greece had punned,) hesitated, relented, and re-instated Crambe in his Service.

CHAP. IX.

How Martin became a great Critick.

IT was a most peculiar Talent in Martinus, to convert every Trifle into a serious thing, either in the way of Life, or in Learning. This can no way be better exemplify'd, than in the effect which the Puns of Crambe had on the Mind and Studies of Martinus. He conceiv'd, that somewhat of a like Talent to this of Crambe, of *assembling parallel sounds*, either *syllables*, or *words*, might conduce to the Emendation and Correction of *Ancient Authors*, if apply'd to their Works, with the same *diligence*, and the same *liberty*. He resolv'd to try first upon Virgil, Horace, and Terence; concluding, that if the *most correct* Authors could be so served with any reputation to the Critick, the amendment and alteration of *all the rest* wou'd easily follow; whereby a new, a vast, nay boundless Field of Glory would be open'd to the true and *absolute Critick*.

This Specimen on Virgil he has given us, in the Addenda to his Notes on the Dunciad. His Terence and Horace are in every bodies hands, under the names of Richard B—ley, and Francis H—re. And we have convincing proofs that the late Edition of Milton publish'd in the name of the former of these, was in truth the Work of no other than our Scriblerus.

C H A P. XI.

Of Martinus's Uncommon Practice of Physick, and how he apply'd himself to the Diseases of the Mind.

BUT it is high time to return to the History of the Progress of Martinus in the Studies of Physick, and to enumerate some at least of the many Discoveries and Experiments he made therein.

One of the first was his Method of investigating latent Distempers, by the sagacious Quality of *Setting-Dogs* and *Pointers*. The success, and the Adventures that befel him, when he walk'd with these Animals, to smell them out in the Parks and publick places about London, are what we would willingly relate; but that his own Account, together with a *List of those Gentlemen and Ladies* at whom they made a *Full Sett*, will be publish'd in time convenient. There will also be added the Representation, which on occasion of one distemper which was become almost epidemical, he thought himself oblig'd to lay before both Houses of Parliament, intitled, *A Proposal for a General Flux*, to exterminate at one blow the P—x out of this kingdom.

He next proceeded to an Enquiry into the *Nature* and *Tokens* of *Virginity*, according to the Jewish Doctrines, which occasion'd that most curious Treatise of the *Purification* of * *Queen Esther*, with a *Display* of her *Case* at large; speedily also to be published.

But being weary of all practise on *fætid Bodies*, from a certain niceness of Constitution, (especially when he attended Dr. Woodward thro' a Twelve-months course of Vomition) he determined to leave it off entirely, and to apply himself only to diseases of the *Mind*. He attempted to find out *Specificks* for all the *Passions*; and as other Physicians throw their Patients into sweats, vomits, purgations, &c. he cast them into Love, hatred, hope, fear, joy, grief, &c. And indeed the great Irregularity of the Passions in the English Nation, was the chief

* Vid. Esther, chap. 2. vers. 12.

motive that induced him to apply his whole studies, while he continued among us, to the Diseases of the Mind.

To this purpose he directed, in the first place, his late acquir'd skill in *Anatomy*. He consider'd *Virtues* and *Vices* as certain Habits which proceed from the natural Formation and Structure of particular parts of the body. A Bird flies because it has Wings, a Duck swims because it is web-footed: and there can be no question but the Aduncity of the pounces, and beaks of the Hawks, as well as the length of the fangs, the sharpness of the teeth, and the strength of the crural and Masseter-muscles in Lions and Tygers, are the cause of the great and habitual Immorality of those Animals.

1st, He observ'd that the Soul and Body mutually operate upon each other, and therefore if you deprive the Mind of the outward Instruments whereby she usually expresseth that Passion, you will in time abate the Passion itself, in like manner as Castration abates Lust.

2dly, That the Soul in mankind expresseth every Passion by the Motion of some particular *Muscles*.

3dly, That all Muscles grow stronger and thicker by being much us'd; therefore the habitual Passions may be discerned in particular persons by the strength and bigness of the Muscles us'd in the expression of that Passion.

4thly, That a Muscle may be strengthen'd or weakn'd by weakning or strength'ning the force of its Antagonist. These things premis'd, he took notice,

That *Complaisance*, *humility*, *assent*, *approbation*, and *civility*, were express'd by nodding the head and bowing the body forward: on the contrary, *dissent*, *dislike*, *refusal*, *pride*, and *arrogance*, were mark'd by tossing the head, and bending the body backwards: which two Passions of *assent*, and *dissent* the Latins rightly express'd by the words *adnuere* and *abnuere*. Now he observ'd that complaisant and civil people had the Flexors of the head very strong; but in the proud and insolent there was a great over-balance of strength in the Extensors of the Neck and the Muscles of the Back, from whence they per-

form with great facility the motion of *tossing*, but with great difficulty that of *bowing*, and therefore have justly acquir'd the Title of *stiff-neck'd*: In order to reduce such persons to a just balance, he judg'd that the pair of Muscles call'd *Recli interni*, the Mastoidal, with other flexors of the head, neck, and body must be strengthen'd; their Antagonists, the *Splenii Complexi*, and the Extensors of the Spine, weaken'd; For which purpose Nature herself seems to have directed mankind to correct this Muscular Immorality by tying such fellows *Neck-and-beels*.

Contrary to this, is the pernicious Custom of Mothers who abolish the natural Signature of Modesty in their Daughters by teaching them *tossing* and *bridling*, rather than the bashful posture of *slooping*, and *hanging down the head*. Martinus charg'd all husbands to take notice of the *Posture of the Head* of such as they courted to Matrimony, as that upon which their future happiness did much depend.

Flatterers, who have the flexor Muscles so strong that they are always bowing and cringing, he suppos'd might in some measure be corrected by being ty'd down upon a Tree by the back, like the children of the Indians; which doctrine was strongly confirm'd by his observing the strength of the *levator Scapulae*: This Muscle is call'd the Muscle of *patience*, because in that affection of Mind people shrug and raise up the shoulder to the tip of the ear. This Muscle also he observed to be exceedingly strong and large in *Henpeck'd Husbands*, in *Italians*, and in *English Ministers*.

In pursuance of his Theory, he suppos'd the *Constrictors* of the *Eye-lids*, must be strengthen'd in the supercilious, the *abductors* in drunkards and contemplative men, who have the same steddly and grave motion of the eye. That the *buccinatores* or blowers up of the *cheeks*, and the *dilators* of the *Nose*, were too strong in Cholerick people; and therefore Nature here again directed us to a remedy, which was to correct such extraordinary dilatation by *pulling by the Nose*.

The rolling amorous Eye, in the Passion of Love, might be corrected by frequently looking thro' glasses. Impertinent fellows that jump upon Tables, and cut capers, might be cur'd by relaxing medicines apply'd to the *Calves* of their *legs*, which in such people are too strong.

But there were two Cases which he reckon'd extremely difficult. First, *As-*

festation, in which there were so many Muscles of the bum, thighs, belly, neck, back, and the whole body, all in a false tone, that it requir'd an impracticable multiplicity of applications.

The second case was immoderate *Laughter*: When any of that risible species were brought to the Doctor, and when he consider'd what an infinity of Muscles these laughing Rascals threw into a convulsive motion at the same time; whether we regard the spasms of the Diaphragm and all the muscles of respiration, the horrible *riētus* of the mouth, the distortion of the lower jaw, the crisping of the nose, twinkling of the eyes, or spherical convexity of the cheeks, with the tremulous succussion of the whole human body: when he consider'd, I say, all this, he used to cry out *Casus plane deplorabilis!* and give such Patients over.

CHAP. XI.

The Case of a young Nobleman at Court, with the Doctor's Prescription for the same.

AN eminent Instance of Martinus's Sagacity in discovering the Distempers of the Mind, appear'd in the case of a young Nobleman at Court, who was observ'd to grow extremely affected in his speech, and whimsical in all his behaviour. He began to ask odd questions, talk in verse to himself, shut himself up from his friends, and be accessible to none, but Flatterers, Poets, and Pickpockets; till his Relations and old Acquaintance judged him to be so far gone, as to be a fit Patient for the Doctor.

As soon as he had heard and examined all the symptoms, he pronounced his distemper to be *Love*.

His friends assured him that they had with great care observ'd all his motions, and were perfectly satisfy'd there was no Woman in the case. Scriblerus was as positive that he was desperately in love with some person or other. "How

"can that be? (said his Aunt, who came to ask the advice) when he converses
"almost with none but himself?" Say you so? he replied, why then he is in
love with Himself, one of the most common cases in the world. I am asto-
nish'd, people do not enough attend this Disease, which has the same causes
and symptoms, and admits of the same cure, with the other: especially since
here the case of the Patient is the more helpless and deplorable of the two,
as this unfortunate passion is more blind than the other. There are people
who discover from their very youth a most amorous inclination to themselves;
which is unhappily nurs'd by such Mothers, as with their good will, wou'd
never suffer their children to be *cross'd in love*. Ease, luxury, and idleness, blow
up this flame as well as the other: Constant opportunities of conversation with
the person beloved, (the greatest of incentives) are here impossible to be pre-
vented. Bawds and Pimps in the other love, will be perpetually doing kind
offices, speaking a good word for the party, and carry about Billet doux.
Therefore I ask you, Madam, if this Gentleman has not been much frequented
by Flatterers, and a sort of people who bring him dedications and verses?
"O Lord! Sir, (quoth the Aunt) the house is haunted with them." There it
is, (reply'd Scriblerus) those are the bawds and pimps that go between a man
and himself. Are there no civil Ladies, that tell him he dresses well, has a
gentlemanly air, and the like? "Why truly Sir, my Nephew is not aukward—
Look you Madam, this is a misfortune to him: In former days these sort of lovers
were happy in one respect, that they never had any Rivals, but of late they have
all the Ladies so---- Be pleased to answer a few questions more. Whom does
he generally talk of? Himself, quoth the Aunt. Whose wit and breeding does
he most commend? His own, quoth the Aunt. Whom does he write letters
to? Himself. Whom does he dream of? All the dreams I ever heard were of
himself. Whom is he ogling yonder? Himself in his looking-glass. Why
does he throw back his head in that languishing posture? Only to be blest
with a smile of himself as he passes by. Does he ever steal a kiss from him-
self, by biting his lips? "Oh continually, till they are perfect vermillion." Have
you observ'd him to use Familiarities with any body? "With none but him-
self: he often embraces himself with folded arms, he claps his hand often
"upon his hip, nay sometimes thrusts it into--- his breast."

Madam, said the Doctor, all these are strong symptoms, but there remain

a few more. Has this amorous gentleman presented himself with any Love-roys; such as gold Snuff-boxes, repeating Watches, or Tweezer-cases? those are things that in time will soften the most obdurate heart. "Not only so, (said the Aunt) but he bought the other day a very fine brilliant diamond Ring for his own wearing.--- Nay, if he has accepted of this Ring, the intrigue is very forward indeed, and it is high time for friends to interpose. Pray Madam, a word or two more — Is he jealous that his acquaintance do not behave themselves with respect enough? will he bear jokes and innocent freedoms? "By no means; a familiar appellation makes him angry; if you shake him a little roughly by the hand, he is in a rage; but if you chuck him under the chin he will return you a box on the ear." — Then the case is plain: he has the true Pathognomick sign of Love, *Jealousy*; for no body will suffer his mistress to be treated at that rate. Madam, upon the whole this Case is extremely dangerous. There are some people who are far gone in this passion of self-love, but then they keep a *very secret Intrigue* with themselves, and hide it from all the world besides. But this Patient has not the least care of the Reputation of his Beloved, he is downright scandalous in his behaviour with himself; he is enchanted, bewitch'd, and almost past cure. However let the following methods be try'd upon him.

First, let him *** *Hiatus*. *** Secondly, let him wear a Bob-wig. Thirdly, shun the company of flatterers, nay of ceremonious people, and of all Frenchmen in general. It would not be amiss if he travel'd over England in a Stage coach, and made the Tour of Holland in a Track-scout. Let him return the Snuff-boxes, Tweezer-cases, (and particularly the Diamond Ring) which he has receiv'd from himself. Let some knowing friend represent to him the many vile Qualities of this Mistress of his: let him be shewn that her Extravagance, Pride, and Prodigality will infallibly bring him to a morsel of bread: Let it be prov'd, that he has been False to himself, and if Treachery is not a sufficient cause to discard a Mistress, what is? In short let him be made to see that no mortal besides himself either loves or can suffer this Creature. Let all Looking-glasses, polish'd Toys, and even clean Plates be removed from him, for fear of bringing back the admired object. Let him be taught to put off all those tender airs, affected smiles, languishing looks, wanton tosses of the head, coy motions of the body, that-mincing gait, soft tone of voice, and all

that enchanting woman-like behaviour, that has made him the charm of his own eyes, and the object of his own adoration. Let him surprize the Beauty he adores at a disadvantage, survey himself naked, divested of artificial charms, and he will find himself a forked stradling Animal, with bandy legs, a short neck, a dun hide, and a pot-belly. It would be yet better if he took a strong purge once a week, in order to contemplate himself in that condition: at which time it will be convenient to make use of the Letters, Dedications, &c. above-said. Something like this has been observed by Lucretius and others to be a powerful remedy in the case of Women. If all this will not do, I must e'en leave the poor man to his destiny. Let him *marry himself*, and when he is condemn'd eternally to himself, perhaps he may run to the next pond to get rid of himself, the Fate of most violent Self-lovers.

C H A P. XII.

How Martinus endeavoured to find out the Seat of the Soul, and of his Correspondence with the Free-Thinkers.

IN this Design of Martin to investigate the Diseases of the Mind, he thought nothing so necessary as an Enquiry after the *Seat of the Soul*; in which at first he labour'd under great uncertainties. Sometimes he was of opinion that it lodg'd in the Brain, sometimes in the Stomach, and sometimes in the Heart. Afterwards he thought it absurd to confine that sovereign Lady to one apartment, which made him infer that she shifted it according to the several functions of life: The Brain was her Study, the Heart her State-room, and the Stomach her Kitchen. But as he saw several Offices of life went on at the same time, he was forc'd to give up this Hypothesis also. He now conjectured it was more for the dignity of the Soul to perform several operations by her little Ministers, the *Animal Spirits*, from whence it was natural to conclude, that she resides in different parts according to different Inclinations,

Sexes, Ages, and Professions. Thus in Epicures he seated her in the mouth of the Stomach, Philosophers have her in the Brain, Soldiers in their Heart, Women in their Tongues, Fiddlers in their Fingers, and Rope-dancers in their Toes. At length he grew fond of the *Glandula Pinealis*, dissecting many Subjects to find out the different Figure of this Gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different Tempers in mankind. He suppos'd that in factious and restless-spirited people he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the Soul to repose herself; that in quiet Tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the Soul as it were an easy cushion. He was confirm'd in this by observing, that Calves and Philosophers, Tygers and Statesmen, Foxes and Sharpers, Peacocks and Fops, Cock-Sparrows and Coquets, Monkeys and Players, Courtiers and Spaniels, Moles and Misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the *Pineal Gland*. He did not doubt likewise to find the same resemblance in Highway-men and Conquerors: In order to satisfy himself in which, it was, that he purchased the body of one of the first Species (as hath been before related) at Tyburn, hoping in time to have the happiness of one of the latter too, under his Anatomical knife.

We must not omit taking notice here, that these Enquiries into the *Seat of the Soul* gave occasion to his first correspondence with the Society of *Free-Thinkers*, who were then in their infancy in England, and so much taken with the promising endowments of Martin, that they order'd their Secretary to write him the following Letter.

To the learned Inquisitor into Nature, MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS: The Society of Free-Thinkers greeting.

Grecian Coffee-House, May 7.

IT is with unspeakable joy we have heard of your Inquisitive Genius, and we think it great pity that it should not be better employed, than in looking after that Theological Non-entity commonly call'd the *Soul*: Since after all your enquiries, it will appear you have lost your labour in seeking the Residence of such a Chimera, that never had being but in the brains of some dreaming Philosophers. Is it not *Demonstration* to a person of your Sense, that since you

cannot find it, there is no such thing? In order to set so hopeful a Genius right in this matter, we have sent you an answer to the ill-grounded Sophisms of those crack-brain'd fellows, and likewise an easy *mechanical Explication of Perception or thinking.*

One of their chief Arguments is, that *Self-consciousness* cannot inhere in any system of Matter, because all matter is made up of several distinct beings, which never can make up one individual thinking being.

This is easily answer'd by a famaliar instance. In every *Jack* there is a *meat-roasting* Quality, which neither resides in the Fly, nor in the Weight, nor in any particular wheel of the Jack, but is the result of the whole composition: So in an Animal, the Self-consciousness is not a real Quality inherent in one Being (any more than meat-roasting in a Jack) but the the result of several Modes or qualities in the same subject. As the fly, the wheels, the chain, the weight, the cords, &c. make one Jack, so the several parts of the body make one Animal. As perception or consciousness is said to be inherent in this Animal, so is meat-roasting said to be inherent in the Jack. As sensation, reasoning, volition, memory, &c. are the several Modes of thinking; so roasting of beef, roasting of mutton, roasting of pullets, geese, turkeys, &c. are the several modes of meat-roasting. And as the general Quality of meat-roasting, with its several modifications as to beef, mutton, pullets, &c. does not inhere in any one part of the Jack; so neither does Consciousness, with its several modes of sensation, intellection, volition, &c. inhere in any one, but is the result from the mechanical composition of the whole Animal.

Just so, the Quality or disposition in a Fiddle to play tunes, with the several modifications of this *tune-playing* quality in playing of Preludes, Sarabands, Jigs, and Gavotts, are as much real qualities in the Instrument, as the thought or the imagination is in the mind of the Person that composes them.

The Parts (say they) of an animal body are perpetually chang'd, and the fluids which seem to be subject of consciousness, are in a perpetual circulation; so that the same individual particles do not remain in the Brain; from whence it will follow, that the idea of Individual Consciousness must be constantly translated from one particle of matter to another, whereby the particle A, for example, must not only be conscious, but conscious that it is the same being with the particle B that went before.

We answer, this is only a fallacy of the imagination; and is to be understood in no other sense than that maxim of the English Law, that the *King never dies*. This power of thinking, self-moving, and governing the whole Machine, is communicated from every Particle to its immediate Successor; who, as soon as he is gone, immediately takes upon him the Government, which still preserves the Unity of the whole System.

They make a great noise about this Individuality: how a man is conscious to himself that he is the same Individual he was twenty years ago; notwithstanding the flux state of the Particles of matter that compose his body. We think this is capable of a very plain answer, and may be easily illustrated by a familiar example.

Sir John Cutler had a pair of black worsted stockings, which his maid darn'd so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings. Now supposing those stockings of Sir John's endued with some degree of Consciousness at every particular darning, they would have been sensible, that they were the same individual pair of stockings both before and after the darning; and this sensation would have continued in them through all the succession of darnings; and yet after the last of all, there was not perhaps one thread left of the first pair of stockings, but they were grown to be silk stockings, as was said before.

And whereas it is affirm'd, that every animal is conscious of some individual self-moving, self-determining principle; it is answered, that as in a House of Commons all things are determin'd by a *Majority*, so it is in every Animal system: As that which determines the House is said to be the reason of the whole assembly; it is no otherwise with thinking Beings, who are determin'd by the greater force of several particles; which like so many unthinking Members, compose one thinking System.

And whereas it is likewise objected, that Punishments cannot be just that are not inflicted upon the same individual, which cannot subsist without the notion of a spiritual substance. We reply, that this is no greater difficulty to conceive, than that a Corporation, which is likewise a flux body, may be punished for the faults, and liable to the debts, of their Predecessors.

We proceed now to explain, by the structure of the Brain, the several Modes of thinking. It is well known to Anatomists that the Brain is a *Congeries* of Glands, that separate the finer parts of the blood, call'd Animal Spirits; that

a Gland is nothing but a Canal of a great length, variously intorted and wound up together. From the Arietadion and Motion of the Spirits in those Canals, proceed all the different sorts of Thoughts: Simple Ideas are produced by the motion of the Spirits in one simple Canal: when two of these Canals disembody themselves into one, they make what we call a Proposition; and when two of these propositional Channels empty themselves into a third, they form a Syllogism, or a Ratiocination. Memory is perform'd in a distinct apartment of the brain, made up of vessels similar, and like situated to the ideal, propositional, and syllogistical vessels, in the primary parts of the brain. After the same manner it is easy to explain the other modes of thinking; as also why some people think so wrong and perversely, which proceeds from the bad configuration of those Glands. Some for example, are born without the propositional or syllogistical Canals; in others that reason ill, they are of unequal capacities; in dull fellows, of too great a length, whereby the motion of the spirits is retarded; in trifling genius's, weak and small; in the over-refining spirits, too much intorted and winding; and so of the rest.

We are so much persuaded of the truth of this our Hypothesis, that we have employ'd one of our Members, a great Virtuoso at Nuremberg, to make a sort of an Hydraulick Engine, in which a chymical liquor resembling Blood, is driven through Elastick channels resembling Arteries and veins, by the force of an Embolus like the heart, and wrought by a pneumatick Machine of the nature of the lungs, with ropes and pulleys, like the nerves, tendons and muscles: And we are persuaded that this our artificial Man will not only walk, and speak, and perform most of the outward actions of the animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your Country Parsons.

We wait with the utmost impatience for the honour of having you a Member of our Society, and beg leave to assure you that we are, &c.

What return Martin made to this obliging Letter we must defer to another occasion: let it suffice at present to tell, that Crambe was in a great rage at them, for stealing (as he thought) a hint from his *Theory of Syllogisms*, without doing him the honour so much as to mention him. He advis'd his Master by no means to enter into their Society, unless they would give him sufficient security, to bear him harmless from any thing that might happen after this present life.

CHAP. XIV.

The DOUBLE MISTRESS.

NB. *The style of this Chapter in the Original Memoirs is so singularly different from the rest, that it is hard to conceive by whom it was penn'd. But if we consider the particular Regard which our Philosopher had for it, who expressly directed that not one Word of this Chapter should be alter'd, it will be natural to suspect that it was written by himself, at the Time when Love (ever delighting in Romances) had somewhat tinctur'd his Style; and that the Remains of his first and strongest Passion gave him a Partiality to this Memorial of it. Thus it begins.*

BUT now the successful Course of the Studies of Martin was interrupted by Love: Love, that unnerves the Vigour of the Hero, and softens the Severity of the Philosopher. It chanced, that as Martin was walking forth to inhale the fresh breeze of the Evening, after the long and severe Studies of the day, and passing through the Western Confines of the famous Metropolis of Albion, not far from the proud Battlements of the Palace of Whitehall, whose walls are embraced by the silver Thames; his eyes were drawn upwards by a large square piece of Canvas, which hung forth to the view of the passing Citizens. Upon it was pourtrayed by some accurate pencil, the Lybian Leopard more fierce than in his native Desart; the mighty Lion, who boasted thrice the bulk of the Nemean monster; before whom stood the little Jackall, the faithful spy of the King of beasts: Near these was placed, of two Cubits high, the black Prince of Monomotapa; by whose side were seen the glaring Cat-a-mountain, the quill-darting Porcupine, and the Man-mimicking Manteger. Close adjoining to this, hung another piece of Canvas on which was display'd the pourtrait of two Bohemian Damsels, whom Nature had as closely united as the an-

cient Hermaphroditus and Salmacis; and whom it was as impossible to divide, as the mingled waters of the gentle Thames and the amorous Isis. While Martin stood in a meditating posture, feasting his eyes on this Picture, he heard on a sudden the sonorous notes of a Clarion, which seem'd of the purest crystal: In an instant the passing multitude flock'd to the sound, as when a Drum summons the straggling soldiers to the approaching Battle. The youthful Virtuoso, who was in daily pursuit of the Curiosities of Nature, was immediately surrounded by the gazing throng. The doors, for ever barr'd to the pennyless populace, seem'd to open themselves at his producing a silver Six pence, which (like Æneas's golden bough) gain'd him admission into that Scene of Wonders. He no sooner enter'd the first apartment, but his nostrils were struck with the scent of Carnage; broken Bones and naked Carcasses bestrow'd the floor. The majestick Lion rous'd from his bed, and shook his brindled Mane; the spotted Leopard gnash'd his angry teeth, and walking to and fro, in indignation rattled his chains. Martin with infinite pleasure heard the History of the several Monsters, which was courteously open'd to him by a Person of a grave and earnest mien; whose frank behaviour and ready answers discover'd him to have been long conversant with different Nations, and to have journey'd through distant Regions. By him he was informed, that the Lion was hunted on the hills of Lebanon, by the Basba of Jerusalem; that the Leopard was nurs'd in the uninhabited woods of Lybia; the Porcupine came from the kingdom of Prester-John, and the Manteger was a true descendant of the celebrated Hanniman the Magnificent. Sir, said Mr. Randal (for that was the name of the Master of the Show) the whole World cannot match these prodigies: twice have I sail'd round the Globe; these feet have travers'd the most remote and barbarous nations; and I can with conscience affirm, that not all the Desarts of the four Quarters of the Earth furnish out a more compleat sett of Animals than what are contain'd within these walls. Friend, (answer'd Martin) bold is thy Assertion, and wonderful is the knowledge of a Traveller. But did'st thou ever risque thy self among the * Scythian Cannibals, or those wild men of Abarimon, who walk with their feet backwards? hast thou ever seen the Sciopi, so called because when laid supine, they shelter themselves from the Sun-beams with the shadow of their feet? canst thou procure me a Troglo-

* Pliny lib. 7. cap. 2.

dyte footman, who can catch a Roe at his full speed? hast thou ever beheld those Illyrian damsels who have two sights in one eye, whose looks are poisonous to males that are adult? hast thou ever measur'd the gigantick Ethiopian, whose stature is above eight cubits high, or the sesquipedalian Pigmey? hast thou ever seen any of the Cynocephali, who have the head and voice of a Dog, and whose † milk is the only true specifick for Consumptions? Sir (reply'd Mr. Randal) all these have I beheld, upon my honour, and many more which are set forth in my Journal: As for your dog-fac'd men, they are no other than what stands before you; that is naturally the fiercest, but by art the tameſt Manteger in the world. That word (replies Martin) is a corruption of the || Mantichora of the Ancients, the most noxious Animal that ever infested the earth; who had a Sting above a cubit long, and would attack a rank of armed men at once, flinging his poisonous darts several miles around him. Canst thou inform me whether the Boars grunt in Macedonia? Canst thou give me a Certificate that the Lions in Africa are afraid of the scolding of Women? hast thou ever heard the sagacious Hyæna counterfeit the voice of a shepherd, imitate the vomiting of a man to draw the dogs together, and ev'n call a shepherd by his proper name? Your Crocodile is but a small one, but you ought to have brought with him the bird Trochilos that picks his teeth after dinner, at which the silly animal is so pleas'd, that he gapes wide enough to give the Ichneumon, his mortal enemy, an entrance into his belly. Your modern Ostriches are dwindled to meer Larks in comparison with those of the Ancients; theirs were equal in stature to a man on horseback. Alas! we have lost the chaste bird Porphyrio! the whole Race was destroy'd by Women, because they discover'd the infidelity of wives to their husbands. The Merops too is now no where to be found, the only bird that flew backward by the tail. But say, canst thou inform me, what Dialect of the Greek is spoken by the birds of Diomedes' Island? for it is from them only we can learn the true pronunciation of that ancient language—Mr. Randal made no satisfactory answer to these demands, but harangued chiefly upon modern Monsters, and seem'd willing to confine his instances to the Animals of his own collection, pointing to each of them in order with his Rod.

† Pliny 16.

Pliny lib. 11. cap. 51.

Ælian lib. 3. cap. 42.

|| Ælian lib. 4. cap. 2.

Pliny lib. 8. cap. 30.

Ælian lib. 1. cap. 49.

lib. 8. cap. 25.

Ælian lib. 1. cap. 2.

After Martin had satisfy'd his curiosity here, he was conducted into another Apartment. Just at the entrance of the door appear'd a Negroe Prince. His habiliments bespoke him royal; his head was crown'd with the feather of an Ostrich, his fable feet and legs were interlaced with Purple and Gold, spangled with the Diamonds of Cornwall, and the precious stones of Bristol. Though his stature was of the lowest, yet he behav'd himself with such an Air of Grandeur, as gave evident tokens of his Regal Birth and Education. He was mounted upon the least Palfrey in the Universe; a Palfrey whose natural Beauty stood not in need of those various colour'd Ribbons which braided his Mane, and were interwoven with his Tail. Again the chrystal Clarion sounded, and after several courteous speeches between the black Prince and Martin, our youthful Philosopher walk'd into the midst of the room, to bless his sight with the most beautiful Curiosity of Nature. On a sudden enter'd at another door the two Bohemian Sisters, whose common parts of Generation, had so closely ally'd them, that Nature seem'd here to have conspired with Fortune, that their lives should run in an eternal Parallel.

The Sun had twice eight times perform'd his annual course, since their Mother brought them into the world with double pangs. Lindamira's eyes were of a lively blue; Indamora's were black and piercing. Lindamira's cheeks might rival the blush of the morning; in Indamora the Lilly overcame the Rose. Lindamira's tresses were of the paler Gold, while the locks of Indamora were black and glossy as the Plumes of a Raven.

How great is the power of Love in human breasts! In vain has the Wise man recourse to his Reason, when the insinuating Arrow touches his heart, and the pleasing Poison is diffused through his veins. But then how violent, how transporting must that passion prove, where not only the Fire of Youth, but the unquenchable Curiosity of a Philosopher, pitch'd upon the same object! For how much soever our Martin was enamour'd on her as a beautiful Woman, he was infinitely more ravish'd with her as a charming Monster. What wonder then, if his gentle Spirit, already humaniz'd by a polite Education to receive all soft impressions, and fired by the sight of those beauties so lavishly expos'd to his view, should prove unable to resist at once so pleasing a Passion, and so amiable a Phenomenon?

Martin, who felt the true emotions of Love, blush'd that the Object of his flame should be so openly prostituted to vulgar eyes. And though he had been permitted to peruse her most secret charms, yet his honourable passion was so strong, that it ran into the extreme of bashfulness; so that at the first interview he made no Overtures of his Love. Pensive he return'd, and flinging himself on his Couch, pass'd away the tedious hours of the night in the utmost Inquietude. The rushy Taper afforded a glimm'ring light, by which he contemplated the tender lines of Ovid; but alas! his Remedy of Love was no cure for our unhappy Lover's Anxiety! He closed the amorous volume, sigh'd, and casting his eyes around on the Books that adorned his room, broke forth in this pathetic Apostrophe.

O ye Spirits of Antiquity, who yet live in those sacred leaves! why do I make you conscious of my shame? Yet why should I depreciate the noble Passion of Love, and call it Shame? your Heroes have felt it, your Poets and Orators have prais'd it. Were I enamour'd on some gaudy Virgin, did I doat on vulgar Perfection, the Lustre of an Eye, or the Rose of a Cheek; with reason might I blush before you, most learned Inquisitors into Nature! most reverend Pliny, Ælian, and Aldrovandus! Yet sure you cannot disapprove of this, which is no wanton Passion, but excited by so unparallel'd a Production; a flame, that may not only justify itself to the Severity of a Philosopher, but even to the Avarice of a Parent; since she who causes it carries a most plentiful Fortune in the sole Exhibition of her person. Heavens! how I wonder at the Stupidity of mankind, who can affix the opprobrious Name of Monstrosity to what is only Variety of Beauty, and a Profusion of generous Nature? If there are charms in one face, one mouth, one body; if there are charms in two eyes, two breasts, two arms; are they not all redoubled in the Object of my Passion? What tho' she be the common Gaze of the multitude, and is follow'd about by the stupid and ignorant; does she not herein resemble the greatest Princes, and the greatest Beauties? only with this difference, that her Admirers are more numerous, and more lasting.

Thus sigh'd he away the melancholy Night; but no sooner had Aurora, with blushes in her cheeks (as conscious that she was just risen from the embraces of Tithon) advanc'd through the purple gates of the east, but Martin rose: He rose indeed, but Melancholy, the companion of his slumbers, rose and

wak'd with him. This was the first day that he amused himself with the gaudy Ornaments of the body; that with secret pleasure he contemplated his Face, and the symmetry of his limbs in a looking-glass. And now forsaking his solitary apartment, he walked directly to the habitation that confin'd the Object of his desires. But as it is observ'd that the Curious never wander into the City to indulge their thirst of knowledge 'till about the hours of eleven or twelve; the Morning has ever been the season of Repose for all those Animals, who (trapp'd by the frauds of Men) have been oblig'd to change their Woods and Wildernesses for Lodgings in Cities at the rate of four shillings a week. Therefore Martin at this early hour was neither saluted by the sound of the Trumpet, nor were his eyes feasted as before with the pleasing picture of his Mistress; but he walked to and fro before the door with folded arms, from the hour of five to eleven, humming in a low and melancholy tune.

The Trumpet no sooner sounded, but his heart leapt for joy, and a second six-pence gain'd him a second admittance into her apartment. Yet this day also, he only own'd his Passion in the language of his Eyes: But alas! this language is only understood by those that love, and Lindamira remain'd still ignorant of his Passion.

In the mean time it was no small cause of wonder to Mr. Randal, that this Gentleman should come every day to behold the same show. He, no less covetous than the Guardian of a rich Heiress, entertain'd a suspicion that Martin had a design of stealing the Ladies. He thereupon issued out strict Orders, not to admit our Lover on any pretence whatsoever. What Torments must this occasion in the raging fever of Love! Martin had now recourse to Stratagem, and by a Bribe (which often even the Ermine and Scarlet Robe cannot resist) gain'd the Dwarf who kept the gates of the Show-room, to promote his Amour. He promis'd to convey a Letter to Lindamira the same evening, if he would bring it him when darkness favour'd his design, at the apartment next the Monsters. Martin overjoy'd, hasted home, and after having consulted all the Authors that treat of Love, compos'd his Billet-doux, and at the time appointed went to entrust it to the hands of his Confidant. Softly he stole up stairs, approach'd the door, and gave a gentle rap; when on a sudden a small hand was thrust through a little hole at the bottom of the door, whence issued an

unintelligible, squeaking voice. Martin concluding it to be the Signal, delivered his Epistle, and made his retreat unobserv'd. He was no sooner retir'd, but Mr. Randal enter'd, and (as it was his usual custom before he went to bed) took a view if all were safe in the Show-room. At his coming in, he saw his Monkey exceedingly busy in picking the Seal-wax by little bits from a Letter, which he turn'd over and over with infinite satisfaction. Mr. Randal, not thinking it a breach of honour to pry into the secrets of his own family, took the Letter from him, and read as follows.

To the most amiable LINDAMIRA,

WHile others, O darling of Nature, look upon thee with the eyes of Curiosity, I behold thee with those of Love. Since I have been struck with thy most astonishing Charms, how have I call'd upon Nature to make a new head, new arms, and a new body to sprout from this single Trunk of mine, and to double every member, so to render me a proper Mate for so lovely a Pair! but think to how little purpose it will be for thee to stay till Nature shall form another of thy kind! In such beauties she exhausts her whole art, and cannot afford to be prodigal. Ages must be numbred, nay perhaps some Comet may vitrify this Globe on which we tread, before we behold a Castor and a Pollux resembling the beauteous Lindamira and Indamora. Nature forms her wonders for the Wise, and such a Master-piece she could design for none but a Philosopher. Cease then to display those beauties to the prophane Vulgar, which were created to crown the desires of

Your Passionate Admirer,

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

The Dwarf enter'd as he was reading the Letter, and perceiving his Master mov'd with passion, immediately fell on his knees and confess'd the whole affair. Mr. Randal bent on revenge, caused him to hasten to Martin's house, with assurances that Lindamira had read his Letter with infinite satisfaction, and conjured him that he would immediately favour her escape. Martin over-

joy'd at the news, flew thither on the Wings of Love. The perfidious Dwarf conducted him up stairs in the dark, gently open'd the door, and bad him enter. How happy was Martin in that instant, who thought of nothing but leaping into the four soft arms of his Mistress! when lo, on a sudden he saw at the further end of the Room two glittering balls of Fire, which roll'd to and fro in a most terrible manner. Immediately his ears were invaded with horrid hissings and spittings, the balls of Fire drew nearer him, and the noise redoubled as he approach'd. Our Philosopher bold and resolute with love, ventur'd towards it; when all at once he perceiv'd something grasp him hard by the throat, and fix as it were sharp lancets in his cheek, so that blood trickled amain down his chin. Thrice Martin essay'd to free himself, but vain were all his endeavours: till at length, to save his life, he was forced to betray his Intrigue, and alarm the house with reiterated cries of Murder. The apartment of the Bohemian Beauties being the adjoining Room, they were the first that enter'd with a light to his assistance. Martin all bloody as he was, a most fierce Cat-a-mountain hanging at his chin, (which Mr. Randal had maliciously plac'd there on purpose) at the sight of Lindamira forgot his distress. Ah, my Love! (he cry'd) how like is thy fate to that of Thisbe! who staying but a moment too late, found, as she thought, her miserable Lover torn in pieces by a Savage beast! The affrighted Damsels shriek'd aloud, Mr. Randal with all his Retinue rush'd into the room, and now every hand conspired to free his under-jaw from the sharp teeth of the enraged-Monster. But the Lady, whose heart melted at the piteous Spectacle, was so zealous in this office of Humanity, that the Cat-a-mountain, provok'd at her good-natur'd diligence, leap'd furiously on her, and wounded three of her hands and her two noses, to such a barbarous degree that she was not fit to be shown publicly for the space of three weeks. The generous Lover, more wounded at this Spectacle than at all the scratches he had himself receiv'd, charg'd the monster again with the utmost Intrepidity, and rescued his mangled Mistress. Then (having taken her by the hand, and given it a gentle grasp) he retreated with his eye fixed upon her, and just as he left the room (in a low and tender Accent) thus breath'd forth his Soul. "Be-hold, all this have I suffer'd for you."

Such, and so modest was the first Declaration of Love, made on this eminent occasion by our youthful Philosopher. Nor was it ungently receiv'd by the

simple and innocent Lindamira; who hitherto unus'd to the soft Protections of adoring Slaves, had rather been wonder'd at than belov'd; and received but imperfect notions of that tender language, from the Addresses only of the black Prince or the Dwarf.

Martin, notwithstanding this unfortunate adventure, still pursued his wishes. His Letters were now no more intercepted. Lindamira read them, and behav'd like other courteous dames when they receive those amorous Testimonials; conceal'd them from her Guardian, and return'd the most engaging answers. In short, she was so far captivated, as to resolve no longer to be gaz'd at like a publick Beauty in her own Assembly; but retire from the world, and become the virtuous Mistress of a Family.

But Fate had so ordain'd, that Martin was not more enamoured on Lindamira, than Indamora was on Martin. She, jealous that her Sister had the greatest share in this conquest, resented that an equal application had not been made to herself. She seiz'd Lindamira to such a degree on this subject, as made her promise to see Martin no more. But then again might Indamora be deem'd the unhappiest of Women, whom her Passion and Imprudence had robb'd of the sight of her Lover. Yet shame caused her to conceal those anxieties from her Sister. And let the Reader judge how unhappy the Nymph must be, who was even depriv'd the universal Relief of a *Soliloquy*. However, thus she thought, without being allow'd to tell it to any Grove or purling Stream.

Wretched Indamora! if Lindamira must never more see Martin, Martin shall never again bless the eyes of Indamora: Yet why do I say wretched? since my Rival can never possess my Lover without me. The pangs that others feel in Absence, from the thought of those Joys that bless their Rivals, can never sting thy bosom; nor can they mortify thee by making thee a Witness, without giving thee at the same time a share, of their Endearments. Change then thy proceeding, Indamora; thy Jealousy must act a new and unheard-of part, and promote the interest of thy Rival, as the only way to the enjoyment of thy Lover.

From that moment she studied by all methods to advance her Sister's Amour, and in that her own. And thus there appeared in these three Lovers as extraordinary a Conjunction of Passions as of Persons: Love had reconcil'd himself to his mortal foes, to Philosophy in Martin, and to Jealousy in Indamora.

And now flourish'd the Amour of Martin; Success even prevented his wishes; the Marriage was agreed on, and the day appointed. Sunday was the time when Mr. Randal's Absence favour'd their hopes, who never on that day, omitted taking the fresh air in the fields: The key of the door he always took with him. *Crambe* was ready laid at a convenient distance, who accommodated them with a ladder of ropes. The ladder was thrown up, and the Signal given at the window. *Lindamira* hasten'd to the Alarm of Love, when behold a new Disaster! As she was getting out of the window, the weight of her body on one side, and that of *Indamora's* on the other, unluckily caused them to stick in the midway: *Lindamira* hung with her coats stript up to the navel without, and *Indamora* in no less immodest posture within. The *Manteger*, who for his gentleness was allowed to walk at large in the house, was so heighten'd at this sight, that he rush'd upon *Indamora* like a barbarous Ravisher. *Indamora* cry'd aloud for help. *Martin* flew to revenge this insolent attempt, of a Rape on his wedding-day. The lustful Monster, driv'n from our double *Lucrece*, fled into the middle of the room, pursued by the valorous and indignant *Martin*. Three times the hot *Manteger*, frighted at the furious menaces of his Antagonist, made a circle round the chamber, and three times the swift-footed *Martin* pursued him. He caught up the *Horn* of a *Unicorn*, which lay ready for the entertainment of the curious spectator, and brandishing it over his head in airy circles, hurl'd it against the hairy son of *Hanniman*; who wrinkling his brown forehead, and gnashing his teeth in indignation, stoop'd low: The horny *Lance* just rais'd his left shoulder, and stuck into the tapestry hangings. Provok'd at this, the grinning Offspring of *Hanniman* caught up the pointed *Horn* of an *Antelope*, and aim'd a blow against his undismay'd Adversary. Our heroic Lover, who held his hat before him like a shield, receiv'd the weapon full on the Crown; it pierc'd the beaver, and gave a small rent to his breeches. Then the human Champion flung with mighty violence the hinder foot of an *Elk*, which hit the bestial Combatant full on the nether jaw. He reel'd, but soon recovering, and his skill in war lying rather in the close fight than in projectile weapons, he endeavour'd to close with him: Forthwith assailing him behind unawares, he clamber'd up his back, and pluck'd up by the roots a mighty grasp of hair — but *Martin* soon dismounted him, and kept him at a distance. Love not only inspired

his breast with Courage, but gave double strength to his Sinews; he heav'd up the *band* of a prodigious *Sea-Monster*; which when the chattering Champion beheld, he no less furious, wielded the pond'rous *Thigh-bone* of a *Giant*. And now they stood oppos'd to each other, like the dread Captain of the seven-fold Shield and the redoubted Hector. The Thigh-bone miss'd its aim; but the hand of the Sea-Monster descended directly on the head of the Sylvian Ravisher. The Monster chatter'd horrible; he stretch'd his quivering limbs on the floor; and eternal sleep lock'd fast his eyelids.

The Lady from the window, like another Helen from the Trojan wall, was witness of the Combat caused by her own beauty. She saw with what gracefulness her Hero enter'd the Lists, admir'd his activity and courage in the combat, and was a joyful witness of his Triumph: She gave a spring from the window, and with open arms and legs embraced the neck and shoulders of her Champion. Our Philosopher receiv'd her with his face turn'd modestly from her, and in that manner convey'd her into the street. He call'd a Chair with all haste, but no chairman would take her; which oblig'd him to bear his extraordinary burden till he found a Coach, in which he carried her off, and was happily united to her that very evening, by a Reverend Clergyman in the Fleet, in the holy Bands of Matrimony.

CHAP. XV.

Of the strange, and never to be parallel'd Process at Law upon the Marriage of Scriblerus, and the Pleadings of the Advocates.

BUT *Nemesis*, who delights in traversing the best-laid designs of Cupid, maliciously contrived the means to make these three Lovers unhappy. No sooner had the Master of the Show receiv'd notice of their flight, but he seiz'd on the Bohemian Ladies by a *Warrant*; and not content with having recover'd the Possession of them, resolv'd to open all the Sluices of the *Law* upon Martin. So he instantly went to Council to advise upon all possible methods of revenge.

The first point he proceeded on was the *Property* of his Monster, and the question propounded was, (1) "Whether Slaves could marry without the consent of their Master?" To this he was answer'd in the Affirmative, but told at the same time, "That (2) the Marriage did not exempt them from Servitude."

This put him in no small hopes of having Martin added to his *Show*, and acquiring a property in his *Bedily* issue by the Ladies. But his joy was soon dash'd, when he was informed, that since Martin was a Free Man, (3) "The Children must follow the condition of the Father: or, that indeed, if they were to follow that of their Mother, the Case would be the same, there being no slavery in England."

Then his Counsel judg'd it more adviseable to plead for a *Dissolution* of the Marriage, upon the impossibility of Conjugal dues in the Wife. But then the Canon Law allow'd a *Triennial Cohabitation*, which entirely ruin'd this Project also. Besides it was evident by the same Law, that "Monstrosity could not incapacitate from Marriage," witness the Case of Hermaphrodites, who are allow'd "*Facultatem Conjugii*, provided they make Election before the *Parish Priest*, in what sex they will act, and take an Oath never to perform in the other capacity." (1)

It was next consulted whether Martin should not be permitted to take away his Wife? since upon his so doing "he might be sued for a *Rape* upon the body of her Sister, there being plainly the four conditions of a (2) Rape." But then again they consider'd, that Martin might answer he claim'd nothing but his own; and if another person had fix'd herself to his Wife, he must not for that cause be debarr'd the use of his Property.

Yet still, upon the same head of Martin's possessing his spouse, a Suit might be devis'd in the name of Lindamira, on this account; (3) That a Wife was not oblig'd to live with a Concubine, and such her Sister Indamora must be accounted to Martin from the common (4) Proofs." To this too it was reply'd, that the Law order'd the Wife to reside with the Husband if there were suffici-

1 An Servi possint invitis Dominis Matrimonium contrahere?

2 An Servus Matrimonio eximitur a Domini obsequio?

3 An Liberi sequuntur Conditionem Patris, an Matris?

1 Sanchez. Hostiens. Sylvest.

2 Violentia, Causa Libidinis, Transgressio ad Locum, Mulier honesta.

3 Uxor non tenetur vivere cum viro Concubinam tenente.

4 Tactus, amplexus, cohabitatio.

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ent security given to expel the Concubine. So Martin might say he was ready to accomplish his part of the Covenant, if his wife would perform hers, and consent to the (5) Incision. But this being an impossibility on the side of the Wife, it could no way be exacted of the Husband.

At length Mr. Randal, being vex'd to the heart, to have been so long and so quaintly disappointed, determin'd to commence a Suit against Martin for *Bigamy* and *Incest*. Mean while he left no Artifice or Address untry'd to perplex the unhappy Philosopher: He even contriv'd with infinite cunning, to alienate Indamora's affections from him; and debauch'd her into an Intrigue with a Creature, of his own, the black Prince; whom he secretly caus'd to marry her, while her Sister was *asleep*.

Hereupon Martin was reduc'd to turn *Plaintiff*, and commenc'd a Suit in the *Spiritual Court* against the black Prince, for Cohabitation with his said wife. He was advis'd to insist upon a new Point, (viz.) "That Lindamora and Indamora together made up but one lawful wife."

The Monster-master, further to distress Martin, forc'd Lindamira to petition for Aliment, *lite pendente*: which was no sooner allow'd her by the Court, but he oblig'd her to alledge, that "it was not sufficient to maintain both herself and her Sister; and if her Sister perish'd, she could not live with the dead body about her."

Martin now began to repent that he had not executed a resolution he formerly conceiv'd, of marrying *Crambe* to Indamora, as an Expedient to have made all secure. Moreover, it was insisted on, that the other also had a right to Aliment, "because if Martin's Wife should prove with child, the said Sister must necessarily perform the Offices of a wife, in contributing to the Nutrition and Gestation of the said child." A Jury of Physicians being impanel'd, declar'd, that as to Nutrition they were doubtful, whether any blood of Lindamira circulated through Indamora: But as to Gestation, it was evidently true. And upon this, Martin was order'd to allow Aliment to both, the Black Prince appearing *insolvent*.

Then the Court proceeded to the Trial. And as both the Cause and the Pleadings are of an extraordinary Nature, we think fit here to insert them at length.

Dr. Penny-feather thus pleaded for Martinus Scriblerus the Plaintiff.

5 *An Uxor tenetur Incisionem pati?* Sanchez de Matrimonio.

DR. PENNY-FEATHER.

"I appear before your Honour in behalf of Martinus Scriblerus, Batchelor of
 "Phyſick, in a Complaint againſt Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, commonly call'd the
 "black Prince of Monopotapa; Inaſmuch as the ſaid Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw,
 "hath maliciously, forcibly, and unlawfully ſeiz'd, raviſh'd, and detain'd Lin-
 "damira-Indamora, the wife of the ſaid Martin, and the body of the ſaid
 "Lindamira-Indamora, from time to time ever ſince, hath wickedly, leudly,
 "and indecently uſ'd, handled, and evil entreated. And in order to make this
 "his Villany more laſting, hath preſum'd to marry this Our Wife, pretending
 "to give his wickedneſs the Sanction of a Law. And forasmuch as the Adulterer
 "doth not deny the fact, but inſiſts upon his ſaid Marriage as lawful, we
 "cannot open the Caſe more plainly to your Honour, than by answering his
 "Reaſons, which indeed, to mention, is to confute.

"He maintains no leſs an abſurdity than this, that *One* is *Two*; and that
 "Lindamira-Indamora, the individual wife of the Plaintiff, is not one, but two
 "Perſons: And that the ſaid Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw is not marry'd to Lindamira,
 "the wife of the ſaid Martin, but to his own lawful wife Indamora, another
 "individual Perſon diſtinct from the ſaid Lindamira, tho' join'd to her by a
 "ſtrong Ligament of Nature.

In answer whereunto, we ſhall prove three things: "*Fiſt*, that the ſaid Lin-
 "damira-Indamora, now our lawful wife, makes but one individual Perſon.

"*Secondly*, that if they made two individual perſons, yet they conſtitute
 "but one wife.

"*Thirdly*, that ſuppoſing they made two individual perſons, and two wives,
 "each lawfully marry'd to her own husband, yet Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw hath
 "no right to detain Lindamira our lawfully wedded wife, on pretence of being
 "marry'd to Indamora.

As to the fiſt point: "It will be neceſſary to determine the *conſtituent Prin-*
 "*ciple* and *Effence* of *Individuality*, which in reſpect of mankind, we take to
 "be one ſimple identical ſoul, in one ſimple identical body. The individua-
 "lity, ſameneſs, or identity of the body, is not determin'd (as ſome vainly
 "imagine) by one head, and a certain number of arms, legs, and other mem-
 "bers; but in one ſimple, ſingle *auſe*, or member of Generation.

"Let us search Profane History, and we shall find Geryon with three
 "heads, and Briareus with an hundred hands. Let us search Sacred History,
 "and we meet with one of the sons of the Giants with six Fingers to each
 "Hand, and six Toes to each Foot; yet none never accounted Geryon or
 "Briareus more than one Person: and give us leave to say, the wife of the
 "said Geryon would have had a good Action against any women who should have
 "espous'd themselves to the two other heads of that Monarch. The Reason
 "is plain; because each of these having but one simple *auditor*, or one Mem-
 "ber of Generation, could be look'd upon but as one single person.

"In conformity to this, when we behold this one member, we distinguish
 "the Sex, and pronounce it a *Man*, or a *Woman*; or, as the Latins express it,
 "*unus Vir, una Mulier, une Homme, une Femme, One Man, One Woman*. For
 "the same Reason Man and Wife are said to be one Flesh, because united in
 "that part which constitutes the Sameness and Individuality of each sex.

"And as where there is but one Member of Generation, there is but one
 "body, so there can be but one Soul; because the said organ of Generation is
 "the Seat of the Soul; and consequently where there is but one such Organ,
 "there can be but one Soul. Let me here say without injury to truth, that
 "no Philosopher, either of the past or present age, hath taken more pains to
 "discover where the Soul keeps her residence, than the Plaintiff, the learned
 "Martinus Scriblerus: And after his most diligent enquiries and Experiments,
 "he hath been verily persuaded, that the Organ of Generation is the true
 "and only *Seat of the Soul*. That this part is seated in the middle, and near
 "the Center of the whole body, is obvious to your Honour's view. From
 "thence, like the Sun in the Center of the world, the Soul dispenses her
 "warmth and vital influence: Let the brain glory in the Wisdom of the aged,
 "the Science of the learned, the Policy of the statesman, and the Invention
 "of the witty; the accidental Amusements and Emanations of the Soul, and
 "mortal as the Possessors of them! It is to the Organs of Generation that we
 "owe Man himself; there the Soul is employ'd in works suitable to the Dig-
 "nity of her Nature, and (as we may say) sits brooding over ages yet un-
 "born.

"We need not tell your Honour, that it has been the opinion of many
 "most learned Divines and Philosophers, that the Soul, as well as Body, is

"produc'd *Ex Traduce*. This doctrine has been defended by arguments irre-
 "fragable, and accounts for difficulties, without it, inexplicable. All which
 "arguments conclude with equal strength, for the Soul's being seated in the
 "Organs of Generation. For since the whole man, both Soul and body, is
 "there form'd, and since nothing can operate but where it is, it follows that
 "the Soul must reside in that individual place, where she exerts her generative
 "and plastick Powers.

"This our Doctrine is confirm'd by all those Experiments, which conspire
 "to prove the absolute Dominion which that part hath over the whole body.
 "We see how many Women, who are deaf to the persuasions of the Elo-
 "quent, the insinuations of the Crafty, and the threats of the Imperious, are
 "easily govern'd by some poor Logger-head, unfurnish'd with the least art,
 "but that of making immediate application to this *Seat of the Soul*. The im-
 "pressions made by the Ear are so distant, and transmitted thro' so many wind-
 "ings, that they lose their Energy: But your Honour, by immediately apply-
 "ing to the Organ of Generation, acts like a bold and wise Petitioner, who
 "goes strait to the *very Throne and Judgment-Seat* of the Monarch.

"And whereas it is objected that here are *two Wills*, and therefore *two dif-*
 "ferent *Persons*; we answer, if Multiplicity of Wills imply'd multiplicity of
 "Persons, there are few Husbands but what are guilty of *Poligamy*, there being
 "in the same Woman great and notorious diversity of Wills: A Point which
 "we shall not need to insist upon before any marry'd person, much less of your
 "Honour's Experience.

"Thus have we made good our first and principal Point; That if the wife
 "of the Plaintiff, Lindamira-Indamora, hath but *one* Organ of Generation, she
 "is but *one individual Person*, in the truest and most proper sense of Individu-
 "ality. And that the matter of Fact is so, we are willing to put upon a fair
 "Trial by a Jury of Matrons, whom your Honour shall think fit to nominate
 "and appoint, to inspect the body of the said Lindamira-Indamora.

"*Secondly*, we are to prove, that though Lindamira-Indamora were *two in-*
 "dividual Persons, consisting each of a Soul and Body, yet if they have but
 "one Organ of Generation, they can constitute but one wife. For, from whence
 "can the *Unity* of any thing be denominated, but from that which *constitutes*
 "the *Essence* or principle *Use* of it? Thus, if a Knife or hatchet have but one

"blade, though two handles, it will properly be denominated but one Knife,
 "or one hatchet; inasmuch as it hath but one of that which constitutes the
 "Essence or principal Use of a Knife or hatchet. So if there were not only
 "one, but twenty *Supposita Rationalia* with one common Organ of Generati-
 "on, that one System would only make one Wife. Upon the whole, let not
 "a few Heads, Legs, or Arms extraordinary, bias your Honour's Judgment,
 "and deprive the Plaintiff of his legal Property: In which right our Client is
 "so strongly fortify'd, that allowing both the former Propositions to be false,
 "and that there were two Persons, two Bodies, two Rational Souls, yea, and
 "two Organs of Generation, yet would it still be plain in the third place,

"That the Defendant, Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, can have no Right to
 "detain from the Plaintiff, his lawfully wedded *Wife*, Lindamira. For, ab-
 "stracting from the *Priority* of the marriage of our Client, by which it would
 "seem he acquir'd a property in his Wife and *all other Matter inseparably an-*
 "*nex'd unto her*, it is evident Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, by his marriage to
 "Indamora, could never acquire any property in Lindamira; nor can produce
 "any Cause why both of them should live with himself, rather than with the
 "other? Therefore, we humbly hope your Honour will order the body of Our
 "said Wife to be restor'd to us, and due Censure past on the said Ebn Hai-
 "Paw-Waw.

Dr. Penny-feather having thus ended his Pleading, was thus answer'd by

Dr. LEATHERHEAD,

"I will not trouble your Honour with any unnecessary Preamble, or false
 "Colours of Eloquence, which Truth hath no need of, and which would
 "prove too thin a Veil for Falsehood before the penetrating eyes of your Ho-
 "nour. In answer therefore to what our learned brother, Dr. Penny feather
 "hath asserted, we shall labour to demonstrate,

"*First*, That though there were but one Organ of Generation, yet are there
 "two distinct persons.

"*Secondly*, That although there were but one Organ of Generation, so far
 "would it be from giving the Plaintiff any right to the body of Indamora,

"the wife of Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, that it will subject the Plaintiff to the penalty of Incest, or of Bigamy.

"*Thirdly*, we doubt not to prove that the said Lindamira-Indamora hath two distinct parts of Generation.

"And *First* we will show, that neither the individual Essence of mankind, nor the Seat of the Soul, doth reside in the Organ of Generation; and this first from Reason. For unreasonable indeed must it be, to make that the Seat of the Rational Soul, which alone sets us on a level with beasts: or to conceive, that the Essence of Unity and Individuality should consist in that which is the Source of Discord and Division. In a word, what can be a greater absurdity, than to affirm Bestiality to be the Essence of Humanity, Darkness the Center of Light, and Filthiness the Seat of Purity?

"We could from the authority of the most eminent Philosophers of all ages, confirm this our Assertion; few of whom ever had the impudence to degrade this Queen, the Rational Soul, to the very lowest and vilest Apartment, or rather Sink of her whole Palace. But we shall produce still a greater Authority than these, to manifest that personal Individuality did subsist, when there was no such generative Carnality.

"It hath been strenuously maintain'd by many holy Divines (and particularly by Thomas Aquinas) that our first Parents, in the state of Innocence, did in no wise propagate their species after the present common manner of men and beasts: but that the propagation at that time must have been by Intuition, Coalition of Ideas, or some pure and spiritual manner, suitable to the dignity of their station. And though the Sexes were distinguish'd in that State, yet it is plain it was not by parts, such as we have at present; since, if our First Parents had any such, they must have known it: And it is written, that they discover'd them not till after the Fall; when it is probable those parts were the immediate Excrescence of Sin, and only grew forth to render them fitter companions for those Beasts among which they were driven.

"It is a Maxim in Philosophy, that *Generatio unius est Corruptio alterius*: whence it is apparent that the Paradisaical Generation was of a different nature from ours, free from all Corruption and Imbecility. This is further corroborated by the Authority of those Doctors of the Church who have asser-

“ted, that before the Fall, Adam was endow’d with a continual-uninterrupted
 “Faculty of Generation; which can be explain’d of no other than of that
 “*Intuitive Generation* abovesaid: Since it is well known to all, the least skill’d
 “in Anatomy, that the present (male) part of Generation is utterly incapable
 “of this continual Faculty.

“We come now to our *second* point, wherein the Advocate for the Plaintiff
 “asserteth, that if there were two persons, and one Organ of Generation, this
 “System would constitute but one Wife. This will put the Plaintiff still in a
 “worse condition, and render him plainly guilty of Bigamy, Rape, or Incest.
 “For if there be but one such Organ of Generation, then both the persons of
 “Lindamira and Indamora have an equal property in it; and what is Inda-
 “mora’s property cannot be dispos’d of without her consent. We therefore
 “bring the whole to this short issue; whether the Plaintiff *Martinus Scriblerus*
 “had the *Consent* of Indamora, or *not*? If he hath *had* her consent, he is guilty
 “of *Bigamy*; if *not*, he is guilty of a *Rape*, or *Incest*, or *both*.

The Defendant, Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, having been lately baptiz’d,
 “hath with singular modesty abstain’d from Consummation with his said Wife,
 “until he shall be satisfy’d from the opinion of your Honour, his learned Judge,
 “how far in Law and Conscience he may proceed: And therefore he cannot
 “affirm much, nor positively, as to the structure of the Organ of Generation
 “of this his wife Indamora. Yet make we no doubt, that it will upon in-
 “spection appear, that the said Organ is distinct from that of Lindamira:
 “Whereupon we crave to hear the Report of the Jury of Matrons, appoint-
 “ed to inspect the body of the said gentlewoman.

“And if the Matter of Fact be thus, give me your Honour’s permission to
 “repeat what hath been said by the Advocate for the Plaintiff; to wit, that
 “*Martinus Scriblerus*, Batchelor in Physick, by this his Marriage with *Linda-*
 “*mira*, could in no wise, acquire any property in the body of Indamora; nor
 “shew any Cause why this duplicated Wife Lindamira-Indamora, should abide
 “with him, rather than with the Defendant Prince Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw of
 “*Monomotapa*.

The Jury of Matrons having made their Report, and it appearing from
 thence that the Parts of Generation in Lindamira and Indamora were distinct,

the Judge took time to deliberate, and the next Court-Day he spoke to this effect.

GENTLEMEN,

"I am of opinion that Lindamira and Indamora are distinct persons, and that both the Marriages are good and valid: Therefore I order you Martinus Scriblerus, Batchelor in Physick, and you Ebn-Hai-Paw-Waw, Prince of Monomotapa, to cohabit with your wives, and to lie in bed each on the side of his own wife. I hope, Gentlemen, you will seriously consider, that you are under a stricter Tye than common Brothers-in-law; that being, as it were, Joint Proprietors of one common Tenement, you will so behave as good fellow-lodgers ought to do, and with great modesty each to his respective sister-in-law, abstaining from all further Familiarities than what Conjugal Duties do naturally oblige you to. Consider also by how small limits the Duty and the Trespass is divided, lest while ye discharge the duty of Matrimony, ye heedlessly slide into the sin of Adultery."

This Sentence pleas'd neither Party; and Martin appeal'd from the Consistory to the Court of Arches; but they confirm'd the Sentence of the Consistory.

It was at last brought before a Commission of Delegates; who, having weigh'd the Case, revers'd the Sentence of the inferiour Courts, and disannull'd the marriage, upon the following Reasons: "That allowing the manner of Cohabitation enjoin'd to be practicable, (though highly inconvenient) yet the *Jus petendi & reddendi Debitum conjugale* being at all times equal in both husbands and both wives, and at the same time impossible in more than one; Two persons could not have a Right to the entire possession of the same thing, at the same time; nor could one so enjoy his property, as to debar another from the use of his, who has an equal right. So much as to the *Debitum petendi*, and as to the *Debitum reddendi, nemo tenetur ad impossibile*." Therefore the Lords, with great Wisdom, dissolv'd both Marriages, as proceeding upon a natural, as well as legal Absurdity.

CHAP. XVI.

Of the Secession of Martinus, and some Hint of his Travels.

THIS affair being thus unhappily terminated, and become the whole Talk of the Town; Martinus, unable to support the Affliction, as well as to avoid the many disagreeable Consequences, resolv'd to quit the Kingdom.

But we must not here neglect to mention, that during the whole Course of this Process, his continual Attendance on the Courts in his own Cause, and his invincible Curiosity for all that pass in the Causes of others, gave him a wonderful insight into this Branch of Learning, which must be confest to have been so improved by the Moderns, as beyond all comparison to exceed the Ancients. From the day his first Bill was filed, he began to collect *Reports*; and before his Suit was ended, he had time abundantly sufficient to compile a very considerable Volume. His Anger at his ill success caus'd him to destroy the greatest part of these *Reports*; and only to preserve such, as discover'd most of the Chicanery and Futility of the practice. These we have some hopes to recover, if they were only mislaid at his Removal; if not, the world will be enough instructed to lament the loss, by the only one now publick, viz. *The Case of Stradling and Stiles, in an Action concerning certain black and white Horses.*

We cannot wonder that he contracted a violent Aversion to the *Law*, as is evident from a whole Chapter of his Travels. And perhaps his Disappointment gave him also a Disinclination to the *Fair Sex*, for whom on some occasions he does not express all the Respect and Admiration possible. This doubtless must be the Reason, that in no part of his Travels we find him belov'd by any *strange Princess*; nor have we the least account that he ever relaps'd into this Passion, except what is mention'd in the Introduction, of the *Spanish Lady's Phenomenon.*

It was in the year 1699 that Martin set out on his Travels. Thou wilt

certainly be very curious to know what they were? It is not yet time to inform thee. But what hints I am at liberty to give, I will.

Thou shalt know then, that in his first Voyage he was carry'd by a prosperous Storm, to a Discovery of the Remains of the ancient *Pygmean* Empire.

That in his second, he was as happily shipwreck'd on the Land of the *Giants*, now the most humane people in the world.

That in his third Voyage, he discover'd a whole Kingdom of *Philosophers*, who govern by the *Mathematicks*; with whose admirable Schemes and Projects he return'd to benefit his own dear Country, but had the misfortune to find them rejected by the envious Ministers of *Queen Anne*, and himself sent treacherously away.

And hence it is, that in his fourth Voyage he discovers a Vein of Melancholy proceeding almost to a Disgust of his Species; but above all, a mortal Detestation to the whole flagitious Race of *Ministers*, and a final Resolution not to give in any *Memorial* to the *Secretary of State*, in order to subject the Lands he discover'd to the *Crown of Great Britain*.

Now if, by these hints, the Reader can help himself to a further discovery of the Nature and Contents of these Travels, he is welcome to as much light as they afford him; I am oblig'd by all the ties of honour not to speak more openly.

But if any man shall ever see such very extraordinary Voyages, into such very extraordinary Nations, which manifest the most distinguishing marks of a Philosopher, a Politician, and a Legislator; and can imagine them to belong to a *Surgeon of a Ship*, or a *Captain of a Merchant-man*, let him remain in his Ignorance.

And whoever he be, that shall further observe, in every page of such a book, that cordial *Love of Mankind*, that inviolable *Regard to Truth*, that *Passion* for his dear Country, and that particular attachment to the excellent Princess *Queen Anne*; surely that man deserves to be pity'd, if by all those visible Signs and Characters, he cannot distinguish and acknowledge the Great *Scriblerus*.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the Discoveries and Works of the Great Scriblerus, made and to be made, written and to be written, known and unknown.

AND here it seems but natural, to lament the unfortunate End of the Amour of our Philosopher. But the Historian of these Memoirs on the contrary cries out, "Happy, thrice happy day! which dissolved the Marriage of the great Scriblerus! let it be celebrated in every language, learned and unlearned! let the Latin, the Greek, the Arabian, the Coptic; let all the Tongues of many-languag'd men, nay of Animals, be employ'd to resound it! since to this we owe such immense discoveries, not only of Oceans, Continents, Islands, with all their Inhabitants, minute, gigantick, mortal, and immortal; but those yet more enlarged and astonishing Views, of worlds philosophical, physical, moral, intelligible, and unintelligible!"

Here therefore, at this great Period, we end our first Book. And here, O Reader, we entreat thee utterly to forget all thou hast hitherto read, and to cast thy eyes only forward, to that boundless Field the next shall open unto thee; the fruits of which (if thine, or our sins do not prevent) are to spread and multiply over this our work, and over all the face of the Earth.

In the mean time, know what thou owest, and what thou yet may'st owe, to this excellent Person, this Prodigy of our Age; who may well be called *The Philosopher of Ultimate Causes*, since by a Sagacity peculiar to himself, he hath discover'd Effects in their very Cause; and without the trivial helps of Experiments, or Observations, hath been the Inventor of most of the modern Systems and Hypotheses.

He hath enrich'd Mathematicks with many precise and Geometrical *Quadratures of the Circle*. He first discover'd the *Cause of Gravity*, and the intestine *Motion of Fluids*.

To him we owe all the observations on the *Parallax of the Pole-Star*, and all the new *Theories of the Deluge*.

He it was, that first taught the right use sometimes of the *Fuga Vacui*, and

sometimes of the *Materia Subtilis*, in resolving the grand Phænomena of Nature.

He it was, that first found out the *Palpability of Colours*; and by the delicacy of his Touch, could distinguish the different Vibrations of the heterogeneous Rays of Light.

His were the Projects of *Perpetuum Mobiles*, *Flying Engines*, and *Pacing Saddles*; the Method of discovering the *Longitude*, by *Bomb-Vessels*, and of increasing the *Trade-Wind* by vast plantations of *Reeds* and *Sedges*.

I shall mention only a few of his Philosophical and Mathematical Works.

1. A compleat Digest of the Laws of Nature, with a Review of those that are obsolete or repealed, and of those that are ready to be renew'd and put in force.

2. A Mechanical Explication of the Formation of the Universe, according to the Epicurean Hypothesis.

3. An Investigation of the Quantity of real Matter in the Universe, with the proportion of the specifick Gravity of solid Matter to that of fluid.

4. Microscopical Observations of the Figure and Bulk of the constituent Parts of all fluids. A Calculation of the proportion in which the Fluids of the earth decrease, and of the period in which they will be totally exhausted.

5. A Computation of the Duration of the Sun, and how long it will last before it be burn'd out.

6. A Method to apply the Force arising from the immense Velocity of *Light* to mechanical purposes.

7. An answer to the question of a curious Gentleman; How long a *New Star* was lighted up before its appearance to the Inhabitants of our earth? To which is subjoin'd a Calculation, how much the Inhabitants of the *Moon* eat for Supper, considering that they pass a Night equal to fifteen of our natural days.

8. A Demonstration of the natural Dominion of the Inhabitants of the Earth over those of the Moon, if ever an intercourse should be open'd between them. With a Proposal of a *Partition-Treaty*, among the earthly Potentates, in case of such discovery.

9. Tide-Tables, for a Comet, that is to approximate towards the Earth.

10. The Number of the Inhabitants of London determin'd by the Reports of the Gold-finders, and the Tonnage of their Carriages; with allowance for the extraordinary quantity of the *Ingesta* and *Egesta* of the people of England, and a deduction of what is left under dead walls, and dry ditches.

It will from hence be evident, how much all his Studies were directed to the universal Benefit of Mankind. Numerous have been his Projects to this end, of which *Two* alone will be sufficient to show the amazing Grandeur of his Genius. The first was a Proposal, by a general contribution of all Princes, to pierce the first crust or *Nucleus* of this our *Earth*, quite through, to the next concentrical Sphere: The advantage he propos'd from it was, to find the *Parallax* of the *Fixt Stars*; but chiefly to refute Sir Isaac Newton's Theory of *Gravity*, and Mr. Halley's of the *Variations*. The second was, to build *Two Poles* to the *Meridian*, with immense Light-houses on the top of them; to supply the defect of Nature, and to make the Longitude as easy to be calculated as the Latitude. Both these he could not but think very practicable, by the Power of all the Potentates of the World.

May we presume after these to mention, how he descended from the sublime to the beneficial parts of Knowledge, and particularly his extraordinary practice of *Physick*. From the Age, Complexion, or Weight of the person given, he contrived to prescribe at a distance, as well as at a Patient's bed-side. He taught the way to many modern Physicians, to cure their Patients by *Intuition*, and to others to cure *without looking on them at all*. He projected a *Menstruum* to dissolve the Stone, made of Dr. Woodward's *Universal Deluge water*. His also was the device to relieve Consumptive or Asthmatick persons by bringing fresh Air out of the Country to Town, by pipes of the nature of the Recipients of Air-pumps: And to introduce the Native air of a man's country into any other in which he should travel, with a seasonable Intromission of such Streams as were most familiar to him; to the inexpressible comfort of many Scotsmen, Laplanders, and white Bears.

In *Physiognomy*, his penetration is such, that from the *Picture* only of any person, he can write his *Life*; and from the features of the Parents, draw the Portrait of any Child that is to be born.

Nor hath he been so enrapt in these Studies, as to neglect the Polite Arts

of Painting, Architecture, Musick, Poetry, &c. It was he that gave the first hint to our modern *Painters*, to improve the *Eikeness* of their Portraits by the use of such *Colours* as would faithfully and constantly accompany the *Life*, not only in its present state, but in all its alterations, decays, age, and death itself.

In *Architecture*, he builds not with so much regard to present symmetry or conveniency, as with a Thought well worthy a true lover of Antiquity, to wit, the noble effect the Building will have to posterity, when it shall fall and become a Ruin.

As to *Musick*, I think Heidegger has not the face to deny that he has been much beholden to his Scores.

In *Poetry*, he hath appear'd under a hundred different names, of which we may one day give a Catalogue.

In *Politicks*, his Writings are of a peculiar Cast, for the most part Ironical, and the Drift of them often so delicate and refin'd as to be mistaken by the vulgar. He once went so far as to write a Persuasive to people to eat their own Children, which was so little understood as to be taken in ill part. He has often written against *Liberty* in the name of *Freeman* and *Algernoon Sydney*, in vindication of the Measures of *Spain* under that of *Raleigh*, and in praise of *Corruption* under those of *Cato*, and *Publicola*.

It is true, that at his last departure from England, in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, apprehending lest any of these might be perverted to the Scandal of the weak, or Encouragement of the flagitious, he cast them all, without mercy, into a Bog-house near *St. James's*. Some however have been with great diligence recover'd, and fish'd up with a hook and line by the Ministerial Writers, which make at present the great Ornaments of their works.

Whatever he judg'd beneficial to Mankind, he constantly communicated (not only during his stay among us, but ever since his absence) by some method or other in which Ostentation had no part. With what incredible Modesty he conceal'd himself, is known to numbers of those to whom he address'd sometimes Epistles, sometimes Hints, sometimes whole Treatises, Advices to Friends, Projects to First Ministers, Letters to Members of Parliament, Accounts to the Royal Society, and innumerable others.

All these will be vindicated to the true Author, in the Course of these Me-

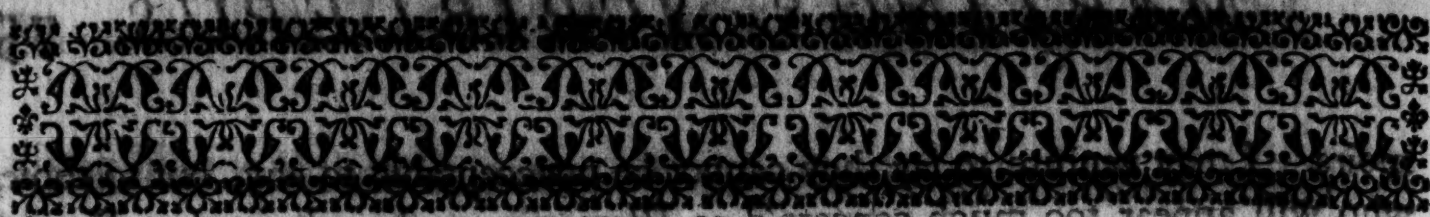
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moirs. I may venture to say they cannot be unacceptable to any, but to those, who will appear too much concern'd as *Plagiaries*, to be admitted as *Judges*. Wherefore we warn the publick, to take particular notice of all such as manifest any indecent Passion at the appearance of this Work, as Persons most certainly involved in the Guilt.

The END of the

MEMOIRS of FIRSBOK.

- INTRODUCTION to the READER.
- Chap. 1. Of the Parentage and Family of Scriblerus, how he was begot, what care was taken of him before he was born, and what Prodiges attended his Birth.
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MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.
T R A C T S

OF

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.
MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS:

P O E M S
And other

Printed in the Year 1727.
Miscellaneous P I E C E S.

T R A C T S

OF

MARTINUS SCRIPTURAS

And other

Miscellaneous PIECES.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ:

O R,

Of the Art of SINKING in

P O E T R Y.

Written in the Year 1727.

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MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ

OR

Of the Art of Sinking in

P O E T R Y.

Written in the Year 1727.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

Π Ε Ρ Ι Β Α Ο Ο Υ Σ.

CHAP. I.

IT hath been long (my dear Countrymen) the subject of my concern and surprize, that whereas numberless Poets, Critics, and Orators have compiled and digested the Art of ancient Poesy, there hath not arisen among us one person so publick-spirited, as to perform the like for the Modern. Altho' it is universally known, that our every-way industrious Moderns, both in the Weight of their writings, and in the Velocity of their judgments, do so infinitely excel the said Ancients. Nevertheless, too true it is, that while a plain and direct road is paid to their *Idiot*, or Sublime; no track has been yet chalk'd out, to arrive at our *Idiot*, or Profund. The Latins, as they came between the Greeks and Us, make use of the word *Altitudo*, which implies equally height and depth. Wherefore considering with no small grief, how many promising Genius's of this age are wandering (as I may say) in the dark without a guide, I have undertaken this arduous but necessary task, to lead them as it were by the hand, and step by step, the gentle down-hill way to the Bathos; the bottom, the end, the central point, the *non plus ultra*, of true Modern Poesy!

When I consider (my dear Countrymen) the extent, fertility and populousness of our Lowlands of Parnassus, the flourishing state of our Trade, and the plenty of our Manufacture; there are two reflections which administer great occasion of surprize; the one, that all dignities and honours should be bestowed upon the exceeding few meager inhabitants of the Top of the mountain; the other, that our own nation should have arriv'd to that pitch of greatness it now possesses, without any regular System of Laws. As to the first, it is with great pleasure I have observ'd of late the gradual decay of Delicacy and Refinement

among mankind, who are become too reasonable to require that we should labour with infinite pains to come up to the taste of these Mountaineers, when they without any, may condescend to ours. But as we have now an unquestionable Majority on our side, I doubt not but we shall shortly be able to level the Highlanders, and procure a farther vent for our own product, which is already so much relish'd, encourag'd and rewarded, by the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain.

Therefore to supply our former defect, I purpose to collect the scatter'd Rules of our Art into regular Institutes, from the example and practice of the deep Genius's of our nation; imitating herein my predecessors the Master of Alexander, and the Secretary of the renown'd Zenobia: And in this my undertaking I am the more animated, as I expect more success than has attended even those great Critics; since their Laws (tho' they might be good) have ever been slackly executed, and their Precepts (however strict) obey'd only by fits, and by a very small number.

At the same time I intend to do justice upon our neighbours, inhabitants of the upper Parnassus; who taking advantage of the rising ground, are perpetually throwing down rubbish, dirt and stones upon us, never suffering us to live in peace. These men, while they enjoy the crystal stream of Helicon, envy us our common water, which (thank our stars) tho' it is somewhat muddy, flows in much greater abundance. Nor is this the greatest injustice that we have to complain of; for tho' it is evident that we never made the least attempt or inrode into Their territories, but lived contented in our native fens; they have often not only committed Petty Larcenys upon our borders, but driven the country, and carried off at once whole Cart-loads of our manufacture; to reclaim some of which stolen goods is part of the design of this Treatise.

For we shall see in the course of this work, that our greatest Adversaries have sometimes descended towards us; and doubtless might now and then have arrived at the Bathos itself, had it not been for that mistaken opinion they all entertained, that the Rules of the Ancients were equally necessary to the Moderns; than which there cannot be a more grievous Error, as will be amply proved in the following discourse.

And indeed when any of these have gone so far, as by the light of their own Genius to attempt new Models, it is wonderful to observe, how nearly they

have approach'd us in those particular pieces; tho' in their others they differ'd *toto caelo* from us.

CHAP. II.

That the Bathos, or Profund, is the natural Taste of Man, and in particular, of the present Age.

THE Taste of the Bathos is implanted by Nature itself in the soul of man; till perverted by custom or example, he is taught, or rather compell'd, to relish the Sublime. Accordingly, we see the unprejudiced minds of Children delight only in such productions, and in such images, as our true modern writers set before them. I have observ'd how fast the general Taste is returning to this first Simplicity and Innocence: and if the intent of all Poetry be to divert and instruct, certainly that kind which diverts and instructs the *greatest number*, is to be preferr'd. Let us look round among the Admirers of Poetry, we shall find those who have a taste of the Sublime to be very few; but the Profund strikes universally, and is adapted to every capacity. 'Tis a fruitless undertaking to write for men of a nice and foppish Gusto, whom after all it is almost impossible to please; and 'tis still more chimerical to write for Posterity, of whose Taste we cannot make any judgment, and whose Applause we can never enjoy. It must be confess'd, our wiser authors have a present end,

Et prodesse volunt, & delectare Poetæ.

Their true design is Profit or Gain; in order to acquire which, 'tis necessary to procure applause by administering pleasure to the reader: From whence it follows demonstrably, that their productions must be suited to the *present* Taste. And I cannot but congratulate our age on this peculiar felicity, that tho' we have made indeed great progress in all other branches of Luxury, we are not yet debauch'd with any high Relish in Poetry, but are in this one Taste less nice than our ancestors. If an Art is to be estimated by its success,

I appeal to experience whether there have not been, in proportion to this number, as many flourishing good Poets, as bad ones?

Nevertheless, in making Gain the principal end of our Art, far be it from me to exclude any great Genius of *Rank* or *Fortune* from diverting themselves this way. They ought to be praised no less than those Princes, who pass their vacant hours in some ingenious mechanical or manual Art. And to such as these, it would be ingratitude not to own, that our Art has been often infinitely indebted.

CHAPTER III.

The Necessity of the Bathos, Physically consider'd.

Furthermore, it were great cruelty and injustice, if all such Authors as cannot write in the other way, were prohibited from writing at all. Against this I draw an argument from what seems to me an undoubted physical Maxim, That Poetry is a natural or morbid Secretion from the Brain. As I would not suddenly stop a cold in the head, or dry up my neighbour's Issue, I would as little hinder him from necessary writing. It may be affirmed with great truth, that there is hardly any human creature past childhood, but at one time or other has had some Poetical Evacuation, and no question was much the better for it in his health; so true is the saying, *Nascimur Poetae*. Therefore is the Desire of Writing properly term'd *Pruritus*, the "Titillation of the Generative Faculty of the Brain," and the Person is said to conceive; now such as conceive must bring forth. I have known a man thoughtful, melancholy and raving for divers days, who forthwith grew wondrously easy, lightsome and cheerful, upon a discharge of the peccant humour, in exceeding purulent Metre. Nor can I question, but abundance of untimely deaths are occasion'd for want of this laudable vent of unguly passions: yea, perhaps, in poor wretches, (which is very lamentable) for meer want of pen, ink, and paper! From hence it follows, that a suppression of the very worst Poetry is of dangerous consequence to the State: We find by experience, that the same humours which

best exercises in summer in Ballads and Sonnets, are condensed by the winter's cold into Pamphlets and Speeches for and against the Ministry: Nay I know not, but many times a piece of Poetry may be the most innocent composition of a Minister himself.

It is therefore manifest that Mediocrity ought to be allowed, yea indulged, to the good Subjects of England. Nor can I conceive how the world has allowed the contrary as a Maxim, upon the single authority of that * Horace. Why should the golden Mean, and quintessence of all Virtues, be deem'd so offensive in this Art? Or Coolness or Mediocrity be so amiable a quality in a Man, and so detestable in a Poet?

However, far be it from me to compare these Writers with those great Spirits, who are born with a *Vivacité de penseur*, or (as an English Author calls it) an "Alacrity of thinking;" and who by strength of Nature alone can excel. All I mean is to evince the Necessity of Rules to these lesser Geniuses, as well as the Usefulness of them to the greater.

C. H. A. P. IV.

That there is an Art of the Bathos, or Profund.

WE come now to prove, that there is an Art of Sinking in Poetry. Is there not an Architecture of Vaults and Cellars, as well as of lofty Domes and Pyramids? Is there not as much skill and labour in making Dikes, as in raising Mounts? Is there not an Art of Diving as well as of Flying? And will any sober practitioner affirm, that a diving Engine is not of singular use in making him long-winded, assisting his sight, and furnishing him with other ingenious means of keeping under water?

If we search the Authors of Antiquity, we shall find as few to have been distinguished in the true Profund, as in the true Sublime. And the very same

* *Mediocribus esse poetis
Non dii, non homines, &c.*

Hor.

thing (as it appears from Longinus) had been imagin'd of that, as now of this: namely, that it was entirely the Gift of Nature. I grant that to excel in the Bathos, a Genius is requisite; yet the Rules of Art must be allow'd so far useful, as to add weight, or as I may say, hang on lead, to facilitate and enforce our descent, to guide us to the most advantageous declivities, and habituate our imagination to a depth of thinking. Many there are that can fall, but few can arrive at the felicity of falling gracefully; much more for a man who is amongst the lowest of the creation, at the very bottom of the Atmosphere, to descend beneath himself, is not so easy a task unless he calls in Art to his assistance. It is with the Bathos as with small Beer, which is indeed vapid and insipid, if left at large and let abroad; but being by our Rules confin'd and well stop'd, nothing grows so frothy, pert, and bouncing.

The Sublime of Nature is the Sky, the Sun, Moon, Stars, &c. The Profund of Nature is Gold, Pearls, precious Stones, and the Treasures of the Deep, which are inestimable as unknown. But all that lies between these, as Corn, Flower, Fruits, Animals, and Things for the meer use of Man, are of mean price, and so common as not to be greatly esteem'd by the curious. It being certain that any thing, of which we know the true Use, cannot be invaluable: Which affords a solution, why common Sense hath either been totally despis'd, or held in small repute, by the greatest modern Critics and Authors.

CHAP. V.

Of the true Genius for the Profund, and by what it is constituted.

AND I will venture to lay it down, as the first Maxim and Corner-Stone of this our Art; that whoever would excel therein, must studiously avoid, detest, and turn his head from all the ideas, ways, and workings of that pestilent Foe to Wit, and Destroyer of fine Figures, which is known by the Name of *Common Sense*. His business must be to contract the true *Gout de tra-*

vers; and to acquire a most happy, uncommon, unaccountable Way of Thinking.

He is to consider himself as a Grottesque painter, whose works would be spoil'd by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of design. He is to mingle bits of the most various, or discordant kinds, landscape, history, portraits, animals, and connect them with a great deal of flourishing, by heads or tails, as it shall please his imagination, and contribute to his principal end, which is to glare by strong oppositions of colours, and surprize by contrariety of images.

Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni. HOR.

His design ought to be like a labyrinth, out of which no body can get clear but himself. And since the great Art of all Poetry is to mix Truth with Fiction, in order to join the *Credible* with the *Surprizing*; our author shall produce the *Credible*, by painting nature in her lowest simplicity; and the *Surprizing*, by contradicting common opinion. In the very Manners he will affect the *Marvellous*; he will draw Achilles with the patience of Job; a Prince talking like a Jack-pudding; a Maid of honour selling bargains; a footman speaking like a philosopher; and a fine gentleman like a scholar. Whoever is conversant in modern Plays, may make a most noble collection of this kind, and at the same time, form a complete body of *modern Ethics and Morality*.

Nothing seem'd more plain to our great authors, than that the world had long been weary of *natural things*. How much the contrary are form'd to please, is evident from the universal applause daily given to the admirable entertainments of Harlequins and Magicians on our stage. When an audience behold a coach turn'd into a wheelbarrow, a conjurer into an old woman, or a man's head where his heels should be; how are they struck with transport and delight? Which can only be imputed to this cause, that each object is chang'd into that which hath been suggested to them by their own low ideas before.

He ought therefore to render himself master of this happy and *anti-natural* way of thinking to such a degree, as to be able, on the appearance of any object, to furnish his imagination with ideas infinitely *below* it. And his eyes should be like unto the wrong end of a perspective glass, by which all the objects of nature are lessen'd.

For Example; when a true genius looks upon the Sky, he immediately catches the idea of a piece of blue lutestring, or a child's mantle.

*The skies, whose spreading volumes scarce have room,
Span thin, and wove in nature's finest loom;
The new-born world in their soft lap embrac'd,
And all around their starry mantle cast.*

If he looks upon a Tempest, he shall have an image of a tumbled bed, and describe a succeeding calm in this manner:

*a The Ocean, joy'd to see the tempest fled,
New lays his waves, and smooths his ruffled bed.*

The Triumphs and acclamations of the Angels, at the Creation of the Universe, present to his imagination the "the Rejoicings of the Lord Mayor's Day;" and he beholds those glorious beings celebrating the Creator, by huzzaing, making illuminations, and flinging squibs, crackers and sky-rockets.

** Glorious Illuminations, made on high
By all the stars and planets of the sky,
In just degrees, and shining order plac'd,
Spectators charm'd, and the blest dwelling grac'd.
Thro' all th' enlighten'd air swift fireworks flew,
Which with repeated shouts glad Cherubs threw.
Comets ascended with their sweeping train,
Then fell in starry showers and glittering rain.
In air ten thousand meteors blazing hung,
Which from th' eternal battlements were flung.*

If a man who is violently fond of Wit, will sacrifice to that passion his friend or his God, would it not be a shame, if he who is smit with the love of the Bathos should not sacrifice to it all other transitory regards? You shall hear

c Prince Arthur, p. 41, 42.

d P. 14.

e P. 50.

NB. In order to do Justice to these great Poets, our Citations are taken from the best, the last, and most correct Editions of their Works. That which we use of Prince Arthur, is in Duodecimo, 1714. The fourth Edition revised.

a zealous Protestant Deacon invoke a Saint, and modestly beseech her to do more for us than Providence,

*f Look down, bless'd saint, with pity then look down,
Shed on this land thy kinder influence,
And guide us through the mists of providence,
In which we stray.*

Neither will he, if a goodly Simile come in his way, scruple to affirm himself an eye-witness of things never yet beheld by man, or never in existence; as thus,

*g Thus have I seen in Araby the bless'd,
A Phoenix couch'd upon her fun'ral nest.*

But to convince you that nothing is so great which a marvellous genius, prompted by this laudable zeal, is not able to lessen; hear how the most sublime of all Beings is represented in the following images,

First he is a PAINTER.

*h Sometimes the Lord of Nature in the air,
Spreads forth his clouds, his sable canoes, where—
His pencil, dip'd in heavenly colour bright,
Paints his fair rain-bow, charming to the sight.*

Now he is a CHYMIST.

*i Th' Almighty Chymist does his work prepare,
Pours down his waters on the thirsty plain,
Digests his lightning, and distils his rain.*

Now he is a WRESTLER.

*k Me in his griping arms th' Eternal took,
And with such mighty force my body shook,
That the strong grasp my members sorely bruise'd,
Broke all my bones, and all my sinews loos'd.*

f A. Philips on the Death of Queen Mary.
i Black. Pf. civ. p. 263.

g Anon.

h Blackm. opt. edit. Duod. 1716. p. 172.

k Page 75.

Now a RECRUITING OFFICER.

^l For clouds, the sun-beams levy fresh supplies,
And raise recruits of vapours, which arise
Drawn from the seas, to muster in the skies.

Now a peaceable GUARANTEE.

^m In leagues of peace the neighbours did agree,
And to maintain them, God was Guarantee.

Then he is an ATTORNEY.

ⁿ Job, as a vile offender, God indites,
And terrible decrees against me writes. —
God will not be my advocate,
My cause to manage or debate.

In the following Lines he is a GOLDBEATER.

^o Who the rich metal beats, and then, with rare,
Unfolds the golden leaves, to gild the fields of air.

Then a FULBER.

^p — th' exhaling reeks that secret rise,
Born on rebounding sun-beams thro' the skies,
Are thicken'd, wrought, and whiten'd, 'till they grow
A heavenly fleece —

A MERCER, or PACKER.

Didst thou one end of air's wide curtain hold,
And help the Bales of Æther to unfold;
Say, which cerulean pile was by thy hand unroll'd?

A BUTLER.

^r He measures all the drops with wondrous skill,
Which the black clouds, his floating Bottles, fill.

And a BAKER.

^t God in the wilderness his table spread,
And in his airy Ovens bak'd their bread.

C H A P. VI.

Of the several Kinds of Genius's in the Profund, and the Marks and Characters of each.

I Doubt not, but the reader, by this Cloud of examples, begins to be convinc'd of the truth of our assertion, that the Bathos is an *Art*; and that the Genius of no mortal whatever, following the mere ideas of Nature, and unassisted with an habitual, nay laborious peculiarity of thinking, could arrive at images so wonderfully low and unaccountable. The great author, from whose treasury we have drawn all these instances (the Father of the Bathos, and indeed the Homer of it) has like that immortal Greek, confin'd his labours to the greater Poetry, and thereby left room for others to acquire a due share of praise in inferior kinds. Many painters who could never hit a nose or an eye, have with felicity copied a small-pox, or been admirable at a roach or a red herring. And seldom are we without genius's for *Still-life*, which they can work up and stiffen with incredible accuracy.

An Universal Genius rises not in an age; but when he rises, armies rise in him! He pours forth five or six Epic Poems with greater facility, than five or six pages can be produced by an elaborate and servile copyer after Nature or the Ancients. It is affirm'd by Quintilian, that the same genius which made Germanicus so great a General, would with equal application have made him an excellent Heroic Poet. In like manner, reasoning from the affinity there appears between Arts and Sciences, I doubt not but an active catcher of butterflies, a careful and fanciful pattern-drawer, an industrious collector of shells, a laborious and tuneful bagpiper, or a diligent breeder of tame rabbits, might severally excel in their respective parts of the Bathos.

I shall range these confin'd and less copious Genius's under proper classes, and (the better to give their pictures to the reader) under the names of *Animals* of some sort or other; whereby he will be enabled, at the first sight of such as shall daily come forth, to know to what Kind to refer, and with what Authors to compare them?

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1. The *Flying Fishes* : These are writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the Profund ; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The *Swallows* are authors that are eternally skimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employ'd to catch flies. L. T. W. P. Lord H.

3. The *Ostridges* are such, whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground ; their wings are of no use to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking ; but then they run very fast. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. The *Parrots* are they that repeat another's words, in such a hoarse odd voice, as makes them seem their own. W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.

5. The *Didappers* are authors that keep themselves long out of sight, under water, and come up now and then where you least expected them. L. W. G. D. Esq; The Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The *Porpoises* are unweildy and big ; they put all their numbers into a great turmoil and tempest, but whenever they appear in plain light, (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The *Frogs* are such as can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to admiration : They live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W. I. M. Esq; T. D. Gent.

8. The *Eels* are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The *Tortoises* are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens : they have for the most part a fine embroider'd shell, and underneath it, a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

These are the chief *Characteristicks* of the *Bathos*, and in each of these kinds we have the comfort to be bless'd with sundry and manifold choice Spirits in this our Island.

CH A P. VII.

Of the Profund, when it consists in the Thought.

WE have already laid down the Principles upon which our author is to proceed, and the manner of forming his Thought by familiarizing his mind to the lowest objects; to which it may be added, that Vulgar Conversation will greatly contribute. There is no question but the Garret or the Printer's boy may often be discern'd in the compositions made in such scenes and company; and much of Mr. Curl himself has been insensibly infused into the works of his learned writers.

The Physician, by the study and inspection of urine and ordure, approves himself in the science; and in like sort should our author accustom and exercise his imagination upon the dregs of nature.

This will render his thoughts truly and fundamentally low, and carry him many fathoms beyond Mediocrity. For, certain it is, (tho' some lukewarm heads imagine they may be safe by temporizing between the extremes) that where there is not a Triticalness or Mediocrity in the Thought, it can never be sunk into the genuine and perfect Bathos, by the most elaborate low Expression: It can, at most, be only carefully obscured, or metaphorically debased. But 'tis the Thought alone that strikes, and gives the whole that spirit, which we admire and stare at. For instance, in that ingenious piece on a lady's drinking the Bath-waters.

** She drinks! She drinks! Behold the matchless dame!
To her 'tis water, but to us 'tis flame:
Thus fire is water, water fire by turns,
And the same stream at once both cools and burns.*

What can be more easy and unaffected than the Diction of these verses? 'Tis the Turn of Thought alone, and the Variety of Imagination, that charm

and surprize us. And when the same lady goes into the Bath, the Thought (as in justness it ought) goes still deeper.

*u Venus beheld her, 'midst her crowd of slaves,
And thought herself just risen from the waves.*

How much out of the way of common sense is this reflection of Venus, not knowing herself from the lady?

Of the same nature is that noble mistake of a frightened stag in a full chase, who (saith the Poet,)

*Hears his own feet, and thinks they sound like more;
And fears the hind feet will o'ertake the fore.*

So astonishing as these are, they yield to the following, which is Profundity itself,

x None but Himself can be his Parallel.

Unless it may seem borrowed from the Thought of that Master of a Show in Smithfield, who writ in large letters, over the picture of his elephant,

This is the greatest Elephant in the world, except Himself.

However our next instance is certainly an original: Speaking of a beautiful infant,

*So fair thou art, that if great Cupid be
A child, as Poets say, sure thou art he.*

Fair Venus would mistake thee for her own,

Did not thy eyes proclaim thee not her son.

There all the lightnings of thy Mother's shine,

And with a fatal brightness kill in thine.

First he is Cupid, then he is not Cupid; first Venus would mistake him, then she would not mistake him; next his Eyes are his Mother's, and lastly they are not his Mother's, but his own.

u Idem.

x Theobald, Double Falshood.

Another author, describing a Poet that shines forth amidst a circle of Critics,

*Thus Phaëbus thro' the Zodiack takes his way;
And amid Monsters rises into day.*

What a peculiarity is here of invention? The Author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monsters at a stroke. A great Genius takes things in the lump, without stopping at minute considerations: In vain might the ram, the bull, the goat, the lion, the crab, the scorpion, the fishes, all stand in his way, as mere natural animals: much more might it be pleaded that a pair of scales, an old man, and two innocent children, were no monsters: There were only the Centaur and the Maid that could be esteem'd out of nature. But what of that? with a boldness peculiar to these daring genius's, what he found not monsters, he made so.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Profund, consisting in the Circumstances, and of Amplification and Periphrase in general.

WHat in a great measure distinguishes other writers from ours, is their choosing and separating such circumstances in a description as ennoble or elevate the subject.

The circumstances which are most natural are *obvious*, therefore not *astounding* or peculiar. But those that are far-fetch'd or unexpected, or hardly compatible, will surprise prodigiously. These therefore we must principally hunt out; but above all, preserve a laudable *Prolixity*; presenting the whole and every side at once of the image to view. For Choice and distinction are not only a curb to the spirit, and limit the descriptive faculty, but also lessen the book; which is frequently of the worst consequence of all to our author.

When Job says in short, *He wash'd his feet in butter*, (in circumstance some Poets would have soften'd, or past over) now hear how this butter is spread out by the great Genius.

y With teats distended with their milky store,

Such quivering bowing bands, before my door,

Their painful burden to unload, did meet,

That we with butter might have wash'd our feet.

How cautious! and particular! He had (says our author) so many herds, which herds thriv'd so well, and thriving so well gave so much milk, and that milk produc'd so much butter, that, if he did not, he might have wash'd his feet in it.

The ensuing description of Hell is no less remarkable in the circumstances.

z In flaming heaps the raging ocean rolls,

Whose livid waves involve despairing souls;

The liquid burnings dreadful colours shew,

Some deeply red and others faintly blue.

Could the most minute Dutch-painters have been more exact? How inimitably circumstantial is this also of a war-horse!

a His eye-balls burn, he wounds the smoking plain,

And knots of scarlet ribbon deck his mane.

Of certain Cudgel-players:

They brandish high in air their threatening staves,

b Their hands a woven guard of osier leaves,

In which they fix their hazel weapon's end.

Who would not think the Poet had past his whole life at Wakas in such laudable diversions? since he teaches us how to hold, nay how make a Cudgel!

Periphrase is another great aid to *Prolixity*; being a diffus'd circumlocutory manner of expressing a known idea, which should be so mysteriously couch'd as to give the reader the pleasure of guessing what it is that the author can possibly mean? and a strange surprize when he finds it.

The Poet I last mentioned is incomparable in this figure.

A waving sea of heads was round me spread,

And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed.

Here is a waving sea of heads, which by a fresh stream of heads, grows to be a gazing deluge of heads. You come at last to find, it means a great crowd.

How pretty and how genteel is the following?

Nature's Confectioner

Whose suckers are mist alchemy:

The still of his refining mold

Mining the garden into gold.

What is this but a Bee gathering honey?

Little Syren of the stage,

Empty warbler, breathing lyre,

Wanton gale of fond desire,

Tuneful mischief, vocal spell.

Who would think, this was only a poor gentlewoman that sung finely?

We may define *Amplification* to be making the most of a Thought; it is the Spinning-wheel of the Bathos, which draws out and spreads it in the finest thread. There are Amplifiers who can extend half a dozen thin thoughts over a whole Follo; but for which, the tale of many a vast Romance, and the substance of many a fair volume might be reduced into the size of a primer.

In the book of Job, are these words, "Hast thou commanded the morning, and caused the day spring to know his place?" How is this extended by the most celebrated Amplifier of our age?

Canst thou set forth the ethereal mines on high,

Which the resurgent ore of light supply?

c Job, p. 78.

d Cleveland.

e A. Philips to Cuzzona.

f Job, p. 108.

*Is the celestial furnace to thee known,
In which I melt the golden metal down?
Treasures, from whence I deal out light as fast,
As all my stars and lavish suns can waste.*

The same author hath amplified a passage in the civ. th Psalm; "He looks
"on the earth, and it trembles. He touches the hills, and they smoke."

*& The hills forget they're fix'd, and in their flight
Cast off their weight, and ease themselves for flight:
The woods, with terror wing'd, out-fly the wind,
And leave the heavy, panting hills behind.*

You here see the hills not only trembling, but shaking off the woods from
their backs, to run the faster: After this you are presented with a foot-race
of mountains and woods, where the woods distance the mountains, that like
corpulent purfy fellows, come puffing and panting a vast way behind them.

CHAP. IX.

Of Imitation, and the Manner of Imitating.

THAT the true authors of the Profund are to imitate diligently the ex-
amples in their own way, is not to be question'd, and that divers have
by this means attain'd to a depth whereunto their own weight could never have
carried them, is evident by sundry instances. Who sees not that De Foe was
the poetical son of Withers, Tate of Ogilby, E. Ward of John Taylor, and
E---n of Blackmore? Therefore when we sit down to write, let us bring some
great author to our mind, and ask our selves this question; How would Sir
Richard have said this? Do I express my self as simply as Amb. Philips? Or
flow my numbers with the quiet thoughtlessness of Mr. Walsley?

But it may seem somewhat strange to assert, that our Proficient should also read the works of those famous Poets who have excelled in the *Sublime*: Yet is not this a paradox. As Virgil is said to have read Ennius, out of his dunghill to draw gold, so may our author read Shakespear, Milton, and Dryden for the contrary end, to bury their gold in his own dunghil. A true Genius, when he finds any thing lofty or shining in them, will have the skill to bring it down, take off the gloss, or quite discharge the colour, by some ingenious Circumstance or Periphrase, some addition or diminution, or by some of those Figures, the use of which we shall shew in our next chapter.

The book of Job is acknowledged to be infinitely sublime, and yet has not the father of the Bathos reduced it in every page? Is there a passage in all Virgil more painted up and labour'd than the description of *Ætna* in the third *Æneid*?

*Horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis,
Interdumque atram prorumpit ad æthera nubem,
Turbine fumantem piceo, & candente favilla,
Attollitque globos flammarum, & sidera lambit.
Interdum scopulos avulsaque viscera montis
Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exæstuat imo.*

(I beg pardon of the gentle English reader, and such of our writers as understand not Latin.) Lo! how this is taken down by our British Poet, by the single happy thought of throwing the mountain into a *fit* of the *cholick*.

*Ætna, and all the burning mountains, find
Their kindled stores with inbred storms of wind
Blown up to rage; and roaring out, complain,
As torn with inward gripes, and tort'ring pain:
Lab'ring, they cast their dreadful vomit round,
And with their melted bowels, spread the ground.*

Horace, in search of the Sublime, struck his head against the Stars; but Empedocles, to fathom the Profund, threw himself into *Ætna*. And who

but would imagine our excellent Modern had also been there, from this description?

Imitation is of two sorts; the first is when we force to our own purposes the Thoughts of others; the second consists in copying the Imperfections, or Blemishes of celebrated authors. I have seen a Play professedly writ in the style of Shakespear; wherein the resemblance lay in one single line,

And so good morrow t'ye, good master Lieutenant.

And sundry poems in in imitation of Milton, where with the utmost exactness, and not so much as one exception, nevertheless was constantly *unblest*, *embroider'd* was *broider'd*, hermits were *eremites*, *dissidant* was *Idignant*, *shady* *umbrageous*, enterprize *emprize*, pagan *paynim*, pinions *pennons*, sweet *dulcet*, orchards *orchats*, bridge-work *pontifical*; nay, her was *hir*, and their was *thir* thro' the whole poem. And in very deed, there is no other way by which the true modern poet could read, to any purpose, the works of such men as Milton and Shakespear.

It may be expected, that like other Critics, I should next speak of the *Passions*: But as the main end and principal effect of the Bathos is to produce *Tranquility of Mind*, (and sure it is a better design to promote *sleep* than madness) we have little to say on this subject. Nor will the short bounds of this discourse allow us to treat at large of the *Emollients* and *Opiats* of Poesy, of the *Cool*, and the manner of producing it, or of the methods us'd by our authors in managing the Passions. I shall but transiently remark, that nothing contributes so much to the *Cool*, as the use of *Wit* in expressing passion: The true genius rarely fails of points, conceits, and proper *similes* on such occasions: This we may term the *Pathetic epigrammatical*, in which even puns are made use of with good success. Henceby our best authors have avoided throwing themselves or their readers into any indecent Transports.

But as it is sometimes needful to excite the *passions* of our antagonist in the polemic way, the true students in the law have constantly taken their methods from low life, where they observ'd, that to move Anger, use is made of scolding and railing; to move Love, of bawdry; to beget Favour and Friendship, of gross flattery; and to produce Fear, of calumniating an adversary with crimes obnoxious to the State. As for Shame, it is a silly pas-

fion, of which as our authors are incapable themselves, so they would not produce it in others.

CHAP. X.

Of Tropes and Figures: And first of the variegating, confounding, and reversing Figures.

BUT we proceed to the *Figures*. We cannot too earnestly recommend to our authors the study of the *Abuse of Speech*. They ought to lay it down as a principle, to say nothing in the usual way, but (if possible) in the direct contrary. Therefore the *Figures* must be so turn'd, as to manifest that intricate and wonderful Cast of Head which distinguishes all writers of this kind; or (as I may say) to refer exactly the Mold in which they were formed, in all its inequalities, cavities, obliquities, odd crannies, and distortions.

It would be endless, nay impossible to enumerate all such *Figures*; but we shall content our selves to range the principal, which most powerfully contribute to the Bathos, under three Classes.

I. The Variegating, Confounding, or Reversing Tropes and Figures.

II. The Magnifying, and

III. The Diminishing.

We cannot avoid giving to these, the Greek or Roman Names; but in tenderness to our countrymen and fellow-writers, many of whom, however exquisite, are wholly ignorant of those languages, we have also explained them in our mother tongue.

Of the first sort, nothing so much conduces to the Bathos, as the

CATACHRESIS.

A Master of this will say,

Mow the Beard,
Shave the Grass,
Pin the Plank,
Nail my Sleeve.

From whence results the same kind of pleasure to the mind, as to the eye when we behold Harlequin trimming himself with a hatchet, hewing down a tree with a rasor, making his tea in a cauldron, and brewing his ale in a tea-pot, to the incredible satisfaction of the British spectator. Another source of the Bathos is,

The METONYMY,

the inversion of Causes for Effects, of Inventors for Inventions, &c.

*Lac'd in her k Cofins new appear'd the bride,
A Bubble-boy and Tompion at her side,
And with an air divine her Colmar ply'd,
Then oh! she cries, what slaves I round me see?
Here a bright Redcoat, there a smart Toupee.*

The SYNECHDOCHE,

which consists, in the use of a part for the whole. You may call a young woman sometimes *Pretty-face* and *Pigs-eyes*, and sometimes *Snotty-nose* and *Draggle-tail*. Or of Accidents for Persons; as a Lawyer is called *Split-cause*, a Taylor *Prick-louse*, &c. Or of things belonging to a man, for the man himself; as a *Sword-man*, a *Gown-man*, a *T-m-T-d-man*; a *White-Staff*, a *Turn-key*, &c.

The APOSIOPESIS.

An excellent figure for the Ignorant, as, "What shall I say?" when one has nothing to say: or "I can no more," when one really can no more. Expressions which the gentle reader is so good as never to take in earnest.

The METAPHOR.

The first rule is to draw it from the *lowest things*, which is a certain way to

k Stays. l Tweezer-case. m Watch. n Fan. o A sort of Perriwig: All words in use this present Year 1727.

sink the highest ; as when you speak of the Thunder of Heaven, say,

^l *The Lords above are angry and talk big.*

If you would describe a rich man refunding his treasures, express it thus,

^m *Tho' he (as said) may Riches gorge, the Spoil
Painful in massy Vomit shall recoil.
Soon shall he perish with a swift decay,
Like his own Ordure, cast with scorn away.*

The Second, that whenever you start a Metaphor, you must be sure to run it down, and pursue it as far as it can go. If you get the scent of a State negotiation, follow it in this manner.

ⁿ *The stones and all the elements with thee
Shall ratify a strict confederacy ;
Wild beasts their savage temper shall forget,
And for a firm alliance with thee treat ;
The finny tyrant of the spacious seas
Shall send a scaly embassy for peace :
His plighted faith the Crocodile shall keep,
And seeing thee, for joy sincerely weep.*

Or if you represent the Creator denouncing war against the wicked, be sure not to omit one circumstance usual in proclaiming and levying war.

^o *Envoys and Agents, who by my command
Reside in Palestina's land,
To whom commissions I have given,
To manage there the interests of heaven.
Ye holy heralds who proclaim
Or war or peace, in mine your master's name. —
Ye pioneers of heaven, prepare a road,
Make it plain, direct and broad ; —
For I in person will my people head ;*

^l Lec Alex.

^m Blackm. Job, p. 91, 93.

ⁿ Job, p. 22.

^o Blackm Isa. c. xl.

— For the divine deliverer
Will on his march in majesty appear,
And needs the aid of no confederate pow'r.

Under the article of the Confounding, we rank

1. The MIXTURE OF FIGURES,

which raises so many images, as to give you no image at all. But its principal beauty is when it gives an idea just *opposite* to what it seem'd meant to describe. Thus an ingenious artist painting the Spring, talks of a *Snow of Blossoms*, and thereby raises an unexpected picture of Winter. Of this sort is the following:

p The gaping clouds pour lakes of sulphur down,
Whose livid flashes sickning sunbeams drown.

What a noble Confusion? clouds, lakes, brimstone, flames, sun-beams, gaping, pouring, sickning, drowning! all in two lines.

2. The JARGON.

q Thy head shall rise, tho' buried in the dust,
And 'midst the clouds his glittering turrets thrust.

Quæra, What are the glittering turrets of a man's head?

r Upon the shore, as frequent as the sand,
To meet the Prince, the glad Dimetians stand.

Quæra, Where these Dimetians stood? and of what size they were? Add also to the *Jargon* such as the following.

s Destruction's empire shall no longer last,
And Desolation lye for ever waste.
t Here Niobe, sad mother, makes her moan,
And seems converted to a stone in stone.

But for Variegation, nothing is more useful than

3. The PARANOMASIA, or PUN,

p Pr. Arthur, p. 37.
t T. Cook, Poems.

q Job, p. 107.

r Pr. Arthur, p. 157.

s Job, p. 99.

where a Word, like the tongue of a jackdaw, speaks twice as much by being split: As this of Mr. Dennis ^w,

Bullets, that wound, like Parthians, as they fly;

or this excellent one of Mr. Welsted ^x,

——— *Behold the Virgin lye
Naked, and only cover'd by the Sky.*

To which thou may'st add,

*To see her beauties no man needs to stoop,
She has the whole Horizon for her hoop.*

4. The ANTITHESIS, or SEE-SAW,

whereby Contraries and Oppositions are ballanced in such a way, as to cause a reader to remain suspended between them, to his exceeding delight and recreation. Such are these, on a lady who made her self appear out of size, by hiding a young princess under her cloaths.

^y *While the kind nymph changing her faultless shape
Becomes unhandfome, handsomely to scape.*

On the Maids of Honour in mourning:

^z *Sadly they charm, and dismally they please.*

——— *His eyes so bright*

^a *Let in the object and let out the light.*

^b *The Gods look pale to see us look so red.*

——— *The ^c Fairies and their Queen.*

In mantles blue came tripping o'er the green.

^d *All nature felt a reverential shock,*

The sea stood still to see the mountains rock.

^w Poems 1693. pag. 13. ^x Welsted, Poems, Acon & Lavin. ^y Waller. ^z Steel on Queen Mary. ^a Quarles. ^b Lee, Alex. ^c Phil. Past. ^d Blackm. Job, p. 176.



CHAP. XI.

The Figures continued : Of the Magnifying and Diminishing Figures.

A Genuine Writer of the Profund will take care never to *magnify* any object without *clouding* it at the same time: His Thought will appear in a true mist, and very unlike what is in nature. It must always be remember'd that Darkness is an essential quality of the Profund, or if there chance to be a glimmering, it must be as Milton expresses it,

No light, but rather darkness visible.

The chief Figure of this sort is,

The HYPERBOLE, or Impossible.

For instance, of a Lion;

*He roar'd so loud, and look'd so wondrous grim,
His very shadow durst not follow him.*

Of a Lady at Dinner.

*The silver whiteness that adorns thy neck,
Sullies the plate, and makes the napkin black.*

Of the same.

*— Th' obscureness of her birth
Cannot eclipse the lustre of her eyes,
Which make her all one light.*

Of a Bull-baiting.

*Up to the stars the sprawling mastives fly,
And add new monsters to the frighted sky.*

e Vet. Aut.

f Theob. Double Falshood.

g Blackm.

Of a Scene of Misery.

*h Behold a scene of misery and woe !
Here Argus soon might weep himself quite blind,
Ev'n tho' he had Briareus' hundred hands
To wipe those hundred eyes —*

And that modest request of two absent lovers.

*Ye Gods ! annihilate but Space and Time,
And make two lovers happy.*

3. The PERIPHRAISIS, which the Moderns call the *Circumbendibus*, whereof we have given examples in the ninth chapter, and shall again in the twelfth.

To the same class of the *Magnifying* may be referr'd the following, which are so excellently modern, that we have yet no name for them. In describing a country prospect,

*i I'd call them mountains, but can't call them so,
For fear to wrong them with a name too low ;
While the fair vales beneath so humbly lie,
That even humble seems a term too high.*

III. The third Class remains, of the *Diminishing* Figures : And first, The ANTICLIMAX, where the second line drops quite short of the first, than which nothing creates greater surprize.

On the extent of the British Arms.

*k Under the Tropicks is our language spoke,
And Part of Flanders bath receiv'd our Yoke.*

On a Warrior.

*l And thou Dalbousfy the great God of War,
Lieutenant Colonel to the Earl of Mar.*

h Anon.

i Anon.

k Wall.

l Anon.

On the Valour of the English.

*Nor Art nor Nature has the force
To stop its steady course,
Nor Alps nor Pyreneans keep it out,
Nor fortify'd Redoubt.*

At other times this figure operates in a larger extent; and when the gentle reader is in expectation of some great image, he either finds it surprizingly imperfect, or is presented with something low, or quite ridiculous. A surprize resembling that of a curious person in a cabinet of Antique Statues, who beholds on the pedestal the names of Homer, or Cato; but looking up, finds Homer without a head, and nothing to be seen of Cato but his privy member. Such are these lines of a Leviathan at sea,

*His motion works, and heats the oozy mud,
And with its slime incorporates the flood,
'Till all th' encumber'd, thick, fermenting stream
Does like one Pot of boiling Ointment seem.
Where'er he swims, he leaves along the lake
Such frothy furrows, such a foamy track,
That all the waters of the deep appear
Hoary — with age, or grey with sudden fear.*

But perhaps even these are excelled by the ensuing.

*Now the resisted flames and fiery store,
By winds assaulted, in wide forges roar,
And raging seas flow down of melted Ore.
Sometimes they bear long Iron Bars remov'd,
And to and fro huge Heaps of Cynders shov'd.*

2. THE VULGAR,

is also a Species of the *Diminishing*: By this a spear flying into the air is compared to a boy whistling as he goes on an errand.

m Denn. on Namur.

n Blackm. Job, p. 197.

o Pr. Arthur, p. 157.

p The mighty Stuffa threw a massy spear,
Which, with its Errand pleas'd, sung thro' the air.

A Man raging with grief to a Mastiff Dog.

q I cannot stifle this gigantic woe,
Nor on my raging grief a muzzle throw.

and Clouds big with water to a woman in great necessity.

Distended with the Waters in 'em pent,
The clouds hang deep in air, but hang unrent.

3. The INFANTINE.

This is when a Poet grows so very simple, as to think and talk like a child.
I shall take my examples from the greatest Master in this way: Hear how
he fondles, like a meer stammerer.

r Little Charm of placid mein,
Miniature of beauty's queen,
Hitber British muse of mine,
Hitber, all ye Gracian Nine,
With the lovely Graces Three,
And your pretty Nurseling see.

When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel, white and green.
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty Sportlings full of May.

Then the neck so white and round,
(Little Neck with brilliants bound.)
And thy Gentleness of mind,
(Gentle from a gentle kind) &c.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest be of happy men, &c.

and the rest of those excellent Lullabies of his composition.

p Ps. Arthur.

q Job, 41.

r Amb. Philips on Miss Cuzzona.

How prettily he asks the sheep to teach him to bleat?

f Teach me to grieve with bleating moan, my sheep.

Hear how a babe would reason on his nurse's death:

*t That ever she could die! Oh most unkind!
To die, and leave poor Colinet behind?
And yet, — Why blame I her? —*

With no less simplicity does he suppose that shepherdesses tear their hair and beat their breasts, at their own deaths:

*x Ye brighter maids, faint emblems of my fair,
With looks cast down, and with dishevel'd hair,
In bitter anguish beat your breasts, and moan
Her death untimely, as it were your own.*

4. The INANINITY, or NOTHINGNESS.

Of this the same author furnishes us with most beautiful instances:

*y Ab silly I, more silly than my sheep,
(Which on the flow'ry plain I once did keep.)*

*z To the grave Senate she could counsel give,
(Which with astonishment they did receive.)*

*a He whom loud cannon could not terrify,
Falls, (from the grandeur of his Majesty.)*

*b Happy merry as a king,
Sipping dew, you sip, and sing.*

*The Noise returning with returning Light,
What did it?*

c — Dispers'd the Silence, and dispell'd the Night.

You easily perceive the Nothingness of every second Verse.

f Philip's Pastorals.

t Ibid.

u Ibid.

x Ibid.

y Ibid.

z Phil. on Q. Mary.

a Ib.

b T. Cook, on a Grasshopper.

c Anon.

*d The glories of proud London to survey,
The Sun himself shall rise — by break of day.*

The EXPLETIVE,

admirably exemplified in the Epithets of many authors.

*Tb umbrageous shadow, and the verdant green,
The running current, and odorous fragrance,
Chear my lone solitude with joyous gladness.*

Or in pretty drawling words like these,

*e All men his tomb, all men his sons adore,
And his son's sons, till there shall be no more.*

*The rising sun our grief did see,
The setting sun did see the same,
While wretched we remembered thee,*

f O Sion, Sion, lovely name.

The MACROLOGY and PLEONASM

are as generally coupled, as a lean rabbit with a fat one; nor is it a wonder, the superfluity of words and vacuity of sense, being just the same thing. I am pleas'd to see one of our greatest adversaries employ this figure.

g The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields.

The food of armies and support of wars.

Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight.

Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.

Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed.

Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

Of all which the Perfection is

The TAUTOLOGY.

h Break thro' the billows, and — divide the main

In smoother numbers, and — in softer verse.

d Autor Vet. e T. Cook, Poems. f Ibid. g Camp. h Tons. Misc. 12^o vol. 4. p. 291. 4th Edit.

¹ Divide — and part — the fœd'd World — in twain.

With ten thousand others equally musical, and plentifully flowing thro' most of our celebrated modern Poems.

CHAP. XII.

Of Expression, and the several Sorts of Style of the present Age.

THE *Expression* is adequate, when it is proportionably low to the Profundity of the Thought. It must not be always *Grammatical*, lest it appear pedantic and ungentelemanly; nor too clear, for fear it becomes vulgar; for obscurity bestows a cast of the wonderful, and throws an oracular dignity upon a piece which hath no meaning.

For example, sometimes use the wrong Number; *The Sword and Pestilence at once devours*, instead of *devour*. Sometimes the wrong Case; *And who more fit to sooth the God than thee*, instead of *thou*: And rather than say, *Thetis saw Achilles weep*, she heard him weep.

We must be exceeding careful in two things: first, in the Choice of low Words: secondly, in the sober and orderly way of ranging them. Many of our Poets are naturally bless'd with this talent, insomuch that they are in the circumstance of that honest Citizen, who had made *Prose* all his life without knowing it. Let verses run in this manner, just to be a vehicle to the words: (I take them from my last cited author, who tho' otherwise by no means of our rank, seem'd once in his life to have a mind to be simple.)

¹ If not, a prize I will my self decree,
From him, or him, or else perhaps from thee.

^m ————— full of Days will be:
Two ages past, be liv'd the third to see.

ⁱ Ibid. vol. 6. p. 121.

^k Th. Hom. Il. 1.

^l Th. Hom. Il. 1. p. 121.

^m Idem. p. 17.

- a *The king of forty kings, and honour'd more*
By mighty Jove than e'er was king before.
- o *That I may know, if thou my pray'r deny,*
The most despis'd of all the Gods am I.
- p *Then let my mother once be rul'd by me,*
Tho' much more wise than I pretend to be.

Or these of the same hand.

- a *I leave the arts of poetry and verse*
To them that practise them with more success:
Of greater truths I now prepare to tell,
And so at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.

Sometimes a single *Word* will vulgarize a poetical idea; as where a Ship set on fire owes all the *Spirit* of the *Bathos* to one choice word that ends the line.

- * *And his scorch'd ribs the hot Contagion fry'd.*

And in that description of a World in ruins,

- † *Should the whole frame of nature round him break,*
He unconcern'd would hear the mighty Crack.

So also in these,

- * *Beasts tame and savage to the river's brink*
Come, from the fields and wild abodes — to drink.

Frequently two or three words will do it effectually,

- a *He from the clouds does the sweet liquor squeeze,*
That cheers the Forest and the Garden trees.

It is also useful to employ *Technical Terms*, which estrange your style from the great and general Ideas of nature: and the higher your subject is, the lower

n Id. p. 49. o p. 34. p p. 38. q Tonf. Misc. 12^o vol. 4. p. 292. fourth Edit. r Pr. Arthur p. 151. † Tonf. Misc. vol. 6. p. 119. t Job, 263. u Id. Job, 264.

should you search into mechanicks for your expression. If you describe the garment of an angel, say that his *z* Linnen was finely spun, and bleached on the happy Plains. *y* Call an army of angels, *Angelic Cuirassiers*, and if you have occasion to mention a number of misfortunes, style them

z Fresh Troops of Pains, and regimented Woes.

STYLE is divided by the Rhetoricians into the Proper and the Figured. Of the Figur'd we have already treated, and the Proper is what our authors have nothing to do with. Of Styles we shall mention only the Principal which owe to the moderns either their chief Improvement, or entire Invention.

I. The FLORID Style,

than which none is more proper to the Bathos, as flowers which are the *Lowest* of vegetables are most *Gaudy*, and do many times grow in great plenty at the bottom of *Ponds and Ditches*.

A fine writer in this kind presents you with the following Poësie:

a The groves appear all dress'd with wreaths of flowers,
And from their leaves drop aromatic showers,
Whose fragrant beads in mystic twines above,
Exchang'd their sweets, and mix'd with thousand kisses,
As if the willing branches strove
To beautify and shade the grove, —

(which indeed most branches do.) But this is still excell'd by our Laureat,

b Branches in branches twin'd compose the grove,
And shoot and spread, and blossom into love.
The trembling palms their mutual vows repeat,
And bending poplars bending poplars meet.
The distant platanes seems to press more nigh,
And to the sighing alders, alders sigh.

x Prince Arthur, p. 19.

b Guardian, 12^o 127,

y Ibid. p. 339.

z Job, p. 86.

a Behn's Poems, p. 2.

Hear also our Homer.

c His Robe of State is form'd of light refin'd,
An endless Train of lustre spreads behind.
His throne's of bright compacted Glory made,
With Pearl celestial, and with Gems inlaid:
Whence Floods of joy, and Seas of splendor flow,
On all th' angelic gazing throng below.

2. The PERT Style.

This does in as peculiar a manner become the low in wit, as a pert air does the low in stature. Mr. Thomas Brown, the author of the *London Spy*, and all the *Spies* and *Trips* in general, are herein to be diligently study'd; In Verse, Mr. Gibber's *Prologues*.

But the beauty and energy of it is never so conspicuous, as when it is employ'd in *Modernizing* and *Adapting* to the *Taste of the Times* the works of the *Antients*. This we rightly phrase *Doing* them into English, and *Making* them English; two expressions of great Propriety, the one denoting our *Neglect* of the *Manner* how, the other the *Force* and *Compulsion* with which it is brought about. It is by virtue of this Style that Tacitus talks like a Coffee-House Politician, Josephus like the British Gazetteer, Tully is as short and smart as Seneca or Mr. Apgill, Marcus Aurelius is excellent at Snipsnap, and honest Thomas à Kempis as Prim and Polite as any preacher at court.

3. The ALAMODE Style,

which is fine by being *new*, and has this happiness attending it, that it is as durable and extensive as the poem itself. Take some examples of it, in the description of the Sun in a Mourning coach upon the death of Queen Mary.

d See Phoebus now, as once for Phaeton,
Has mask'd his face; and put deep Mourning on;
Dark clouds his sable Chariot do surround,
And the dull Steeds stalk o'er the melancholy round.

c Blackm. Pl. 104.

d Amb. Philips.

Of Prince Arthur's Soldiers drinking.

*While rich Burgundian wine, and bright Champaign
Chase from their minds the terrors of the main.*

(whence we also learn, that Burgundy and Champaign make a man on shore
despise a storm at sea.)

Of the Almighty encamping his Regiments.

*He sunk a vast capacious deep,
Where be his liquid Regiments does keep.
Thither the waves file off, and make their way,
To form the mighty body of the sea:
Where they encamp, and in their station stand,
Entrench'd in Works of Rock, and Lines of Sand.*

Of two Armies on the Point of engaging.

*Yon' armies are the Cards which both must play;
At least come off a Saver if you may:
Throw boldly at the Sum the Gods have set;
These on your side will all their fortunes bet.*

All perfectly agreeable to the present Customs and best Fashions of our Me-
tropolis.

But the principal branch of the *Alamode* is the PRURIENT, a Style great-
ly advanced and honoured of late by the practice of persons of the first Qua-
lity; and by the encouragement of the Ladies, not unsuccessfully introduced
even into the Drawing-room. Indeed its incredible Progress and Conquests
may be compared to those of the great *Sesostriis*, and are every where known
by the same Marks, the images of the genital parts of men or women. It con-
sists wholly of metaphors drawn from two most fruitful sources or springs, the
very Bathos of the human body, that is to say, * * * * * and * * * * *
Hiatus Magnus lachrymabilis, * * * * *
* * * * * And selling of Bargains, and double Entendre,
and *Kissieuμ* and *ἑρπιδισμ*, all derived from the said sources.

4. The FINEST Style,

which consists of the most curious, affected, mining metaphors, and partakes of the *alamode*.

As this, of a Brook dry'd by the Sun.

^h Won by the summer's importuning ray,
Th' eloping stream did from her channel stray,
And with enticing ~~for beams~~ stole away.

Of an easy Death.

ⁱ When watchful death shall on his harvest look,
And see thee ripe with age, invite the hook;
He'll gently cut thy bending stalk, and thee
Lay kindly in the Grave, his Granary.

Of Trees in a Storm.

^k Oaks whose extended arms the winds defy,
The tempest sees their strength, and sighs, and passes by.

Of Water simmering over the Fire.

^l The sparkling flames raise water to a Smile,
Yet the pleas'd liquor pines, and lessens all the while.

5. LASTLY, I shall place the CUMBERSOME, which moves heavily under a load of metaphors, and draws after it a long train of words. And the BUSKIN, or *Stately*, frequently and with great felicity mix'd with the former. For as the first is the proper engine to depress what is high, so is the second to raise what is base and low to a ridiculous Visibilty: When both these can be done at once, then is the Bathos in perfection; as when a man is set with his head downward, and his breech upright, his degradation is compleat: One end of him is as high as ever, only that end is the *wrong* one. Will not every true lover of the Profund be delighted to behold the most vulgar and low actions of life exalted in the following manner?

^h Blackm. Job, p. 26.

ⁱ Ibid. p. 23.

^k Denn.

^l Anon. Tons. Misc. Part 6. p. 224.

244 MARTINUS SCRIBLORUS

Who knocks at the Door?

For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd gate,
That he may enter? —

See who is there?

Advance the fringed curtains of thy eyes,
And tell me who comes yonder. —

Shut the Door.

The wooden guardian of our privacy
Quick on its axle turn. —

Bring my Cloaths.

Bring me what Nature, taylor to the Bear,
To Man himself deny'd: She gave me Cold,
But would not give me Cloaths. —

Light the Fire.

Bring forth some remnant of Promethean theft,
Quick to expand th' inclement air congeal'd
By Boreas's rude breath. —

Snuff the Candle.

Yon' luminary amputation needs,
Thus shall you save its half-extinguish'd life.

Open the Letter.

Wax! render up thy trust. —

Uncork the Bottle, and chip the Bread.

Apply rhine engine to the spongy door,

Set Bacchus from his glassy prison free,

And strip white Ceres of her nut-brown coat.

m Temp.

n Theob. Double Falshood.



C H A P. XIII.

A Project for the Advancement of the Bathos.

THUS have I (my dear Countrymen) with incredible pains and diligence, discovered the hidden sources of the *Bathos*, or, as I may say, broke open the Abysses of this *Great Deep*. And having now establish'd good and wholesome Laws, what remains but that all true moderns with their utmost might do proceed to put the same in execution? In order whereto, I think I shall in the second place highly deserve of my Country, by proposing such a *Scheme*, as may facilitate this great end.

As our Number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but Unanimity among our selves. It is therefore humbly offer'd, that all and every individual of the *Bathos* do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into One regular Body, whereof every member, even the meanest, will some way contribute to the support of the whole; in like manner, as the weakest reeds when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our Art ought to be put upon the same foot with other Arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern manufactures ariseth from their being divided into several branches, and parcel'd out to several trades: For instance, in Clock-making one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman puts all together; To this oeconomy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtless we also might that of our modern Poetry and Rhetoric, were the several parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular Trope or Figure. Aristotle saith, that the *Hyperbole* is an ornament fit for young Men of Quality; accordingly we find in those Gentlemen a wonderful propensity toward it, which is marvellously improved by Travelling: Soldiers also and Seamen are very happy in the same Figure. The *Periphrasis* or *Circumlocution* is the peculiar talent of Country Farmers; the *Proverb* and *Apologue* of old

Men at their clubs; the *Ellipsis* or Speech by half-words, of Ministers and Politicians, the *Aposiopesis* of Courtiers, the *Litotes* or Diminution of Ladies, Whisperers and Backbiters, and the *Anadiplosis* of common Cryers and Hawkers who by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green haatings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great plenty at Billingsgate, *Sarcasm* and *Irony* learned upon the Water, and the *Epiphonema* or *Exclamation* frequently from the Beargarden, and as frequently from the *Hear him* of the House of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular Figure, would doubtless attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and sworn into the Society, (as hath been propos'd) a Poet or Orator would have no more to do but to send to the particular Traders in each Kind, to the *Metaphorist* for his *Allegories*, to the *Simile-maker* for his *Comparisons*, to the *Ironist* for his *Sarcasms*, to the *Apothegmatist* for his *Sentences*, &c. whereby a Dedication or Speech would be compos'd in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the Materials.

I therefore propose that there be contrived with all convenient dispatch, at the publick expence, a *Rhetorical Chest of Drawers*, consisting of three Stories, the highest for the *Deliberative*, the middle for the *Demonstrative*, and the lowest for the *Judicial*. These shall be divided into *Loci* or *Places*, being repositories for Matter and Argument in the several kinds of oration or writing; and every Drawer shall again be sub-divided into Cells, resembling those of Cabinets for Rarities. The apartment for *Peace* or *War*, and that of the *Liberty of the Press*, may in a very few days be fill'd with several arguments perfectly new; and the *Vituperative Partition* will as easily be replenish'd with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this Cabinet, and how to manage all the Registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an Organ.

The Keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some *Reverend Prelate*, or *Valiant Officer*, of unquestion'd Loyalty and Affection to every present Establishment in Church and State; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief which might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodg'd in such hands, it may be at discretion *let out* by the Day, to

several great Orators in both Houses; from whence it is to be hop'd much *Profit* and *Gain* will also accrue to our Society.

C H A P. XIV.

How to make Dedications, Panegyrics or Satires, and of the Colours of Honourable and Dishonourable.

NOW of what necessity the foregoing Project may prove, will appear from this single consideration, that nothing is of equal consequence to the success of our Works, as *Speed* and *Dispatch*. Great pity it is, that solid brains are not like other solid bodies, constantly endow'd with a velocity in sinking, proportioned to their heaviness: For it is with the Flowers of the Bathos as with those of Nature, which if the careful gardener brings not hastily to market in the Morning, must unprofitably perish and wither before Night. And of all our Productions none is so short-liv'd as the *Dedication* and *Panegyric*, which are often but the *Praise of a Day*, and become by the next, utterly useless, improper, indecent and false. This is the more to be lamented, inasmuch as these two are the sorts whereon in a manner depends that *Profit*, which must still be remembered to be the main end our of *Writers* and *Speakers*.

We shall therefore employ this chapter in shewing the quickest method of composing them; after which we will teach a *short Way to Epic Poetry*. And these being confessedly the works of most Importance and Difficulty, it is presum'd we may leave the rest to each author's own learning or practice.

First of *Panegyric*: Every man is *honourable*, who is so by Law, Custom, or Title. The *Publick* are better judges of what is honourable, than private Men. The Virtues of great Men, like those of Plants, are inherent in them whether they are exerted or not; and the more strongly inherent the less they are exerted; as a Man is the more rich, the less he spends. All great Ministers, without either private or oeconomicall Virtue, are *virtuous* by their *Posts*; liberal and generous upon the *Publick Money*, provident upon *Publick Supplies*; just by paying *Publick Interest*, courageous and magnanimous by the

Fleets and Armies, magnificent upon the *Publick Expences*, and prudent by *Publick Success*. They have by their Office, a right to a share of the *Publick Stock* of Virtues; besides they are by *Prescription immemorial* invested in all the celebrated virtues of their *Predecessors* in the same stations, especially those of their own Ancestors.

As to what are commonly call'd the *Colours* of *Honourable* and *Dishonourable*, they are various in different Countries: In this they are *Blue*, *Green*, and *Red*.

But forasmuch as the duty we owe to the Publick doth often require that we should put some things in a strong light, and throw a shade over others, I shall explain the method of turning a vicious Man into a Hero.

The first and chief rule is the *Golden Rule* of *Transformation*, which consists in converting Vices into their bordering Virtues. A Man who is a Spendthrift and will not pay a just Debt, may have his *Injustice transform'd* into *Liberality*; Cowardice may be metamorphos'd into *Prudence*; Intemperance into good Nature and good Fellowship; Corruption into *Patriotism*; and Lewdness into *Tenderness* and *Facility*.

The second is the *Rule of Contraries*: It is certain the less a Man is endu'd with any Virtue, the more need he has to have it plentifully bestow'd, especially those good qualities of which the world generally believes he hath none at all: For who will thank a Man for giving him that which he *has*?

The Reverse of these Precepts will serve for *Satire*, wherein we are ever to remark, that whose loseth his place, or becomes out of favour with the Government, hath forfeited his share in *publick Praise* and *Honour*. Therefore the truly-publick-spirited writer ought in duty to strip him whom the government hath stripped: which is the real *poetical Justice* of this age. For a full collection of Topicks and Epithets to be used in the Praise and Dispraise of Ministerial and Unministerial Persons, I refer to our *Rhetorical Cabinet*; concluding with an earnest exhortation to all my brethren, to observe the Precepts here laid down, the neglect of which hath cost some of them their *Ears in a Pillory*.



C H A P. XV.

A Receipt to make an Epic Poem.

AN Epic Poem, the Critics agree, is the greatest work human nature is capable of. They have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a Poet, is a *Genius*. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my Countrymen) to make it manifest, that Epic Poems may be made *without a Genius*, nay without Learning or much Reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those who confess they never *Read*, and of whom the world is convinced they never *Learn*. Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it with *Money*, and if a profess'd Cook cannot do it without, he has his Art for nothing; the same may be said of making a Poem, 'tis easily brought about by him that has a *Genius*, but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain *Recipe*, by which any author in the Bathos may be qualified for this grand performance.

For the FABLE.

Take out of any old Poem, History-book, Romance, or Legend, (for instance, *Geoffrey of Monmouth* or *Don Belianis of Greece*) those parts of story which afford most scope for *long Descriptions*: Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into *one Tale*. Then take a Hero, whom you may chuse for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures: There let him *work* for twelve books; at the end of which you may take him out, ready prepared to *conquer* or to *marry*; it being necessary that the conclusion of an Epic Poem be *fortunate*.

To make an EPISODE.

Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your Hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person, who may be lost and *evaporate* in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.

For the MORAL and ALLEGORY.

These you may extract out of the Fable afterwards, at your leisure: Be sure you *strain* them sufficiently.

For the MANNERS.

For those of the Hero, take all the best qualities you can find in the most celebrated Heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a *Consistency*, lay them *all on a heap* upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your *Patron* would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a Dedication before your Poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these Virtues, it not being determin'd whether or no it be necessary for the Hero of a Poem to be an *honest Man*. For the *Under-Characters*, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves.

For the MACHINES.

Take of *Deities*, male and female, as many as you can use: Separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle; Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of *Devils*, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your *Spirits* from Tasso. The use of these Machines is evident; since no Epic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities: When you cannot extricate your Hero by any human means, or your self by your own wit, seek relief from

Heaven, and the Gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct Prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry,

*Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice Nodus
Inciderit.* —————

That is to say, *A Poet should never call upon the Gods for their Assistance, but when he is in great Perplexity.*

For the DESCRIPTIONS.

For a Tempest. Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auuster and Boreas, and cast them together in one verse: add to these of Rain, Lightning and Thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*: mix your Clouds and Billows well together 'till they foam, and thicken your Description here and there with a Quick-sand. Brew your Tempest well in your head, before you set it a blowing.

For a Battle. Pick a large quantity of Images and Descriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a spice or two of Virgil, and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a Skirmish. Season it well with *Similes*, and it will make an excellent Battle.

For a Burning Town. If such a Description be necessary, (because it is certain there is one in Virgil) old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrow'd, a Chapter or two of the Theory of the Conflagration, well circumstanced and done into verse, will be a good *Succedaneum*.

As for *Similes* and *Metaphors*, they may be found all over the Creation; the most ignorant may gather them, but the difficulty is in *applying* them. For this advise with your *Bookseller*.



C H A P. XVI.

A Project for the Advancement of the Stage.

IT may be thought that we should not wholly omit the *Drama*, which makes so great and so lucrative a part of Poetry. But this Province is so well taken care of, by the present *Managers* of the Theatre, that it is perfectly needless to suggest to them any other Methods than they have already practised for the advancement of the *Bathos*.

Here therefore, in the Name of all our Brethren, let me return our sincere and Humble Thanks to the most August Mr. Barton Booth, the most Serene Mr. Robert Wilks, and the most Undaunted Mr. Colly Cibber; of whom let it be known, *when the People of this Age shall be Ancestors*, and to all the *Succession of our Successors*, that to this present Day they continue to *Out-do* even their own *Out-doings*; And when the inevitable Hand of sweeping Time shall have brush'd off all the Works of *To-day*, may this Testimony of a *Co-temporary Critic* to their Fame, be extended as far as *To-morrow*.

Yet, if to so wise an Administration it be possible any thing can be added, it is that more ample and comprehensive Scheme which Mr. Dennis and Mr. Gildon, (the two greatest Critics and Reformers then living) made publick in the year 1720, in a Project sign'd with their Names, and dated the 2d of February. I cannot better conclude than by presenting the Reader with the Substance of it.

1. It is propos'd, That the two Theatres be incorporated into one Company; that the *Royal Academy of Musick* be added to them as an *Orchestra*; and that Mr. Figg with his Prize-fighters, and Violante with the Rope-dancers, be admitted in Partnership.

2. That a spacious Building be erected at the Public expence, capable of containing at least *ten thousand Spectators*, which is become absolutely necessary by the great addition of Children and Nurfses to the Audience, since the new Entertainments. That there be a Stage as large as the Athenian, which

was near ninety thousand geometrical paces square, and separate divisions for the two Houses of Parliament, my Lords the Judges, the honourable the Directors of the Academy, and the Court of Aldermen, who shall all have their Places frank.

3. If *Westminster-Hall* be not allotted to this service, (which by reason of its proximity to the two Chambers of Parliament abovementioned, seems not altogether improper;) it is left to the wisdom of the Nation whether *Somerset-House* may not be demolished, and a Theatre built upon that Scite, which lies convenient to receive Spectators from the County of *Surrey*, who may be wafted thither by water-carriage, esteemed by all Projectors the cheapest whatsoever. To this may be added, that the river *Thames* may in the readiest manner convey those eminent Personages from Courts beyond the seas, who may be drawn either by Curiosity to behold some of our most celebrated Pieces, or by Affection to see their Countrymen, the Harlequins and Eunuchs; of which convenient notice may be given, for two or three months before, in the public Prints.

4. That the Theatre abovesaid be environ'd with a fair Quadrangle of Buildings, fitted for the accommodation of decayed Critics and Poets; out of whom Six of the most aged (their age to be computed from the year wherein their first work was published) shall be elected to manage the affairs of the Society, provided nevertheless that the Laureat for the time being, may be always one. The Head or President over all, (to prevent disputes, but too frequent among the learned) shall be the most ancient Poet and Critic to be found in the whole Island.

5. The Male-Players are to be lodg'd in the garrets of the said Quadrangle, and to attend the persons of the Poets, dwelling under them, by brushing their apparel, drawing on their shoes, and the like. The Actresses are to make their beds, and wash their linnen.

6. A large room shall be set apart for a Library, to consist of all the modern Dramatick Poems, and all the Criticisms extant. In the midst of this room shall be a round table for the Council of Six to sit and deliberate on the Merits of Plays. The Majority shall determine the Dispute; and if it should

happen that *three* and *three* should be of each side, the President shall have a *casting Voice*, unless where the Contention may run so high as to require a decision by *Single Combat*.

7. It may be convenient to place the *Council of Six* in some conspicuous situation in the Theatre, where after the manner usually practised by composers in musick, they may give *Signs* (before settled and agreed upon) of Dislike or Approbation. In consequence of these *Signs* the whole audience shall be required to *clap* or *bis*, that the Town may learn certainly when and how far they ought to be pleas'd?

8. It is submitted whether it would not be proper to distinguish the *Council of Six* by some particular Habit or Gown of an honourable shape and colour, to which may be added a square Cap and a white Wand.

9. That to prevent unmarried Actresses making away with their Infants, a competent provision be allowed for the nurture of them, who shall for that reason be deemed the *Children of the Society*; and that they may be educated according to the Genius of their parents, the said Actresses shall declare upon Oath (as far as their memory will allow) the true names and qualities of their several fathers. A private Gentleman's Son shall at the publick expence be brought up a Page to attend the *Council of Six*: A more ample provision shall be made for the son of a *Poet*; and a greater still for the son of a *Critic*.

10. If it be discovered that any Actress is got with Child, during the Interludes of any Play wherein she hath a Part, it shall be reckoned a neglect of her Business, and she shall forfeit accordingly. If any Actor for the future shall commit Murder, except upon the stage, he shall be left to the laws of the land; the like is to be understood of *Robbery* and *Theft*. In all other cases, particularly in those for *Debt*, it is propos'd that this, like the other Courts of *Whitehall* and *St. James's*, may be held a *Place of Privilege*. And whereas it has been found, that an obligation to satisfy poultry Creditors has been a Discouragement to Men of Letters, if any Person of Quality or others shall send for any *Poet* or *Critic* of this Society to any remote quarter of the town, the said Poet or Critic shall freely pass and repass without being liable to an *Arrest*.

11. The forementioned Scheme in its several regulations may be supported by Profits arising from every Third-night throughout the year, And as it would be hard to suppose that so many persons could live without any food, (tho' from the former course of their lives, a *very little* will be deem'd sufficient) the masters of calculation will, we believe, agree, that out of those Profits, the said persons might be subsisted in a sober and decent manner. We will venture to affirm farther, that not only the proper magazines of Thunder and Lightning, but *Paint, Diet-Drinks, Spitting-Pots*, and all other *Necessaries of Life*, may in like manner fairly be provided for.

12. If some of the Articles may at first view seem liable to Objections, particularly those that give so vast a power to the *Council of Six* (which is indeed larger than any entrusted to the great Officers of state) this may be obviated, by swearing those *Six* Persons of his Majesty's Privy Council, and obliging them to pass every thing of moment *previously* at that most honourable Board.





would be hard to suppose that so many persons could live without any food
(the former course of their lives, a way will be deemed sufficient) the

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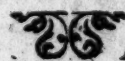
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VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS:
 S E U
MARTINI SCRIBLERI
 Summi Critici,
CASTIGATIONUM in ÆNEIDEM
S P E C I M E N:

ÆNEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus pœne mendis scaturien-
 tem, ad pristinum sensum revocabimus. In singulis fere versibus spuria oc-
 currunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus, aut vulgatis aut
 ineditis, ad opprobrium usque Criticorum, in hunc diem existentes. Interea
 adverte oculos, & his paucis frue. At si quæ sint in hisce castigationibus
 de quibus non satis liquet, syllabarum quantitates, *πελεγόμενα* nostra Libro
 ipsi præfigenda, ut consulas, moneo.

I. SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VERS. I.

A RMA Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *aris*
 Italiam, *fato* profugus, *Lavinaque* venit
 Litora: multum ille & terris *jaçtatus* & alto,
 Vi superum ———
 Arma Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab *Aris*
 Italiam, *flatu* profugus, *Latinaque* venit
 Litora: multum ille & terris *venatus*, & alto,
 Vi superum ———

Ab *aris*, nempe Hercæi Jovis, vide lib. 2. vers. 512, 550. — *Flatu*, ventorum
 Æoli, ut sequitur — *Latina* certe littora cum Æneas aderat, *Lavina* non nisi po-
 stea ab ipso nominata, lib. 12. vers. 193. — *jaçtatus*, terris non convenit.

II. VER. 52.

— Et quisquis *Numen* Junonis adoret?

— Et quisquis *Nomen* Junonis adoret?
Longe melius, quam ut antea, *Numen*. & procul dubio sic Virgilius.

III. VER. 86.

— Venti velut *agmine facto*
Qua data porta ruunt —

— Venti velut *aggere facto*
Qua data porta ruunt —
Sic corrige, meo periculo.

IV. VER. 117.

Fidumque vehebat *Orontem*.

Fortemque vehebat *Orontem* :

Non *fidum*, quia Epitheton *Achatae* notissimum, *Oronti* nunquam datur.

V. VER. 119.

Excuitur, pronusque *magister*
Volvitur in caput —

— Excuitur : pronusque *magis ter*
Volvitur in caput —

Aio Virgilium aliter non scripsisse, quod plane confirmatur ex sequenti-
bus — *Ast illum ter fluctus ibidem Torquet* —

VI. VER. 122.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto

Arma virum —

Armi hominum : Ridicule antea *Arma virum*, quae ex ferro conflata, quo-
modo possunt *natare*?

VII. VER. 151.

Atque rotis *summas* leviter perlabitur undas.

Atque rotis *spumas* leviter perlabitur *udas*.

Summas, & *leviter perlabi*, pleonasmus est: Mirifice altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem & celeritatem exprimit; simili modo Noster de Camilla, Æn. 11. *Illa vel intacta segetis per summa volaret*, &c. hyperbolice.

VIII. VER. 154.

Jamque *faeces* & *saxa* volant, furor arma ministrat.

Jam *faeces* & *saxa* volant, *fugiantque Ministri*: Uti solent, instanti periculo. — *Faeces*, *facibus* longe præstant, quid enim nisi *faeces* jactarent vulgus sordidum?

IX. VER. 170.

Fronte sub adverfa *scopulis pendentibus* antrum,
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque *sedilia* saxo.

Fronte sub adverfa *populis prandentibus* antrum.

Sic malim, longe potius quam *scopulis pendentibus*: Nugæ! Nonne vides versu sequenti *dulces aquas* ad potandum & *sedilia* ad discumbendum dari? In quorum usum? quippe *prandentium*.

X. VER. 188.

— Tres littore *cervos*

Prospicit errantes: hos *tota armenta* sequuntur

A tergo —

— Tres litore *corvos*

Aspiciunt errantes: hos *agmina tota* sequuntur

A tergo — *Cervi*, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima: hæc animalia in *Africa* non inventa, quis nescit? At *motus* & *ambulandi ritus* Corvorum, quis non agnovit hoc loco? *Littore*, locus ubi errant Corvi, uti Noster alibi,

Et sola secum sicca spatietur arena.

Omen præclarissimum, immo & *agminibus Militum* frequenter observatum, ut patet ex Historicis.

XI. VER. 748/

Arcturum, pluviasque Hyades, gemibusque Triones.

Error gravissimus. Corrige, — septemque Triones.

XII. VER. 631.

Quare agite O juvenes, lectis succedite nostris.

Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, & quæ unica voce & Torum & Mensam exprimebat: Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio O Juvenes! Duplicem hunc sensum alibi etiam Maro lepide innuit, Æn.

Huic uni forsitan potui succumbere culpe?

Anna? fatebor enim —

Corrige, Huic uni [Viro scil.] potui succumbere; culpas?

Anna? fatebor enim, &c.

Vox succumbere quam eleganter ambigua!

LIBER SECUNDUS. VER. I.

CONTICUERE omnes, intentique ora tenebant,
Inde toro Pater Æneas sic orsus ab alto:

Concubere omnes, intentæque ora tenebant;

Inde toro satur Æneas sic orsus ab alto.

Concubere, quia toro Æneam vidimus accumbentem: quin & altera ratio, scil. conticuere & ora tenebant, tautologice dictum. In Manuscripto perquam rarissimo in Patris Museo, legitur, ore gemebant: magis ingeniose quam vere. Satur Æneas, quippe qui jamjam a prandio surrexit: Pater nihil ad rem.

II. VER. 3.

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.

Infantum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.

Sic haud dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse: quod satis constat, ex per-

antiqua illa Britannorum Cantilena vocata *Ghery-Ghace*, cujus autor hunc locum sibi ascivit in hæc verba.

The Child may rue that is unborn.

III. VER. 4.

Trojanas ut *opes*, & lamentabile regnum *Eruerint* Danai.

Trojanas ut *Oves* & lamentabile regnum *Diruerint* — Mallem *oves* potius quam *opes*, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus oves & armenta divitiarum regum fuisse. Vel fortasse *Oves* *Paridis* innuit, quas super Idam nuperime pascebat, & jam in vindictam pro *Helechæ* raptu, a Menelao, Ajace, [Vid. Hor. Sat. II. 3.] aliisque ducibus, merito occisas.

IV. VER. 5.

Quæque ipse *miserrima* vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

IV. VER. 6.

Quæque ipse *miserrimus* audi,
Et quorum pars magna fui —
Omnia tam *audita* quam *visa* recta distinctione enarrare hic *Æneas* proficitur: Multa quorum nox ea fatalis sola confecta fuit, *Vir* probus & pius tanquam *visa* referre non potuit.

V. VER. 7.

Quis talia *flendo* —
Temperet a *lachrymis*? —
Quis talia *flendo* —
Temperet in *lachrymis*? — Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo *lachrymare*: quam solummodo a *lachrymis* non temperare?

VI. VER. 9.

Et jam nox *lumina* cælo
Præcipitat, suadentque *latentia* *sydera* somnos.

Et jam nox *lumina* cælo
Præcipitat, suadentque *latentia* *sydera* somnos.
Lectio, *humida*, vespertinum rorem solum innuere videtur: magis mi aridet *Lumina*, quæ *latentia* postquam *præcipitantur*, *Auroræ* adventum annunciant.

Sed si tantus amor curas cognoscere noctis,
Et breviter Trojae supremum audire laborem.

Sed si tantus amor curas cognoscere noctis,
Et breviter Trojae, superumque audire labores.

Curae Noctis (scilicet noctis excidii Trojani) magis compendiose (vel ut dixit ipse breviter) totam belli catastropham denotat, quam diffusa illa & indeterminata lectio, *casus nostros*. Ter audire gratum fuisse Didoni, patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, *Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores*. *Exposcit*: Ter enim pro sepe usurpatur. *Trojae, superumque labores*, recte, quia non tantum homines sed & Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt. Vide *En. 2. ver. 610. &c.*

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctusque refugit.

Incipiam.

Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctusque refugit. Resurgit multo proprius dolorem renascentem notat, quam ut hactenus, refugit.

VII. VER. 13.

Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi,

Ductores Danaum, tot jam labentibus annis,

Instar montis Equum, divina Palladis arte,

Aedificant — &c.

Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi.

Fracti & Repulsi, Antithesis perpulchra! Fracti frigide & vulgariter.

Equum jam Trojanum, (ut vulgus loquitur) adeamus, quem si Equum Graecam vocabis Lector, minime pecces: Solae enim femellae utero gestant. Uterumque armato milite complent — Uteroque recusso Insonuere cauae — Atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere. — Inclusos utero Danaos, &c. Vox facta non convenit maribus, — Stant fatidis machina muros, Poeta armis — Palladem Virginem, Equo mari fabricando, invigilare decuisse quis putat? Incredibile prorsus! Quamobrem existimo veram Equae lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte, metri causa, Equum potius quam Equam, Genus pro Sexu, dixit Maro. Vale! dum haec paucula corriges, majus opus moveo.

AN
ESSAY

Of the Learned

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS,
Concerning the ORIGINE of
SCIENCES.

*Written to the most Learned Dr. — F. R. S. from the
Deserts of NUBIA.*

AMONG all the enquiries which have been persu'd by the curious and inquisitive, there is none more worthy the search of a learned head, than the Source from whence we derive those Arts and Sciences which raise us so far above the vulgar, the Countries in which they rose, and the channels by which they have been convey'd. As those who first brought them amongst us attain'd them by travelling into the remotest parts of the earth, I may boast of some advantages by the same means; since I write this from the Deserts of Æthiopia, from those plains of sand which have buried the pride of invading armies, with my foot perhaps at this instant ten fathom over the grave of Cambyfes, a solitude to which neither Pythagoras nor Apollonius ever penetrated.

It is universally agreed, that Arts and sciences were deriv'd to us from the Egyptians and Indians; but from whom they first receiv'd them, is yet a secret. The highest period of time from which the learned attempt to trace them, is the beginning of the Assyrian Monarchy, when their inventors were worshipp'd as Gods. It is therefore necessary to go backward into times even more remote, and to gain some knowledge of their history, from whatever dark and broken hints may any way be found in ancient authors concerning them.

Nor Troy nor Thebes were the first of Empires; we have mention, tho' not histories, of an earlier warlike people call'd the Pygmæans. I cannot but persuade myself, from those accounts in * Homer, Aristotle and others, of their history, wars, and revolutions, and from the very Air in which those authors speak of them as of things known, that they were then a part of the study of the Learned. And tho' all we directly hear is of their Military achievements, in the brave defence of their country from the annual invasions of a powerful enemy, yet I cannot doubt but that they excell'd as much in the arts of peaceful government, tho' there remain no traces of their civil institutions. Empires as great have been swallow'd up in the wreck of Time, and such sudden periods have been put to them, as occasion a total ignorance of their story. And if I should conjecture that the like happen'd to this nation, from a general extirpation of the people by those flocks of monstrous birds, wherewith Antiquity agrees they were continually infested; it ought not to seem more incredible, than that one of the Balears was wasted by rabbits, ** Smythe by mice, and of late † Bermudas almost depopulated by rats. Nothing is more natural to imagine, than that the few survivors of that empire retired into the depths of their Deserts, where they liv'd undisturb'd, 'till they were found out by Osyris in his travels to instruct mankind.

He met, says § Diodorus, in Æthiopia, a sort of little Satyrs, who were hairy one half of their body, and whose leader Pan accompanied him in his expedition for the civilizing of mankind. Now of this great personage Pan, we have a very particular description in the ancient writers; who unanimously agree to represent him shaggy bearded, hairy all over, half a man and half a beast, and walking erect with a staff, (the posture in which his race are to this day shown among us). And since the chief thing to which he apply'd himself was

* Il. 3. Hom. ** Eustathius in Hom. Il. 1. † Speede, in Bermudas. § L. 1. ch. 18. Diod.

the civilizing of mankind, it should seem that the first principles of science must be receiv'd from this nation, to which the Gods were by * Homer said to resort twelve days every year, for the conversation of its wise and just inhabitants.

If from Egypt we proceed to take a view of India, we shall find that their knowledge also deriv'd itself from the same source. To that country did these noble creatures accompany Bacchus in his expedition, under the conduct of Silenus, who is also describ'd to us with the very same marks and qualifications. "Mankind is ignorant, saith † Diodorus, whence Silenus derived his birth, "through his great antiquity; but he had a tail on his loins, as likewise had all "his progeny, in sign of their descent." Here then they settled a colony, which to this day subsists with the same tails. From this time they seem to have communicated themselves only to those men who retir'd from the converse of their own species, to a more uninterrupted life of contemplation. I am much inclin'd to believe, that in the midst of those solitudes they instituted the so much celebrated order of Gymnosophists. For whoever observes the scene and manner of their life, will easily find them to have imitated with all exactness imaginable, the manners and customs of their masters and instructors. They are said to dwell in the thickest woods, to go naked, to suffer their bodies to be over-run with hair, and their nails to grow to a prodigious length, § Plutarch says, they eat what they could get in the fields, their drink was water, and their bed made of leaves or moss. And ‡ Herodotus tells us, that they esteem'd it a great exploit to kill very many Ants or creeping things.

Hence we see that the two nations which contend for the origine of learning, are the same that have ever most abounded with this ingenious race. Tho' they have contested which was first blest with the rise of science, yet have they conspir'd in being grateful to their common masters. Egypt is well known to have worshipp'd them of old in their own images; and India may be credibly suppos'd to have done the same, from that adoration which they paid in latter times to the Tooth of one of these hairy Philosophers, as it should seem, in just gratitude to the Mouth from which they receiv'd their knowledge.

Pass we now over into Greece, where we find Orpheus returning out of

* Il. i. 600. † L. 3. ch. 69. Diod. § Plutarch in his Orat. on Alexander's Fortune.

‡ Herod. L. 1.

Ægypt, with the same intent as Osiris and Bacchus made their expeditions. From this period it was, that Greece first heard the name of Satyrs, or own'd them for *Semi-dei*. And hence it is surely reasonable to conclude, that he brought some of this wonderful species along with him, who also had a leader of the line of Pan, of the same name, and expressly call'd King by † Theocritus. If thus much be allow'd, we easily account for two of the strangest reports in all antiquity. One is, that of the beasts following the musick of Orpheus, which has been interpreted of his taming savage tempers, but will thus have a literal application. The other, which we most insist upon, is that fabulous one of the Gods compressing women in woods under bestial appearances, which will be solved by the love these sages are known to bear to the females of our kind. I am sensible it may be objected, that they are said to have been compress'd in the shape of different animals; but to this we answer, that women under such apprehensions hardly know what shape they have to deal with.

From what has been last said, 'tis highly credible that to this ancient and generous race the world is indebted, if not for the Heroes, at least for the acutest Wits of antiquity. One of the most remarkable instances, is that great mimic genius * Æsop, for whose extraction from these *Sylvestres Homines* we may gather an argument from Planudes, who says, that Æsop signifies the same thing as Æthiop, the original nation of our people. For a second argument we may offer the description of his person, which was short, deform'd, and almost savage. insomuch that he might have liv'd in the woods, had not the benevolence of his temper made him rather adapt himself to our manners, and come to court in wearing apparel. The third proof is his acute and satyrical wit; and lastly, his great knowledge in the nature of beasts, together with the natural pleasure he took to speak of them upon all occasions.

The next instance I shall produce is § Socrates. First, it was a tradition that he was of an uncommon birth from the rest of men; secondly, he had a countenance confessing the line he sprung from, being bald, flat-nos'd, with prominent eyes, and a downward look: thirdly he turn'd certain fables of Æsop into verse, probably out of his respect to beasts in general, and love to his family in particular.

In process of time, the women, with whom these Sylvans would have loving-

† *Παν Αρεῖ*, Theo. Id. 1st.

* Vit. Æsop. initio.

§ Vid. Plato and Xenophon.

ly cohabited, were either taught by mankind, or induc'd by an abhorrence of their shapes to shun their embraces; so that our sages were necessitated to mix with beasts. This by degrees occasion'd the hair of their posterity to grow higher than their middles: it arose in one generation to their arms, in the second it invaded their necks, in the third it gain'd the ascendant of their heads, 'till the degenerate appearance, in which the species is now immers'd, became compleated. Tho' we must here observe, that there were a few who fell not under the common calamity, there being some unprejudic'd women in every age, by virtue of whom a Total extinction of the original race was prevented: And it is remarkable also, that even where they were mix'd, the defection from their nature was not intire; there still appear'd marvellous qualities among them, as was manifest in those who follow'd Alexander in India. How did they attend his army and survey his order! How did they cast themselves into the same forms for march or for combat! What an imitation was there of all his discipline! the ancient true remains of a warlike disposition, and of that constitution which they enjoy'd while they were yet a monarchy.

To proceed to Italy: At the first appearance of these wild philosophers, there were some of the least mix'd who vouchsafed to converse with mankind; which is evident from the name of * Fauns, a *fando*, or speaking. Such was he who coming out of the woods in hatred to tyranny, encourag'd the Roman army to proceed against the Hetruscans who would have restor'd Tarquin. But here, as in all the western parts of the world, there was a great and memorable Æra in which they began to be silent. This we may place something near the time of Aristotle, when the number, vanity and folly of human philosophers encreas'd, by which men's heads became too much puzzled to receive the wisdom of these ancient Sylvans; the questions of that academy were too numerous to be consistent with their ease to answer; and too intricate, extravagant, idle, or pernicious, to be any other than a derision and scorn unto them. From this period, if ever we hear of their giving answers, it is only when caught, bound, and constrain'd, in like manner as was that ancient Grecian prophet, Proteus.

Accordingly we read in † Sylla's time, of such a philosopher taken near Dyrrachium, who wou'd not be persuaded to give them a lecture by all they cou'd say to him, and only shew'd his power in sounds by neighing like a horse.

* Livy. † Plutarch in Vit. Syllæ.

But a more successful attempt was made in Augustus's reign by the inquisitive genius of the great Virgil; whom, together with Varus, the commentators suppose to have been the true persons who are related in the 6th Bucolick to have caught a philosopher, and doubtless a genuine one, of the race of the old Silenus. To prevail upon him to be communicative (of the importance of which Virgil was well aware) they not only ty'd him fast, but allur'd him likewise by making him a present of a comely maiden call'd *Ægle*, which made him sing both merrily and instructively. In this song we have their doctrine of the Creation, the same in all probability as was taught so many ages before in the great Pygmean empire, and several hieroglyphical fables under which they couch'd or embellish'd their morals. For which reason I look upon this Bucolick as an inestimable treasure of the most ancient science.

In the reign of Constantine we hear of another, taken in a net, and brought to Alexandria, round whom the people flock'd to hear his wisdom; but as Ammianus Marcellinus reporteth, he proved a dumb philosopher, and only instructed by action.

The last we shall speak of who seemeth to be of the true race, is said by St. Jerome to have met St. * Antony in a desert, who enquiring the way of him, he shew'd his understanding, and courtesy by pointing, but wou'd not answer, for he was a dumb philosopher also.

These are all the notices which I am at present able to gather of the appearance of so great and learned a people in your side of the world. But if we return to their ancient native seats, Africa and India, we shall there find even in modern times, the traces of their original conduct and valour.

In Africa (as we read among the indefatigable Mr. Purchas's collections) a body of them whose leader was inflam'd with love for a woman, by martial powers and stratagem won a fort from the Portuguese.

But I must leave all others at present to celebrate the praise of two of their unparallell'd Monarchs in India. The one was Perimal the magnificent, a Prince most learned and communicative, to whom in Malabar their excess of zeal dedicated a temple, rais'd on seven hundred pillars, not inferior in † Maffæus's opinion to those of Agrippa in the Pantheon. The other, Hanimant the marvellous, his relation and successor, whose knowledge was so great, as made his followers doubt if even that wise species cou'd arrive at such perfection; and

* Vit. St. Ant. † Maff. l. r.

therefore they rather imagin'd him and his race a sort of Gods form'd into apes. His was the Tooth which the Portuguese took in Bijnagar 1559, for which the Indians offer'd, according to * Linschotten, the immense sum of seven hundred thousand ducats. Nor let me quit this head without mentioning with all due respect Oran Outang the great, the last of this line; whose unhappy chance it was to fall into the hands of Europeans. Oran Outang, whose value was not known to us, for he was a mute philosopher: Oran Outang, by whose dissection the learned Dr. Tyson has added a confirmation to this system, from the resemblance between the *Homo Sylvestris* and our humane body, in those organs by which the rational soul is exerted.

We must now descend to consider this people as sunk into the *bruta Natura*, by their continual commerce with beasts. Yet even at this time, what experiments do they not afford us, of relieving some from the spleen, and others from imposthumes, by occasioning laughter at proper seasons? With what readiness do they enter into the imitation of whatever is remarkable in humane life? and what surprizing relations have Le Comte and others given, of their appetites, actions, conceptions, affections, varieties of imaginations, and abilities capable of pursuing them? If under their present low circumstances of birth and breeding, and in so short a term of life as is now allotted them, they so far exceed all beasts, and equal many men; what prodigies may we not conceive of those, who were *nati melioribus annis*, those primitive, Longæval and Antedeluvian man-tegers, who first taught sciences to the world?

This account, which is entirely my own, I am proud to imagine has traced knowledge from a fountain correspondent to several opinions of the Ancients, tho' hitherto undiscover'd both by them and the moderns. And now, what shall I say to mankind in the thought of this great discovery? What, but that they should abate of their Pride, and consider that the authors of our knowledge are among beasts. That these, who were our elder brothers by a day in the creation, whose kingdom like that in the scheme of Plato was govern'd by philosophers, who flourish'd with learning in Æthiopia and India, are now undistinguish'd from, and known only by the same appellation as the man-tyger, and the monkey!

As to speech, I make no question, that there are remains of the first and less corrupted race in their native deserts, who yet have the power of it. But the vulgar reason given by the Spaniards, "that they will not speak for fear of

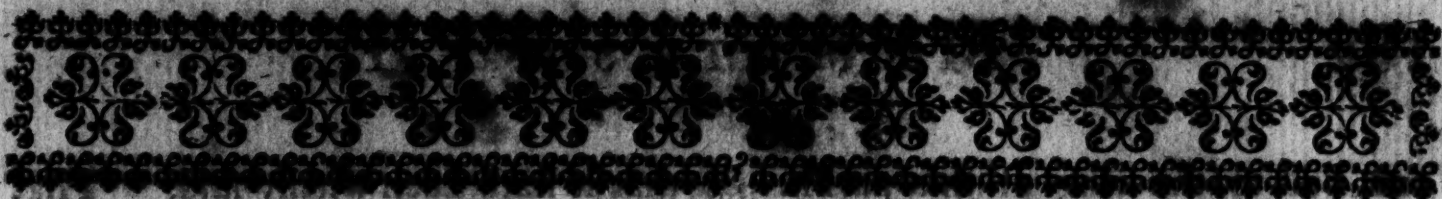
* Linschot. ch. 44.

"being set to work," is alone a sufficient one, considering how exceedingly all other learned persons affect their ease. A second is, that these observant creatures having been eye-witnesses of the cruelty with which that nation treated their brother Indians, find it necessary not to show themselves to be men, that they may be protected not only from work, but from cruelty also. Thirdly, they cou'd at best take no delight to converse with the Spaniards, whose grave and sullen temper is so averse to that natural and open cheerfulness, which is generally observ'd to accompany all true knowledge.

But now were it possible that any way cou'd be found out, to draw forth their latent qualities, I cannot but think it wou'd be highly serviceable to the learned world, both in respect of recovering past knowledge, and promoting the future. Might there not be found certain gentle and artful methods, whereby to endear us to them? Is there no Nation in the world, whose natural turn is adapted to engage their society, and win them by a sweet similitude of manners? Is there no nation, where the men might allure them by a distinguishing civility, and in a manner fascinate them by assimilated motions? no nation, where the women with easy freedoms, and the gentlest treatment, might oblige the loving creatures to sensible returns of humanity? The love I bear my native country prompts me to wish this nation might be Great Britain, but alas! in our present wretched divided condition, how can we hope, that foreigners of so great prudence will freely declare their sentiments in the midst of violent parties, and at so vast a distance from their friends, relations, and country? The affection I bear our neighbour-state, wou'd incline me to wish it were Holland—*Sed lævâ in parte mamillæ Nil salit Arcadico.* 'Tis from France then we must expect this restoration of learning, whose late Monarch took the sciences under his protection, and rais'd them to so great a height. May we not hope their Emissaries will some time or other have instructions, not only to invite learned men into their country, but learned beasts, the true ancient man-regers I mean of Æthiopia and India? Might not the talents of each kind of these be adapted to the improvement of the several sciences? The man-regers to instruct heroes, states-men and scholars? baboons to teach ceremony and address to Courtiers? monkeys, the art of pleasing in conversation, and agreeable affectations, to ladies and their lovers? apes of less learning, comedians and dancing-masters? and marmosets court pages and young English travellers. But the distinguishing each kind, and allotting them to their proper business, I leave to the inquisitive and penetrating Genius of the Jesuits in their respective Missions.

Vale & Fruere.





MEMOIRS of P. P.

Clerk of this PARISH.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Original of the following extraordinary Treatise consisted of two large Volumes in Folio; which might justly be intitled, The Importance of a Man to himself: But, as it can be of very little to any body besides, I have contented myself to give only this short Abstract of it, as a Taste of the true Spirit of Memoir-Writers.

IN the name of the Lord. Amen. I, P. P. by the Grace of God, Clerk of this Parish, writeth this History.

Ever since I arrived at the age of discretion, I had a call to take upon me the function of a Parish-clerk; and to that end, it seemed unto me meet and profitable to associate myself with the parish-clerks of this Land; such I mean, as were right worthy in their calling, men of a clear and sweet voice, and of becoming gravity.

Now it came to pass, that I was born in the year of our Lord Anno Domini 1655, the year wherein our worthy benefactor, Esquire Bret, did add

one Bell to the ring of this parish. So that it hath been wittily said, "That one and the same day did give to this our Church two rare gifts, its great Bell and its Clerk."

Even when I was at school, my mistress did ever extol me above the rest of the youth, in that I had a laudable voice. And it was further-more observed, that I took a kindly affection unto that Black letter in which our Bibles are printed. Yea, often did I exercise myself in singing godly ballads, such as the Lady and Death, the Children in the Wood, and Chevy-Chace; and not like other children, in lewd and trivial ditties. Moreover, while I was a boy, I always adventured to lead the psalm next after Master William Harris, my predecessor, who (it must be confess'd to the Glory of God) was a most excellent Parish-clerk in that his day.

Yet be it acknowledged, that at the age of sixteen I became a Company-keeper, being led into idle conversation by my extraordinary love to Ringing; infomuch, that in a short time I was acquainted with every sett of bells in the whole country: Neither could I be prevail'd upon to absent myself from Wakes, being called thereunto by the harmony of the steeple. While I was in these societies, I gave my self up to unspiritual pastimes, such as wrestling, dancing, and cudgel-playing; so that I often returned to my father's house with a broken pate. I had my head broken at Milton by Thomas Wyat, as we play'd a bout or two for an Hat that was edged with silver galloon. But in the year following, I broke the head of Henry Stubbs, and obtain'd an hat not inferior to the former. At Yelverton I encountred George Cummins, Weaver, and behold my head was broken a second time! At the wake of Waybrook, I engag'd William Simkins, Tanner, when lo, thus was my head broken a third time, and much blood trickled therefrom. But I administred to my comfort, saying within myself, "What man is there, howsoever dextrous in any craft, who is for aye on his guard?" A week after I had a base-born child laid unto me; for in the days of my youth I was look'd upon as a follower of venereal fantasies: Thus was I led into sin by the comeliness of Susanna Smith, who first tempted me and then put me to shame; for indeed she was a maiden of a seducing eye, and pleasant feature. I humbled myself before the Justice, I acknowledg'd my crime to our Curate, and to do away mine offences and make her some attonement, was joined to her in holy wedlock on the sabbath day following.

How often do those things which seem unto us misfortunes, redound to our advantage! For the Minister (who had long look'd on Susanna as the most lovely of his parishioners) liked so well of my demeanour, that he recommended me to the honour of being his Clerk, which was then become vacant by the decease of good Master William Harris.

Here ends the first chapter; after which follow fifty or sixty pages of his amours in general, and that particular one with Susanna his present Wife; but I proceed to chapter the 9th.

No sooner was I elected into mine office, but I layed aside the powder'd gallantries of my youth, and became a new man. I consider'd myself as in some wise of ecclesiastical dignity, since by wearing a band, which is no small part of the ornament of our Clergy, I might not unworthily be deem'd, as it were, a shred of the linnen vestment of Aaron.

Thou may'st conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceiv'd the eyes of the congregation fix'd upon me, when I first took my place at the feet of the Priest. When I rais'd the psalm, how did my voice quaver for fear! And when I array'd the shoulders of the Minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! I said within myself, "Remember, Paul, thou standest before men of high worship, the wise Mr. Justice Freeman, the grave Mr. Justice Tonson, the good Lady Jones, and the two virtuous gentlewomen her daughters, nay the great Sir Thomas Truby, Knight and Baronet, and my young master the Esquire, who shall one day be Lord of this Manor:" Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation; but the Lord forbid I should glory therein.

The next chapter contains an account how he discharg'd the several duties of his office; in particular he insists on the following.

I was determin'd to reform the manifold Corruptions and Abuses which had crept into the Church.

First, I was especially severe in whipping forth dogs from the Temple, all excepting the lap-dog of the good widow Howard, a sober dog which yelped not, nor was there offence in his mouth.

Secondly, I did even proceed to murther, tho' sore against my heart, unto poor babes, in tearing from them the half-penn apples which they privily munch'd at Church. But verily it pley'd me, for I remember'd the days of my youth.

Thirdly, With the sweat of my own hands, I did make plain and smooth the dogs-ears throughout our great Bible.

Fourthly, The pews and benches which were formerly swept but once in three years, I caus'd every Saturday to be swept with a broom and trimmed.

Fifthly and lastly, I caus'd the surplice to be neatly darned, washed, and laid in fresh lavender, (yea, and sometimes to be sprinkled with rose-water) and I had great laud and praise from all the neighbouring Clergy, forasmuch as no parish kept the Minister in cleaner linnen.

Notwithstanding these his publick cares, in the eleventh chapter he informs us he did not neglect his usual occupations as a handy-craftsman.

Shoes, saith he, did I make, (and, if intreated, mend) with good approbation. Faces also did I shave, and I clipped the hair. Chyrurgery also I practis'd in the worming of Dogs; but to bleed adventur'd I not, except the poor. Upon this my twofold profession, there pass'd among men a merry tale delectable enough to be rehears'd: How that being overtaken with liquor one Saturday evening, I shav'd the Priest with Spanish blacking for shoes instead of a wash-ball, and with lamp-black powder'd his perriwig. But these were sayings of men, delighting in their own conceits more than in the truth. For it is well known, that great was my care and skill in these my crafts; yea, I once had the honour of trimming Sir Thomas himself, without fetching blood. Furthermore, I was sought unto to geld the Lady Frances her spaniel, which was wont to go astray: He was called Toby, that is to say, Tobias. And 3dly, I was entrusted with a gorgeous pair of shoes of the said Lady, to set an heel-piece thereon; and I receiv'd such praise therefore that it was said all over the parish, I should be recommended unto the King to mend shoes for his Majesty: whom God preserve! Amen.

The rest of this chapter I purposely omit, for it must be own'd that when he speaks as a Shoemaker he is very absurd. He talks of Moses's pulling off his shoes, of

tanning the hides of the Bulls of Basan, of Simon the Tanner, &c. and takes up four or five pages to prove, that when the Apostles were instructed to travel without shoes, the precept did not extend to their successors.

The next chapter relates how he discover'd a Thief with a bible and key, and experimented verses of the Psalms that had cured Agues.

I pass over many others which inform us of parish affairs only, such as of the Succession of Curates; a list of the weekly Texts; what Psalms he chose on proper occasions; and what Children were born and bury'd: The last of which articles he concludes thus,

That the shame of women may not endure, I speak not of Bastards; neither will I name the Mothers, altho' thereby I might delight many grave women of the parish: Even her who hath done penance in the sheet will I not mention, forasmuch as the church hath been witness of her disgrace: Let the father, who hath made due composition with the Churchwardens to conceal his infirmity, rest in peace; my pen shall not bewray him, for I also have sinned.

The next chapter contains what he calls a great Revolution in the Church, part of which I transcribe.

Now was the long expected time arriv'd, when the psalms of King David should be hymn'd unto the same tunes to which he play'd them upon his harp; (so was I inform'd by my Singing-master, a man right cunning in Psalmody:) Now was our over-abundant quaver and trilling done away, and in lieu thereof was instituted the Sol-fa, in such guise as is sung in his Majesty's Chapel. We had London singing-masters sent into every parish, like unto Excise-men; and I also was ordain'd to adjoin myself unto them, though an unworthy disciple, in order to instruct my fellow-parishioners in this new manner of Worship. What tho' they accus'd me of humming through the nostril, as a Sacbut? yet would I not forego that harmony, it having been agreed by the worthy parish-clerks of London still to preserve the same. I tutored the young men and maidens to tune their voices as it were a psaltery, and the Church on the Sunday was fill'd with these new Hallelujahs.

Then follow full seventy chapters, containing an exact detail of the Law-suits of the Parson and his Parishioners concerning tithes, and near a hundred pages left blank, with an earnest desire that the history might be complicated by any of his successors, in whose time these suits should be ended.

The next chapter contains an account of the Briefs read in the church, and the sums collected upon each. For the reparation of nine churches, collected at nine several times, 2 s. and 7d. 1. For fifty families ruin'd by fire, 1 s. 1. For an inundation, a King Charles's groat given by Lady Frances, &c.

In the next, he laments the disuse of Wedding-sermons, and celebrates the benefits arising from those at Funerals, concluding with these words: Ah! let not the relations of the deceas'd grudge the small expence of an hat band, a pair of gloves, and ten shillings, for the satisfaction they are sure to receive from a pious Divine, that their father, brother, or bosom wife, are certainly in heaven.

In another, he draws a panegyrick on one Mrs. Margaret Wilkins, but after great encomiums, concludes, that, notwithstanding all, she was an unprofitable vessel, being a barren woman, and never once having furnished God's church with a christening.

We find in another chapter, how he was much stagger'd in his belief, and disturb'd in his conscience, by an Oxford scholar who had prov'd to him by logick, that Animals might have rational, nay, immortal souls; but how he was again comforted with the reflection, that if so, they might be allowed christian burial, and greatly augment the fees of the parish.

In the two following chapters he is overpower'd with Vanity. We are told, how he was constantly admitted to all the feasts and banquets of the Church-officers, and the speeches he there made for the good of the parish. How he gave hints to young Clergymen to preach; but above all, how he gave a Text for the 30th of January, which occasioned a most excellent sermon, the merits of which he takes entirely to himself. He gives an account of a conference he had with the Vicar concerning the Use of Texts. Let a preacher (saith he) consider the assembly before whom

he preacheth, and unto them adapt his text. *Micah* the 3d and 11th afford-eth good matter for Courtiers and court-serving men. *The heads of the land judge for reward; and the people thereof judge for hire; and the prophets thereof divine for money; yet will they lean upon the Lord, and say, Is not the Lord among us? Were the first Minister to appoint a preacher before the house of Commons, would not he be wise to make choice of these words? Give, and it shall be given unto ye.* Or before the Lords, *Giving no offence, that the Ministry be not blamed,* 2 Cor. vi. 3. Or praising the warm zeal of an Administration, *Who maketh his Ministers a flaming fire,* Psalm civ. 4. We omit many other of his texts, as too tedious.

From this period, the stile of the book rises extreamly. Before the next chapter was pasted the Effigies of Dr. Sacheverel, and I found the opposite page all on a foam with Politicks.

We are now (says he) arrived at that celebrated year; in which the Church of England was tried in the person of Dr. Sacheverel. I had ever the interest of our High-Church at heart, neither would I at any season mingle myself in the societies of Fanaticks, whom I from my infancy abhorred, more than the Heathen or Gentile. It was in these days I bethought myself, that much profit might accrue unto our Parish, and even unto the Nation, could there be assembled together a number of chosen men of the right spirit, who might argue, refine and define, upon high and great matters. Unto this purpose, I did institute a weekly Assembly of divers worthy men at the Rose and Crown Alehouse, over whom myself (tho' unworthy) did preside. Yea, I did read unto them the Post-Boy of Mr. Roper, and the written letter of Mr. Dyer, upon which we communed afterwards among our selves. Our society was composed of the following persons: Robert Jenkins, Farrier; Amos Turner, Collarmaker; George Pilcocks, late Exciseman; Thomas White, Wheel-wright; and myself. First, of the first, Robert Jenkins.

He was a man of bright parts and shrew'd conceit, for he never shooed an horse of a Whig or a Fanatick, but he lamed him sorely.

Amos Turner, a worthy person, rightly esteemed among us for his sufferings, in that he had been honoured in the stocks for wearing an Oaken bough.

George Pilcocks, a sufferer also; of zealous and laudable freedom of Speech, inasmuch that his occupation had been taken from him.

Thomas White, of good repute likewise, for that his uncle, by the Mother's side, had, formerly, been servitor at Maudlin colledge, where the glorious Sacheverel was educated.

Now were the eyes of all the parish upon these our weekly councils. In a short space, the Minister came among us; he spake concerning us and our councils to a multitude of other Ministers at the Visitation, and they spake thereof unto the Ministers at London, so that even the Bishops heard and marvelled thereat. Moreover Sir Thomas, member of Parliament, spake of the same to other members of Parliament; who spake thereof unto the Peers of the Realm. Lo! thus did our counsels enter into the hearts of our Generals and our Law-givers; and from henceforth, even as we devised, thus did they.

After this, the whole book is turn'd on a sudden, from his own Life, to a History of all the publick Translations of Europe, compiled from the news-papers of those times. I could not comprehend the meaning of this, till I perceived at last (to my no small Astonishment) that all the Measures of the four last years of the Queen, together with the peace at Utrecht, which have been usually attributed to the E— of O —, D— of O —, Lords H— and B—, and other great men; do here most plainly appear, to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkins, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all, P. P.

The reader may be sure I was very inquisitive after this extraordinary writer, whose work I have here abstracted. I took a journey into the Country on purpose; but could not find the least trace of him: till by accident I met an old Clergyman, who said he cou'd not be positive, but thought it might be one Paul Phillips, who had been dead about twelve years. And upon enquiry, all he cou'd learn of that person from the neighbourhood, was, That he had been taken notice of for swallowing Loaches, and remember'd by some people by a black and white Cur with one Ear, that constantly follow'd him.

In the Church-yard, I read his Epitaph, said to be written by himself.

O Reader, if that thou canst read,

Look down upon this Stone;

Do all we can, Death is a man,

That never spareth none.



I have had it down at the first rule of Parnell, that in the first place
from the manner of the Golden Age, and the Moral form of the
the first rule of Parnell, that in the first place
the first rule of Parnell, that in the first place

GUARDIAN

THE

Being a Continuation of some former papers on the

GUARDIANS.

Written in 1713.

I Designed to have troubled the reader with no further discourse of
factual, but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not men-
tioning an Author whose Lectures are published in the same volume with
Mr. Phillips's, I shall employ this paper in observations upon him, written in the
free spirit of Criticism, and without any apprehension of offending that Gentle-
man, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before
they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

THE
GUARDIAN.

Being a Continuation of some former papers on the
Subject of PASTORALS.

*Compulerantque greges Corydon & Thyrsis in unum:
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.*

Monday, April 27, 1713.

I. I Designed to have troubled the reader with no farther discourses of Pastoral, but being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an Author whose Eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Philips's; I shall employ this paper in observations upon him, written in the free Spirit of Criticism, and without any apprehension of offending that Gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

2. I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the Moral form'd upon the representation of Innocence; 'tis therefore plain that any deviations from that design degrade a Poem from being truly pastoral. In this view it will appear that Virgil can only have two of his Eclogues allowed to be such: his first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent; Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of concord; the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder: As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by (a) Heinſius, Salmaſius, Rapin, and the criticks in general. They likewise observe that but eleven of all the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as pastorals; and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the reasons abovementioned. So that when I remark'd in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues taken altogether are rather Select poems than Pastorals; I might have said the same thing with no less truth of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the criticks, viz. They never meant them all for pastorals.

Now it is plain Philips hath done this, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

3. As Simplicity is the distinguishing characteristick of Pastoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a stile; his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peasants. I have frequently wonder'd, that since he was so conversant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the rusticity of the Doric as well by the help of the old obsolete Roman language, as Philips hath by the antiquated English: For example, might he not have said *Quoi* instead of *Cui*: *quoijum* for *cujum*; *volt* for *vult*, &c. as well as our modern hath *welladay* for *alas*, *whileome* for *of old*, *make mock* for *deride*, and *witless younglings* for *simple lambs*, &c. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spencer?

4. Mr. Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil. His clowns do not converse in all the simplicity proper to the country: His names are borrow'd from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the scene of his pastorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis and Thyrsis on British plains, as Virgil had done

(a) See Rapin de Carm. par. 3.

before him on the Mantuan. Whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; such as Hobbinsol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

5. So easie as pastoral writing may seem, (in the simplicity we have described it) yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books. It must be confessed his competitor hath imitated *some single thoughts* of the ancients well enough, (if we consider he had not the happiness of an University education) but he hath dispersed them, here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips observes, whose *whole* third pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts to the standard of Pastoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale shows with what exactness he hath imitated every line in Strada.

6. When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in descriptions where the scene lies in our own country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Mr. Philips hath with great judgment described Wolves in England in his first pastoral. Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular Season of the year, one certain Time of the day, and one unbroken Scene in each eclogue. Tis plain Spencer neglected this pedantry, who in his pastoral of November mentions the mournful song of the Nightingale,

Sad Philomel her song in tears doth sleep.

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardiner; his roses, endives, lillies, king-cups and daffidils, blow all in the same season.

7. But the better to discover the merits of our two contempory Pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately?

Hobb. Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me:

*Come, Rosalind, O come; my brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm and all, is thine.*

Lanq. *Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flow'rs.
Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waft our live-long time away.*

Our other pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright Poetry.

Streph. *In Spring the fields, in Autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.*

Daph. *Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here,
But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.*

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses,

Hobb. *As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by,
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye:
Then swift beneath the chrystal wave she try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.*

Lanq. *As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay.
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;
Yet often stop'd, and often turn'd her eye.*

The other modern (who it must be confessed hath a knack of versifying) hath it as follows.

Stroph. *Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a Laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.*

Daph. *The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!*

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of than descriptions of pastoral Presents. Philips says thus of a Sheep-hook,

*Of season'd elm; where studs of brass appear,
To speak the giver's name, the month and year;
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd.*

The other of a bowl embossed with figures,

*— where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines;
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And, what is that which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie?*

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiack, is no ill imitation of Virgil: but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed this thought in his Doric?

*And what that hight, which girds the welkin sheen,
Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen.*

If the reader would indulge his curiosity any farther in the comparison of particulars, he may read the first pastoral of Philips with the second of his con-

temporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former with the fourth and first of the latter; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shown some parts, in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr. Philips to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, That beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce two instances out of a hundred not yet quoted.

*O woful day! O day of woe! quoth he,
And woful I, who live the day to see!*

The simplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of the sound, and the easie turn of the words in this Dirge, (to make use of our author's expression) are extreamly elegant.

In another of his pastorals, a shepherd utters a Dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines.

*Ab me the while! ab me! the luckless day,
Ab luckless lad! the rather might I say;
Ab filly I! more filly than my sheep,
Which on the flowry plains I once did keep.*

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets; and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common reader to repeat them, without feeling some motions of compassion.

In the next place I shall rank his Proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excells: For example,

*A rolling stone is ever bare of moss;
And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.
— He that late lies down, as late will rise,
And sluggard-like, till noon-day snoring lies.
— Against Ill-luck all cunning fore-sight fails;
Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails.
— Nor fear, from upright sentence, wrong.*

Lastly, his elegant Dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spencer, and our only true Arcadian. I should think it proper for the several writers of Pastoral, to confine themselves to their several Counties. Spencer seems to have been of this opinion: for he hath laid the scene of one of his Pastorals in Wales; where with all the simplicity natural to that part of our Island, one shepherd bids the other good morrow, in an unusual and elegant manner.

*Diggon Davy, I bid hur God-day:
Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-fay,*

Diggon answers,

Hur was hur, while it was day-light:

But now hur is a most wretched wight, &c.

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entitled A Pastoral Ballad: which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the title) be allowed a perfect Pastoral. It is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed as a further beauty of this Pastoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Fawn, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned throughout the whole. I shall make no apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a milking:

*Cicily. Rager, go vetch tha (b) Kee, or else tha Zun
Will quite be go, bevare c'have half a don.*

*Roger. Thou shouldst not ax ma tweece, but I've a bee
To dreave our bull to bull tha Parson's Kee,*

It is to be observed, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of Jealousie; and his mentioning the Parson's Kine naturally revives the jealousy of the shepherdess Cicily, which she expresses as follows:

*Cicily. Ah Rager, Rager, ches was zore awaid
When in yon Field you kiss'd the Parson's maid:*

(b) That is, the Kine or Cows.

*Is this the love that once to me you zed,
When from the Wake thou broughtst me gingerbread?*

Roger. *Cicily, thou charg'st me valse, — I'll zwear to thee,
Tha Person's maid is still a maid for me*

In which answer of his, are express'd at once that Spirit of Religion, and that Innocence of the Golden age, so necessary to be observed by all writers of Pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece, the author reconciles the Lovers, and ends the Eclogue the most simply in the world.

So Rager parted vor to vetch tha Kee,

And vor her bucket in went Cicily.

I am loth to show my fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English Writers of Pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that Philips hath hit into the same road with this old West Country Bard of ours.

After all that hath been said, I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr Pope that I forbore to mention him as a Pastoral writer; since upon the whole, he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whose Eclogues as well as some of Virgil's it may be said, that (according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry) they are by no means Pastorals, but something better.

THE

The GUARDIAN.

March 16. 1713.

THOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confess'd and absolv'd in that single word, the Custom; yet there are some, which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practise of *Dedications*, which is of so much the worse consequence as 'tis generally used by people of politeness, and whom a learned education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of Praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the Learned; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of Fame which is the incentive to generous actions when they find it promiscuously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving. Nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it, but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by flatterers. Even Truth itself in a Dedication is like an honest man in a disguise or Vizor-Masque, and will appear a Cheat by being dress'd so like one. Tho' the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no reason that because one man is eminent, therefore another has a right to be impertinent, and throw praises in his face. 'Tis just the reverse of the practise of the ancient Romans, when a person was advanced to triumph for his services: that they hired people to rail at him in that Circumstance to make him as humble as they could, and we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be merce-

nary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a Dedication, than to thank the painter for that on a sign-post; except it be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I shou'd think nothing justified me in this point, but the patron's permission before-hand, that I shou'd draw him as like as I cou'd; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dawber I have heard of, who not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion of the thing in a word: to say more to a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dis-honest; and without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking, must of necessity at once think himself in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have sometimes been entertained with considering Dedications in no very common light. By observing what qualities our writers think it will be most pleasing to others to compliment them with, one may form some judgment which are most so to themselves; and, in consequence, what sort of people they are? Without this view one can read very few Dedications but will give us cause to wonder, either how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such persons? I have known an Hero complimented upon the decent majesty and state he assumed after a victory; and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condescension to inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me but that I happened to know the authors: He who made the first compliment was a lofty gentleman, whose air and gait discovered when he had published a new book; and the other tippled every night with the fellows who laboured at the press while his own writings were working off. 'Tis observable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that there (as elsewhere) they far exceed us in any strain or rant. As beauty is the thing that sex are piqu'd upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated style than is used by the men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the authorefs of a famous modern romance begs a young Nobleman's permission to pay him her *kneeling adorations*, I am far from censuring the expression, as some Criticks would do, as deficient in grammar or sence; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that posture are what a lady might expect herself, and my wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter most, do but

as they would be done unto; for as none are so much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readiest to cast them upon their neighbours; so 'tis certain none are so guilty of flattery to others, as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

What led me into these thoughts, was a Dedication I happened upon, this morning. The reader must understand that I treat the least instances or remains of ingenuity, with respect in what places soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repositories of learning in the lining of bandboxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names, which are no where else to be found in the world. This morning, when one of Lady Lizard's daughters was looking over some hoods and ribbands, brought by her tirewoman, with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by a part of the title there extant) by one of the fair sex. What was most legible was the Dedication; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those Gothick ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader, as follows.

‘ **** Though it is a kind of prophanation to approach your Grace with so
 ‘ poor an offering, yet when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice of first fruits
 ‘ was to Heaven, in the earliest and purest ages of religion, that they were ho-
 ‘ nour'd with solemn feasts, and consecrated to altars by a Divine command. ***
 ‘ upon that consideration, as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate. ***
 ‘ 'Tis impossible to behold you without adoring; yet dazzled and aw'd by the
 ‘ glory that surrounds you, men feel a sacred power, that refines their flames,
 ‘ and renders them pure as those we ought to offer to the Deity. ***** The
 ‘ shrine is worthy the divinity that inhabits it. In your Grace we see what wo-
 ‘ man was before she fell, how nearly allied to the purity and perfection of An-
 ‘ gels. And we adore and bless the glorious work!

Undoubtedly these, and other periods of this most pious Dedication, could not but convince the Dutchess of what the eloquent authoress assures her at the

end, that she was her servant with most ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new sort of stile, not yet taken notice of by the Criticks, which is above the sublime, and may be called the celestial; that is, when the most sacred praises appropriated to the honour of the deity, are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this Lady, to be the inventor, or, at least, the first producer of a new kind of Dedication, very different from hers and most others, since it has not a word but what the author religiously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any book either Prose or Verse, that has, is, or shall be published, and might run in this manner.

The **AUTHOR** *to* **HIMSELF.**

Most Honoured Sir,

THESE labours, upon many considerations, so properly belong to none as to you: first, that it was your most earnest desire alone that cou'd prevail upon me to make them publick: then, as I am secure (from that constant indulgence you have ever shown to all which is mine) that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them. Moreover, there's none can so soon discover the beauties; and there are some parts, which 'tis possible few besides your self are capable of understanding. Sir, the honour, affection and value I have for you are beyond expression; as great, I am sure, or greater, than any man else can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to discover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but those persons are actuated purely by a spirit of malice or envy, the inseparable attendants on shining merit and parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in publick; but you may believe me, 'tis no more than I have a thousand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could launch into with more pleasure than your panegyrick: But since something is due to modesty, let me conclude by telling you, that there's nothing I so much desire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you some real service; but 'till then can only assure you, that I shall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive.

The GUARDIAN.

— *Primoque a cæde ferarum*
Incaluisse putem maculatum sanguine ferrum.

Ovid.

May 21. 1713.

I Cannot think it extravagant to imagine, that mankind are no less, in proportion, accountable for the ill use of their dominion over creatures of the lower rank of beings, than for the exercise of tyranny over their own Species. The more entirely the inferior creation is submitted to our power, the more answerable we should seem for our mismanagement of it ; and the rather, as the very condition of nature renders these creatures incapable of receiving any recompence in another life for their ill treatment in this.

'Tis observable of those noxious animals, which have qualities most powerful to injure us, that they naturally avoid mankind, and never hurt us unless provoked, or necessitated by hunger. Man, on the other hand, seeks out and pursues even the most inoffensive animals, on purpose to persecute and destroy them.

Montaigne thinks it some reflection upon human nature it self, that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together, but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another. I am sorry this temper is be-

come almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, Bear-baiting, Cock-fighting, and the like. We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, meerly out of wantonness; yet in this principle our children are bred up, and one of the first pleasures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almost as soon as we are sensible what life is our selves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects. Mr. Lock takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

I fancy too, some advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky, to destroy some sorts of birds, as Swallows and Martins; this opinion might possibly arise from the confidence these birds seem to put in us by building under our roofs, so that it is a kind of violation of the laws of hospitality to murder them. As for Robin-red-breasts in particular, 'tis not improbable they owe their security to the old balad of the Children in the Wood. However it be, I don't know, I say, why this prejudice, well improved and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preservation of many innocent creatures, which are now exposed to all the wantonness of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reason, to be treated as common enemies where-ever found. The conceit that a Cat has nine lives has cost at least nine lives in ten of the whole race of 'em: scarce a boy in the streets but has in this point outdone Hercules himself, who was famous for killing a monster that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animosity against this useful domestick may be any cause of the general persecution of Owls, (who are a sort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreasonable pique the moderns have taken to a serious countenance, I shall not determine. Tho' I am inclined to believe the former; since I observe the sole reason alledged for the destruction of Frogs is because they are like Toads. Yet amidst all the misfortunes of these unfriended creatures, 'tis some happiness that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for should our countrymen refine upon the French never so little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torments owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reserved.

When we grow up to men, we have another succession of Sanguinary sports; in particular hunting. I dare not attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it, but must have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exercise, with the example and number of the chasers, not a little contribute to resist those checks, which compassion would naturally suggest in behalf of the animal pursued. Nor shall I say with Monsieur Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I must animadvert upon a certain custom yet in use with us, and barbarous enough to be deriv'd from the Goths, or even the Scythians: I mean that savage compliment our huntsmen pass upon Ladies of quality, who are present at the death of a Stag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpless, trembling and weeping creature.

— *Questuque cruentus,*

Atque Imploranti similis.—

But if our sports are destructive, our gluttony is more so, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobsters roasted alive, Pigs whipp'd to death, Fowls sowed up, are testimonies of our outrageous luxury. Those, who (as Seneca expresses it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conscience and a nauseated stomach, have a just reward of their gluttony in the diseases it brings with it: for human savages, like other wild beasts, find snares and poyson in the provisions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their destruction. I know nothing more shocking, or horrid, than the prospect of one of their kitchens cover'd with blood, and filled with the cries of creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a Giant's den in a romance, bestrow'd with the scattered heads and mangled limbs of those who were slain by his cruelty.

The excellent Plutarch (who has more strokes of good-nature in his writings than I remember in any author) cites a saying of Cato to this effect, 'That 'tis no easy task to preach to the belly which has no ears. Yet if (says he) we are ashamed to be so out of fashion as not to offend, let us at least offend with some discretion and measure. If we kill an animal for our provision, let us do it with the meltings of compassion, and without tormenting it. Let us consider, that 'tis in its own nature cruelty to put a living creature to death; we at least destroy a soul that has sense and perception — In the life of Cato the

Censor, he takes occasion from the severe disposition of that man to discourse in this manner. 'It ought to be esteemed a happiness to mankind, that our humanity has a wider sphere to exert it self in, than bare justice. It is no more than the obligation of our very birth to practise equity to our own kind, but humanity may be extended thro' the whole order of creatures, even to the meanest: such actions of charity are the over-flowings of a mild good nature on all below us. It is certainly the part of a well-natured man to take care of his horses and dogs, not only in expectation of their labour while they are foals and whelps, but even when their old age has made them incapable of service.

History tells us of a wise and polite nation that rejected a person of the first quality, who stood for a judiciary office, only because he had been observed in his youth to take pleasure in tearing and murdering of birds. And of another that expelled a man out of the senate for dashing a bird against the ground which had taken shelter in his bosom. Every one knows how remarkable the Turks are for their humanity in this kind: I remember an Arabian author, who has written a treatise to shew, how far a man, supposed to have subsisted in a desert island, without any instruction, or so much as the sight of any other man, may, by the pure light of nature, attain the knowledge of philosophy and virtue. One of the first things he makes him observe is, that universal benevolence of nature in the protection and preservation of its creatures. In imitation of which, the first act of virtue he thinks his self-taught philosopher would of course fall into is, to relieve and assist all the animals about him in their wants and distresses.

Ovid has some very tender and pathetick lines applicable to this occasion.

Quid meruistis oves, placidum pecus, inque tegendos

Natum homines, pleno quæ fertis in Ubere nectar?

Mollia quæ nobis vestras velamina lanas

Præbetis; vitæque magis quam morte juvatis.

Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude dobisque,

Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores?

Immemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,

Qui potuit, curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,

Ruricolam mactare suum —

*Quam malè consuevit, quàm se parat ille cruori
 Impius humano, Vituli qui guttura cultro
 Rumpit, & immotas præbet mugitibus aures!
 Aut qui vagitus similes puerilibus hædum
 Edentem jugulare potest! —*

Perhaps that voice or cry so nearly resembling the human, with which providence has endued so many different animals, might purposely be given them to move our pity, and prevent those cruelties we are too apt to inflict on our fellow creatures.

There is a passage in the book of Jonas, when God declares his unwillingness to destroy Nineveh, where methinks that compassion of the creator, which extends to the meanest rank of his creatures, is expressed with wonderful tenderness — ‘Should I not spare Nineveh the great city, wherein are more than six thousand persons — And also much cattel?’ And we have in Deuteronomy a precept of great good nature of this sort, with a blessing in form annexed to it in those words. ‘If thou shalt find a birds nest in the way, thou shalt not take the damm with the young: But thou shalt in any wise let the damm go, that it may be well with thee, and that thou may’st prolong thy days.

To conclude, there is certainly a degree of gratitude owing to those animals that serve us; as for such as are mortal or noxious, we have a right to destroy them; and for those that are neither of advantage or prejudice to us, the common enjoyment of life is what I cannot think we ought to deprive them of.

This whole matter, with regard to each of these considerations, is set in a very agreeable light in one of the Persian fables of Pilpay, with which I shall end this paper.

A traveller passing thro’ a thicket, and seeing a few sparks of a fire, which some passengers had kindled as they went that way before, made up to it. On a sudden the sparks caught hold of a bush, in the midst of which lay an adder, and set it in flames. The adder intreated the traveller’s assistance, who tying a bag to the end of his staff, reached it, and drew him out; he then bid him go where he pleased, but never more be hurtful to men, since he owed his life to a man’s compassion. The adder, however, prepared to sting him, and when he expostulated how unjust it was to retaliate good with evil, I shall do no more (said the adder) than what you men practise every day, whose custom it

is to requite benefits with ingratitude. If you can deny this truth, let us refer it to the first we meet. The man consented, and seeing a Tree, put the question to it, in what manner a good turn was to be recompenced? If you mean according to the usage of Men (reply'd the Tree) by its contrary, I have been standing here these hundred years to protect them from the scorching sun, and in requital they have cut down my branches, and are going to saw my body into planks. Upon this the adder insulting the man, he appealed to a second evidence, which was granted, and immediately they met a Cow. The same demand was made, and much the same answer given, that among men it was certainly so: I know it, said the Cow, by woful experience; for I have served a man this long time with milk, butter and cheese, and brought him besides a Calf every year: but now I am old, he turns me into this pasture, with design to sell me to a butcher, who will shortly make an end of me. The traveller upon this stood confounded, but desired of courtesie one trial more, to be finally judged by the next beast they should meet. This happened to be the Fox, who upon hearing the story in all its circumstances, could not be persuaded it was possible for the adder to get into so narrow a bag. The adder to convince him went in again; the Fox told the man he had now his enemy in his power, and with that he fastened the bag, and crushed him to pieces.

The GUARDIAN.

Inest sua gratia Parvis.

Virg.

June 25, 1713.

S I R,

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

I Remember a saying of yours concerning persons in low circumstances of stature, that their littleness would hardly be taken notice of, if they did not manifest a consciousness of it themselves in all their behaviour. In-

'deed the observation that no man is ridiculous for being what he is, but only for
'the affectation of being something more, is equally true in regard to the mind
'and the body.

'I question not but it will be pleasing to you to hear, that a set of us have
'formed a society, who are sworn to dare to be short, and boldly bear out the
'dignity of littleness under the noses of those enormous engrossers of manhood,
'those hyperbolical monsters of the Species, the tall fellows that overlook us.

'The day of our institution was the tenth of December, being the shortest
'of the year, on which we are to hold an annual Feast over a dish of Shrimps.

'The place we have chosen for this meeting is in the little Piazza, not
'without an eye to the neighbourhood of Mr. Powel's Opera, for the perfor-
'mers of which, we have, as becomes us, a brotherly affection.

'At our first resort hither, an old woman brought her son to the Club Room,
'desiring he might be educated in this School, because she saw here were finer
'Boys than ordinary. However, this accident no way discouraged our designs.
'We began with sending invitations to those of a stature not exceeding five foot,
'to repair to our assembly; but the greater part returned excuses, or pretended
'they were not qualified.

'One said, he was indeed but five foot at present, but represented that he
'should soon exceed that proportion, his perriwig-maker and shoe-maker ha-
'ving lately promised him three inches more betwixt them.

'Another alledged, he was so unfortunate as to have one leg shorter than
'the other, and whoever had determined his stature to five foot, had taken him
'at a disadvantage; for when he was mounted on the other leg, he was at least
'five foot two inches and a half.

'There were some who questioned the exactness of our measures, and others
'instead of complying, returned us informations of people yet shorter than
'themselves. In a word, almost every one recommended some neighbour or ac-
'quaintance, whom he was willing we should look upon to be less than he.
'We were not a little ashamed that those, who are past the years of growth,
'and whose beards pronounce them men, should be guilty of as many unfair
'tricks, in this point, as the most aspiring children when they are measured.

'We therefore proceeded to fit up the Club Room, and provide conveniencies
'for our accommodation. In the first place we caus'd a total removal of all the
'chairs, stools, and tables, which had served the gross of mankind for many
'years.

The disadvantages we had undergone while we made use of these, were unspeakable. The President's whole body was sunk in the elbow-chair, and when his arms were spread over it, he appeared (to the great lessening of his dignity) like a child in a go-cart: It was also so wide in the seat, as to give a wag occasion of saying, that notwithstanding the President sat in it, there was a *Sede Vacante*.

The table was so high, that one who came by chance to the door, seeing our chins just above the pewter dishes, took us for a circle of men that sat ready to be shaved, and sent in half a dozen Barbers.

Another time, one of the Club spoke in a ludicrous manner of the President, imagining he had been absent, when he was only eclipsed by a flask of Florence which stood on the table in a parallel line before his face.

We therefore new furnished the room in all respects proportionably to us, and had the door made lower, so as to admit no man of above five foot high without brushing his foretop, which whoever does is utterly unqualified to sit among us.

Some of the Statutes of the Club are as follow.

I. If it be proved upon any member, tho' never so duly qualified, that he strives as much as possible to get above his size, by stretching, cocking, or the like; or that he hath stood on tiptoe in a crowd, with design to be taken for as tall a man as the rest; or hath privily conveyed any large book, cricket, or other device under him, to exalt him on his seat: every such offender shall be sentenced to walk in pumps for a whole month.

II. If any member shall take advantage from the fulness or length of his wig, or any part of his dress, or the immoderate extent of his hat, or otherwise, to seem larger or higher than he is; it is ordered, he shall wear red heels to his shoes, and a red feather in his hat; which may apparently mark and set bounds to the extremities of his small dimension, that all people may readily find him out between his hat and his shoes.

III. If any member shall purchase a horse for his own riding, above fourteen hands and a half in height; that horse shall forthwith be sold, a Scotch gallopy bought in its stead for him, and the overplus of the money shall treat the Club.

IV. If any member, in direct contradiction to the fundamental laws of

‘ the Society, shall wear the heels of his shoes exceeding one inch and half; it
 ‘ shall be interpreted as an open renunciation of littleness, and the criminal shall
 ‘ instantly be expell’d. Note, The form to be used in expelling a member shall
 ‘ be in these words; “ Go from among us, and be tall if you can ! ”

‘ It is the unanimous opinion of our whole society, that since the race of
 ‘ mankind is granted to have decreas’d in stature from the beginning to this pre-
 ‘ sent, it is the intent of Nature it self, that men should be little; and we be-
 ‘ lieve, that all human kind shall at last grow down to perfection, that is to
 ‘ say, be reduced to *our own measure*.

The GUARDIAN.

Homunculi quanti sunt, cum recogito !

Plautus.

June 26, 1713.

To NESTOR IRONSIDE, Esq;

‘ **Y**OU are now acquainted with the nature and design of our institu-
 ‘ tion; the Character of the members, and the topicks of our Conver-
 ‘ sation, are what remain for the subject of this Epistle.

‘ The most eminent persons of our assembly are a little Poet, a little Lover,
 ‘ a little Politican, and a little Heroe. The first of these, Dick Distick by name,
 ‘ we have elected President: not only as he is the shortest of us all, but because
 ‘ he has entertain’d so just a sense of his stature, as to go generally in black, that
 ‘ he may appear yet less. Nay, to that perfection is he arrived, that he stoops

as he walks. The figure of the man is odd enough; he is a lively little creature, with long arms and legs: a Spider is no ill emblem of him: he has been taken at a distance for a small Windmill. But indeed what principally moved us in his favour was his talent in Poetry, for he hath promised to undertake a long work in short verse to celebrate the heroes of our size. He has entertain'd so great a respect for Statius, on the score of that line,

Major in exiguo regnabat corpore virtus,

that he once designed to translate the whole Thebaid for the sake of little Tydeus.

Tom Tiptoe, a dapper black fellow, is the most gallant lover of the age. He is particularly nice in his habiliments; and to the end justice may be done him that way, constantly employs the same artist who makes attire for the neighb'ring Princes and Ladies of quality at Mr. Powel's. The vivacity of his temper inclines him sometimes to boast of the favours of the Fair. He was tother night excusing his absence from the club on account of an assignation with a Lady, (and, as he had the vanity to tell us, a tall one too) who had consented to the full accomplishment of his desires that evening: But one of the company, who was his confident, assured us she was a woman of humour and made the agreement on this condition, that his toe should be tied to hers.

Our Politician is a person of real gravity, and professed wisdom: Gravity in a man of this size, compared with that of one of ordinary bulk, appears like the gravity of a Cat compared with that of a Lion. This gentleman is accustomed to talk to himself, and was once over-heard to compare his own person to a little cabinet, wherein are locked up all the secrets of state, and refined schemes of Princes. His face is pale and meagre, which proceeds from much watching and studying for the welfare of Europe, which is also thought to have stunted his growth: for he hath destroyed his own constitution with taking care of that of the nation. He is what Mons. Balzac calls, a great Distiller of the maxims of Tacitus: when he speaks, it is slowly and word by word, as one that is loth to enrich you too fast with his observations; like a limbeck that gives you, drop by drop, an extract of the little that is in it.

The last I shall mention is Tim. Tuck, the Hero. He is particularly remarkable for the length of his Sword, which intersects his person in a cross

line, and makes him appear not unlike a Fly that the boys have run a pin thro', and set a walking. He once challenged a tall fellow for giving him a blow on the pate with his elbow, as he pass'd along the street. But what he especially values himself upon is, that in all the campaigns he has made, he never once duck'd at the whizz of a cannon ball. Tim. was full as large at fourteen years old as he is now. This we are tender of mentioning, your little Heroes being generally cholerick.

These are the gentlemen that most enliven our conversation. The discourse generally turns upon such accidents, whether fortunate or unfortunate, as are daily occasioned by our size: these we faithfully communicate, either as matter of mirth or of consolation to each other. The President had lately an unlucky fall, being unable to keep his legs on a stormy day; whereupon he informed us it was no new disaster, but the same a certain ancient Poet had been subject to; who is recorded to have been so light that he was obliged to poize himself against the wind, with lead on one side, and his own works on the other. The Lover confest the other night that he had been cured of love to a tall woman, by reading over the legend of Ragotine in Scarron, with his tea, three mornings successively. Our Hero rarely acquaints us with any of his unsuccessful adventures: and as for the Politician, he declares himself an utter enemy to all kind of burlesque, so will never discompose the austerity of his aspect by laughing at our adventures, much less discover any of his own in this ludicrous light. Whatever he tells of any accidents that befall him, is by way of complaint, nor is he ever laugh'd at but in his *Absence*.

We are likewise particularly careful to communicate in the club all such passages of history, or characters of illustrious personages, as any way reflect honour on little men. Tim. Tuck having but just reading enough for a military man, perpetually entertains us with the same stories, of little David that conquered the mighty Goliath, and little Luxembourg that made Lewis XIV. a grand Monarque, never forgetting little Alexander the great. Dick Distick celebrates the exceeding humanity of Augustus, who called Horace *lepidissimum Homunculum*; and is wonderfully pleased with Voiture and Scarron, for having so well described their diminutive forms to posterity. He is peremptorily of opinion, against a great Reader and all his adherents, that *Æsop* was not a jot properer or handsomer than he is represented by the common pictures. But the Soldier believes with the learned person above-mentioned; for he

‘thinks none but an impudent tall author could be guilty of such an unmannerly
 ‘piece of satire on little warriors, as his Battle of the Mouse and the Frog. The
 ‘Politician is very proud of a certain King of Egypt, called Bocchor, who, as
 ‘Diodorus assures us, was a person of a very low stature, but far exceeded all that
 ‘went before him in discretion and politicks.

‘As I am Secretary to the club, ’tis my business whenever we meet to take
 ‘minutes of the transactions: this has enabled me to send you the foregoing
 ‘particulars, as I may hereafter other memoirs. We have spies appointed in
 ‘every quarter of the town, to give us informations of the misbehaviour of such
 ‘refractory persons as refuse to be subject to our statutes. Whatsoever aspiring
 ‘practices any of these our people shall be guilty of in their Amours, single Com-
 ‘bats, or any indirect means to manhood, we shall certainly be acquainted with,
 ‘and publish to the world, for their punishment and reformation. For the Pre-
 ‘sident has granted me the sole propriety of exposing and showing to the town
 ‘all such intractable Dwarfs, whose circumstances exempt them from being car-
 ‘ried about in Boxes: reserving only to himself, as the right of a Poet, those
 ‘smart characters that will shine in Epigrams. Venerable Nestor, I salute you
 ‘in the name of the club.

BOB. SHORT, *Secretary.*

The GUARDIAN.

*Nec sera comantem
 Narcissum, aut flexi tacuissim vimen Acanthi,
 Pallentesque hæderas, & amantes littora myrtos.*

Virg.

September 29. 1713.

I Lately took a particular friend of mine to my house in the country, not
 without some apprehension that it could afford little entertainment to a
 man of his polite taste, particularly in architecture and gardening, who had

so long been conversant with all that is beautiful and great in either. But it was a pleasant surprize to me, to hear him often declare he had found in my little retirement that beauty which he always thought wanting in the most celebrated seats (or if you will Villa's) of the nation. This he described to me in those verses with which Martial begins one of his epigrams.

*Baiana nostri Villa, Bassæ, Faustini,
Non otiosis ordinata myrtetis,
Viduaque platano, tonsilique buxeto,
Ingrata lati spatia detinet campi,
Sed rure vero, barbaroque letatur.*

There is certainly something in the amiable simplicity of unadorned Nature, that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, than can be raised from the nicer scenes of art.

This was the taste of the Ancients in their gardens, as we may discover from the descriptions extant of them. The two most celebrated wits of the world have each of them left us a particular picture of a Garden; wherein those great masters being wholly unconfined, and painting at pleasure, may be thought to have given a full idea of what they esteemed most excellent in this way. These (one may observe) consist intirely of the useful part of horticulture, fruit trees, herbs, water, &c. The pieces I am speaking of are Virgil's account of the garden of the old Corycian, and Homer's of that of Alcinous in the seventh Odyssæ, to which I refer the reader.

Sir William Temple has remark'd, that this garden of Homer contains all the justest rules and provisions which can go toward composing the best gardens. Its extent was four Acres, which, in those times of simplicity, was look'd upon as a large one, even for a Prince. It was inclos'd all round for defence; and for conveniency join'd close to the gates of the Palace.

He mentions next the Trees, which were standards, and suffer'd to grow to their full height. The fine description of the Fruits that never failed, and the eternal Zephyrs, is only a more noble and poetical way of expressing the continual succession of one fruit after another throughout the year.

The Vineyard seems to have been a plantation distinct from the Garden; as also the beds of Greens mentioned afterwards at the extremity of the inclosure, in the usual place of our Kitchen Gardens.

The two Fountains are disposed very remarkably. They rose within the inclosure, and were brought in by conduits or ducts, one of them to water all parts of the gardens, and the other underneath the Palace into the Town, for the service of the publick.

How contrary to this simplicity is the modern practice of gardening; we seem to make it our study to recede from Nature, not only in the various tuncure of greens into the most regular and formal shapes, but even in monstrous attempts beyond the reach of the art itself: we run into sculpture, and are yet better pleas'd to have our Trees in the most awkward figures of men and animals, than in the most regular of their own.

Hinc & nexilibus videas e frondibus hortos,

Implexos late muros, & mania circum

Porrigere, & latas e ramis surgere turres;

Desexam & Myrtum in puppes, atque cerea rostra:

In buxisque undare fretum, atque e rore rudentes.

Parte aliâ frondere suis tentoria castris;

Scutaque, spiculaque, & jaculantia citria vallos.

I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature; as such are chiefly sensible, that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature; On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural. A Citizen is no sooner proprietor of a couple of Yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into Giants, like those of Guildhall. I know an eminent Cook, who beautified his country seat with a Coronation-dinner in greens, where you see the Champion flourishing on horse-back at one end of the table, and the Queen in perpetual youth at the other.

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of Greens to be disposed of by an eminent Town-Gardiner, who has lately applied to me upon this head. He represents, that for the advancement of a politer sort of ornament in the Villa's and Gardens adjacent to this great city, and in order to distinguish those places from the meer barbarous countries of gross nature, the world stands much in need of a virtuoso Gar-

diner who has a turn to sculpture, and is thereby capable of improving upon the ancients, in the imagery of Evergreens. I proceed to his catalogue.

Adam and Eve in Yew; Adam a little shatter'd by the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the great storm; Eve and the Serpent very flourishing.

Noah's ark in Holly, the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

The Tower of Babel, not yet finished.

St. George in Box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the Dragon by next April.

A green Dragon of the same, with a tail of Ground Ivy for the present.

N.B. These two not to be sold separately.

Edward the Black Prince in Cypress.

A Laurustine Bear in Blossom, with a Juniper Hunter in Berries.

A pair of Giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

A Queen Elizabeth in Phylræa, a little inclining to the green sickness, but of full growth.

Another Queen Elizabeth in Myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a Savine.

An old Maid of honour in Wormwood.

A topping Ben. Johnson in Lawrel.

Divers eminent modern Poets in Bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of a pennyworth.

A quick-set Hog shot up into a Porcupine, by being forgot a week in rainy weather.

A Lavender Pigg, with Sage growing in his belly.

A pair of Maidenheads in Firr, in great forwardness.

He also cutteth family pieces of men, women, and children, so that any gentleman may have his lady's effigies in Myrtle, or his own in Horn-beam.

Thy Wife shall be as the fruitful vine, and thy Children as olive-branches round thy Table.

A KEY to the LOCK.

^A
KEY to the LOCK:

OR, A

TREATISE

Proving, beyond all Contradiction,

The Dangerous Tendency of a late P O E M, intituled

The RAPE of the LOCK,

TO

GOVERNMENT and RELIGION.

Written in the Year 1714.

the sentence, in the history of England, I passed on his subject.

Adam and Eve in Eden; Adam and Eve in the fall of the Tree of Knowledge in the garden; and Eve in the garden of Eden.

KEY to the LOCK

OR, A

Key to the Lock of the

TREASURY

Proving, beyond all Contradiction,

The Dangerous Tendency of a late P.O.E.M., entitled

Downfall of the Kingdom of the

The RAPE of the LOCK

in a letter signed by the author of the

Downfall of the Kingdom of the

GOVERNMENT and RELIGION.

By the author of the

Downfall of the Kingdom of the

Downfall of the Kingdom of the

Downfall of the Kingdom of the

Downfall of the Kingdom of the

By Table.

A KEY to the LOCK

Laws, to prevent all evil practices of the Church of Rome; particularly the
publication of books, that may in any sort propagate their doctrines. Then
authors are therefore obliged to couch their designs the deeper; and the
cannot aver the intention of this gentleman was directly to spread Popery. Do
things, yet it comes to the same point if he touch the Government: For the
Court of Rome knows very well, that the Church at this time is to be
found on the State; and the only way to make the one by attacking the
other.

KEY to the LOCK.

What contains me in this opinion, is an accidental discovery I made of a
very artificial piece of Management among his Popish Friends and Advisors to
hide his whole Design upon the Government, by taking all the Characters

SINCE this unhappy Division of our Nation into PARTIES, it is not to be
imagined how many Artifices have been made use of by Writers, to ob-
scure the Truth, and cover Designs which may be detrimental to the
Publick. In particular, it has been their custom of late to vent their Political
spleen in *Allegory* and *Fable*. If an honest believing Nation is to be made a
Jest of, we have a story of *John Bull* and his Wife; if a Treasurer is to be
glanced at, an *Ant* with a *white Straw* is introduced; if a Treaty of Commerce
is to be ridiculed, 'tis immediately metamorphos'd into a Tale of *Count Tariff*.

But if any of these Malevolents have never so small a talent in Rhime, they
principally delight to convey their malice in that pleasing way; as it were, gil-
ding the pill, and concealing the poison under the sweetness of numbers.

It is the duty of every well-designing Subject to prevent, as far as he can,
the ill consequences of such pernicious Treatises; and I hold it mine to warn
the publick of a late Poem, intitled, *The RARE of the LOCK*; which I shall
demonstrate to be of this nature.

It is a common and just observation, that when the meaning of any thing
is dubious, one can no way better judge of the true intent of it, than by con-
sidering *who* is the Author, *what* is his character in general, and his disposi-
tion in particular.

Now that the Author of this Poem is a reputed Papist, is well known; and
that a Genius so capable of doing service to that cause, may have been cor-
rupted in the course of his education, by Jesuits, or others, is justly very much
to be suspected; notwithstanding that seeming coolness and moderation, which
he has been (perhaps artfully) reproached with, by those of his own persua-

tion. They are sensible that this Nation is secured by good and wholesome Laws, to prevent all evil practices of the Church of Rome; particularly the publication of books, that may in any sort propagate that doctrine: Their authors are therefore obliged to couch their designs the deeper; and tho' I cannot aver the intention of this gentleman was directly to spread Popish Doctrines, yet it comes to the same point if he touch the Government: For the Court of Rome knows very well, that the Church at this time is so firmly founded on the State, that the only way to shake the one is by attacking the other.

What confirms me in this opinion, is an accidental discovery I made of a very artful piece of Management among his Popish Friends and Abettors, to hide his whole Design upon the Government, by taking all the Characters upon themselves.

Upon the Day that this Poem was published, it was my fortune to step into the Cocoa-Tree, where a certain Gentleman was railing very liberally at the Author, with a passion extremely well counterfeited, for having (as he said) reflected upon him in the character of *Sir Plume*. Upon his going out, I enquired who he was, and they told me, a *Roman Catholick Knight*.

I was the same evening at Will's, and saw a circle round another Gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and shewing his snuff-box and cane, to prove he was satirized in the same Character. I asked this Gentleman's name, and was told he was a *Roman Catholick Lord*.

A day or two after I happened to be in company with the young Lady to whom the Poem is dedicated. She also took up the Character of *Belinda* with much frankness and good humour, though the author has given us a Key in his Dedication, that he meant something further. This Lady is also a *Roman Catholick*. At the same time others of the Characters were claim'd by some persons in the room; and all of them *Roman Catholicks*.

But to proceed to the Work itself.

In all things which are intricate, as *Allegories* in their own nature are, and especially those that are industriously made so, it is not to be expected we should find the Clue at first sight? but when once we have laid hold on that, we shall

The Character of *Belinda* is here made to resemble you in nothing but in Beauty. Dedication to the Rape of the Lock.

trace this our Author through all the Labyrinths, Doublings and Turnings of his intricate composition.

First then, let it be observ'd that in the most demonstrative Sciences, some *Postulata* are to be granted, upon which the rest is naturally founded.

The only *Postulatum* or Concession which I desire to be made me, is, that by the *Lock* is meant

THE BARRIER TREATY

I. First then, I shall discover, that *Belinda* represents *Great Britain*, or (which is the same thing) her late Majesty. This is plainly seen in his description of her:

On her white Breast a sparkling Cross she bore,

alluding to the antient name of *Albion*, from her white Cliffs, and to the *Cross*, which is the Ensign of *England*.

II. The Baron, who cuts off the *Lock*, or Barrier Treaty, is the E. of *Oxford*.

III. *Clarissa*, who lent the Scissars, my Lady *Masham*.

IV. *Thalestris*, who provokes *Belinda* to resent the Loss of the *Lock* or Treaty, the Dutchess of *Marlborough*.

V. Sir *Plume*, who is mov'd by *Thalestris* to re-demand it of *Great Britain*, Prince *Eugene*, who came hither for that purpose.

There are some other inferior Characters, which we shall observe upon afterwards; but I shall first explain the foregoing.

The first Part of the Baron's Character is his being *adventurous*, or enterprizing, which is the common Epithet given to the Earl of *Oxford* by his Enemies. The Prize he aspires to is the Treasury, in order to which he offers a Sacrifice:

— an Altar built
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.

Our Author here takes occasion maliciously to insinuate this Statesman's Love to *France*; representing the Books he chiefly studies to be vast French Roman-

These are the vast Prospects from the Friendship and Alliance of France, which he satyrically calls Romances; hinting thereby, that these Promises and Protestations were no more to be rely'd on than those idle Legends. Of these he is said to build an Altar; to intimate, that all the foundation of his Schemes and Honours was fix'd upon the French Romances abovementioned.

A Fan, a Garter, half a Pair of Gloves.

One of the Things he sacrifices is a *Fan*, which both for its gaudy show and perpetual flutt'ring, has been held the Emblem of Woman: This points at the Change of the *Ladies* of the *Bedchamber*. The *Garter* alludes to the honours he conferr'd on some of his friends; and we may, without straining the Sense, call the *half-pair* of *Gloves* a *Gauntlet*, the token of those Military employments, which he is said to have sacrific'd to his designs. The *Prize*, as I said before, means the *Treasury*, which he makes his *Prayer* soon to obtain, and long to possess.

*The Pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his Pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.*

In the first of these lines he gives him the *Treasury*, and in the last suggests that he should not long possess that *Honour*.

That *Thalestris* is the *Duchess of Marlborough*, appears both by her Nearness to *Belinda*, and by this Authors malevolent Suggestion, that she is a *Lover of War*.

To Arms, to Arms, the bold Thalestris cries.

but more particularly by several passages in her speech to *Belinda*, upon the cutting-off the *Lock*, or *Treaty*. Among other things she says, *Was it for this you bound your Locks in Paper Durance?* Was it for this so much *Paper* has been spent, to secure the *Barrier Treaty*?

*Metinks already your Tears survey,
Already hear the horrid Things they say;
Already see you a degraded Toast.*

This describes the Aspersions under which that good Princess suffer'd, and the Repentance which must have follow'd the Dissolution of that Treaty;

and particularly levels at the Refusal some People made to drink her Majesty's health.

Sir *Plume* (a proper name for a soldier) has all the circumstances that agree with Prince *Eugene*.

*Sir Plume, of amber Snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded Cane,
With earnest eyes —*

'Tis remarkable, this General is a great taker of Snuff, as well as Towns; his conduct of the clouded Cane gives him the honour which is so justly his due, of an exact conduct in battle, which is figured by his Cane or Truncheon, the Ensign of a General. His earnest eye, or the Vivacity of his look, is so particularly remarkable in him, that this character could be mistaken for no other, had not the author purposely obscur'd it by the fictitious circumstances of a *round unthinking Face*.

Having now explain'd the chief Characters of his *human Persons*, (for there are some others that will hereafter fall in by the by, in the sequel of this discourse) I shall next take in pieces his *Machinery*, wherein the Satire is wholly confin'd to Ministers of State.

The *Sylphs* and *Gnomes* at first sight appear'd to me to signify the Two contending Parties of this Nation; for these being placed in the *Air*, and those on the *Earth*, I thought agreed very well with the common denomination, *High* and *Low*. But as they are made to be the first Movers and Influencers of all that happens, 'tis plain they represent promiscuously the *Heads of Parties* whom he makes to be the authors of all those changes in the State, which are generally imputed to the Levity and Instability of the British Nation.

This erring mortals Levity may call:

Oh blind to Truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

But of this he has given us a plain demonstration; for speaking of these Spirits, he says in express terms,

— The Chief the care of Nations own,

And guard with Arms divine the British Throne.

And here let it not seem odd, if in this mysterious way of writing we find the same Person who has before been represented by the *Baron*, again describ'd in the Character of *Ariel*; it being a common way with authors, in this fabulous manner, to take such a liberty. As for instance I have read in *St. Evremont*, that all the different Characters in *Petronius*, are but *Nero* in so many different appearances. And in the Key to the curious Romance of *Barclay's Argenis*, that both *Poliarchus* and *Archombrotus* mean only the King of *Navarre*.

We observe in the very beginning of the Poem, that *Ariel* is possess'd of the Ear of *Belinda*; therefore it is absolutely necessary that this Person must be the Minister who was nearest the *Queen*. But whoever would be further convinc'd that he meant the Treasurer, may know him by his Ensigns in the following Line:

He rais'd his Azure Wand.

His sitting on the *Mast* of a Vessel, shews his presiding over the *South-Sea Trade*. When *Ariel* assigns to his *Sylphs* all the Posts about *Belinda*, what is more clearly describ'd than the Treasurer's disposing of all the Places in the Kingdom, and particularly about her Majesty? But let us hear the Lines.

Ye Spirits, to your charge repair,
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine:
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock.

He has here particularized the Ladies and Women of the bedchamber, the Keeper of the cabinet, and her Majesty's Dresser, and impudently given Nicknames to each. To put this matter beyond all dispute, the *Sylphs* are said to be wond'rous fond of Place, in the Canto following, where *Ariel* is perched uppermost, and all the rest take their places subordinately under him.

Here again I cannot but observe the excessive Malignity of this Author, who could not leave the Character of *Ariel* without the same invidious stroke which he gave him in the Character of the *Baron* before.

*Amaz'd, confus'd, he saw his Pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to Fate, and with a Sigh retir'd.*

being another Prophecy that he should resign his Place, which it is probable all Ministers do with a Sigh.

At the Head of the Gnomes he sets Umbriel, a dusky melancholy Sprite, who makes it his business to give Belinda the spleen; a vile and malicious suggestion against some grave and worthy Minister. The Vapours, Phantoms, Visions, and the like, are the Jealousies, Fears, and Cries of Danger, that have so often affrighted and alarm'd the Nation. Those who are describ'd in the House of Spleen, under those several fantastical forms, are the same whom their Ill-willers have so often called the Whimsical.

The two foregoing Spirits being the only considerable Characters of the Machinery, I shall but just mention the Sylph that is wounded with the Scissars at the loss of the Lock, by whom is undoubtedly understood my Lord Townshend, who at that time receiv'd a Wound in his character for making the Barrier-Treaty, and was cut out of his employment upon the Dissolution of it: But that Spirit reunites, and receives no harm; to signify that it came to nothing, and his Lordship had no real hurt by it.

But I must not conclude this head of the Characters, without observing, that our Author has run thro' every Stage of Beings in search of topicks for detraction; As he has characterized some persons under Angels and Men, so he has others under Animals and Things inanimate. He has even represented an eminent Clergyman as a Dog, and a noted Writer as a Tool. Let us examine the former.

*— But Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leapt up, and wak'd his Mistress with his Tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if Report say true,
Thy Eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux.*

By this Shock it is manifest he has most audaciously and profanely reflected on Dr. Sacheverel, who leapt up, that is, into the Pulpit, and awaken'd Great Britain with his Tongue, that is, with his Sermon, which made so much Noise; and for which he has frequently been term'd by others of his Enemies as well as by this Author, a Dog. Or perhaps, by his Tongue, may be more literally meant his Speech at his Trial, since immediately thereupon our Author says, her

eyes open'd on a *Billet-doux*; *Billets doux* being Addresses to Ladies from Lovers, may be aptly interpreted those Addresses of loving Subjects to her Majesty, which ensued that Trial.

The other Instance is at the end of the third *Canto*.

*Steel did the Labours of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' Imperial Tow'rs of Troy.
Steel could the Works of mortal Pride confound,
And hew Triumphal Arches to the Ground.*

Here he most impudently attributes the demolition of *Dunkirk*, not to the pleasure of her Majesty, or of her Ministry, but to the frequent instigations of his friend Mr. *Steel*. A very artful Pun to conceal his wicked lampoonery!

Having now consider'd the general intent and scope of the Poem, and open'd the Characters, I shall next discover the malice which is cover'd under the Episodes, and particular Passages of it.

The Game at *Ombre* is a mystical representation of the late *War*, which is hinted by his making *Spades* the Trump; Spade in Spanish signifying a Sword, and being yet so painted in the cards of that nation, to which it is well known we owe the original of our cards. In this one place indeed he has unawares paid a compliment to the Queen and her success in the War; for *Belinda* gets the better of the *Two* that play against her, viz. the Kings of France and Spain.

I do not question but ev'ry particular Card has its Person and Character assign'd, which, no doubt, the Author has told his friends in private; but I shall only instance in the description of the Disgrace under which the Duke of *Marlborough* then suffer'd, which is so apparent in these verses:

*Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mov'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd ———*

And that the Author here had an eye to our modern Transactions, is very from an unguarded Stroke towards the end of this Game.

*And now, as oft in some distemper'd State,
On one nice Trick depends the general Fate.*

After the conclusion of the War, the publick Rejoicings and *Thanksgivings* are ridiculed in the two following Lines.

*The Nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky,
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.*

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious insinuation, in the manner of a Prophecy, (which we have formerly observ'd this seditious Writer delights in) that the Peace should continue but a short time, and that the day should afterwards be curs'd, which was then celebrated with so much Joy.

*Sudden these Honours shall be snatch'd away;
And curs'd for ever this victorious Day.*

As the Game at *Ombre* is a satyrical Representation of the late War; so is the *Tea-Table* that ensues, of the *Council-Table*, and its Consultations, after the Peace. By this he would hint, that all the advantages we have gain'd by our late extended Commerce, are only Coffee and Tea, or Things of no greater value. That he thought of the Trade in this place, appears by the passage where he represents the *Sylphs* particularly careful of the rich *Brocade*; it having been a frequent complaint of our mercers, that *French Brocades* were imported in too great quantities. I will not say he means those Presents of rich *Gold Stuff Suits* which were said to be made her Majesty by the King of France, tho' I cannot but suspect that he glances at it.

Here this Author, (as well as the scandalous *John Dunton*;) represents the Ministry in plain Terms taking frequent *Cups*.

And frequent Cups prolong the rich Repast.

Upon the whole it is manifest he meant something more than common Coffee, by his calling it

Coffee, that makes the Politician wise;

and by telling us, it was this Coffee, that

*Sent up in Vapours to the Baron's brain,
New Stratagems——*

I shall only further observe, that it was at this Table the Lock was cut off; for where but at the Council Board should the Barrier Treaty be dissolv'd?

The ensuing Contention of the Parties upon the Loss of that Treaty, are describ'd in the Squabbles following the Rape of the Lock; and this he rashly expresses, without any disguise, in Terms,

All side in Parties —

Here first you have a Gentleman who *sinks beside the Chair*: A plain allusion to a noble Lord, who lost his Chair of *President of the Council*.

I come next to the *Bodkin*, so dreadful in the hand of *Belinda*; by which he intimates the British *Sceptre*, so rever'd in the hand of our late August Princess. His own Note upon this place tells us, he alludes to a *Sceptre*; and the Verses are so plain, they need no remark.

The same (his antient Personage to deck)

Her great great Grandfire wore about his Neck;

In three Seal-Rings, which, after melted down,

Form'd a vast buckle for his Widow's gown;

Her Infant Grandame's Whistle next it grew,

The Bells she gingled, and the Whistle blew;

Then in a Bodkin grac'd her Mother's Hairs,

Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.

An open Satire upon *Hereditary Right*! The three Seal-Rings plainly allude to the three Kingdoms.

These are the chief Passages in the Battle, by which, as hath before been said, he means the Squabble of Parties. Upon this occasion he could not end the description without testifying his malignant Joy at those dissensions, from which he forms the prospect that *both* should be disappointed, and cries out with triumph, as if it were already accomplished,

Behold how oft ambitious Aims are crost,

And Chiefs contend till all the Prize is lost.

The Lock at length is turn'd into a *Star*, or the old Barrier-Treaty into a new and glorious *Peace*. This no doubt is what the Author, at the time he

printed this Poem, would have been thought to mean; in hopes by that Compliment to escape the Punishment for the rest of this Piece. It puts me in mind of a fellow who concluded a bitter Lampoon upon the Prince and Court of his days, with these lines:

*God save the King, the Commons, and the Peers,
And grant the Author long may wear his Ears.*

Whatever this Author may think of that *Peace*, I imagine it the most extraordinary Star that ever appear'd in our Hemisphere. A Star that is to bring us all the wealth and gold of the Indies; and from whose influence, not Mr. John Partridge alone, (whose worthy labours this writer so ungenerously ridicules) but all true Britons, may, with no less authority than he, prognosticate the Fall of Lewis, in the restraint of the exorbitant Power of France, and the Fate of Rome, in the triumphant condition of the Church of England.

We have now consider'd this Poem in its political view, wherein we have shewn, that it hath two different walks of Satire; the one in the Story itself which is a Ridicule on the late Transactions in general, the other in the Machinery which is a Satire on the Ministers of State in particular. I shall now shew that the same Poem, taken in another Light, has a tendency to Popery, which is secretly insinuated through the whole.

In the first place, he has convey'd to us the Doctrine of Guardian Angels and Patron Saints in the Machinery of his Sylphs, which being a piece of Popish Superstition that hath been exploded ever since the Reformation, he would revive under this disguise. Here are all the Particulars which they believe of those Beings, which I shall sum up in a few heads.

1st, The Spirits are made to concern themselves with all human Actions in general.

2^{dly}, A distinct Guardian Spirit or Patron is assign'd to each Person in particular.

*Of these am I, who thy Protection claim,
A watchful Sprite —*

3^{dly}, They are made directly to inspire Dreams, Visions and Revelations.

Her Guardian Sylph prolong'd her balmy Rest,

'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed

The Morning Dream ———

4thly, They are made to be subordinate in different degrees, some presiding over others. So *Ariel* has his several Under-Officers at command,

Superior by the Head was Ariel plac'd,

5thly, They are employ'd in various Offices, and each hath his Office assign'd him.

Some in the Fields of purest Æther play,

And bask and whiten in the blaze of Day.

Some guide the Course, &c.

6thly, He hath given his Spirits the charge of the several parts of *Dress*; intimating thereby, that the Saints preside over the several parts of *human bodies*. They have one Saint to cure the Tooth-ach, another the Gripes, another the Gout, and so of the rest.

The flutt'ring Fan be Zephyretta's Care,

The Drops to thee, Brilliante, we consign, &c.

7thly, They are represented to know the Thoughts of Men.

As on the Nosegay in her breast reclin'd,

He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind.

8thly, They are made Protectors even to animal and irrational Beings.

Ariel himself shall be the Guard of Shock.

So *St. Anthony* presides over Hogs, &c.

9thly, Others are made Patrons of whole Kingdoms and Provinces,

Of these the chief the Care of Nations own.

So *St. George* is imagin'd by the *Papists* to defend *England*, *St. Patrick* *Ireland*, *St. James* *Spain*; &c. Now what is the consequence of all this? By granting that they have this power, we must be brought back again to pray to them.

The *Toilette* is an artful Recommendation of the *Mass*, and pompous Ceremonies of the *Church of Rome*. The unveiling of the *Altar*, the *Silver Vases* upon it, being robed in white as the Priests are upon the chief Festivals, and the *Head uncover'd*, are manifest marks of this.

*A heav'nly Image in the Glass appears,
To that she bends ———*

plainly denotes *Image Worship*.

The *Goddess*, who is deck'd with *Treasures*, *Jewels*, and the various *Offerings of the World*, manifestly alludes to the *Lady of Loretto*. You have *Perfumes* breathing from the *Incense Pot* in the following line:

And all Arabia breathes from yonder Box.

The Character of *Belinda*, as we take it in this third view, represents the *Popish Religion*, or the *Whore of Babylon*; who is describ'd in the State this malevolent Author wishes for, coming forth in all her glory upon the *Thames*, and overspreading the whole Nation with Ceremonies.

*Not with more Glories in th' æthereal plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purple Main,
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.*

She is dress'd with a *Cross* on her breast, the *Ensign of Popery*, the *Adoration* of which is plainly recommended in the following lines:

*On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss and Infidels adore.*

Next he represents her as the *Universal Church*, according to the boasts of the *Papists*:

And like the Sun, she shines on all alike.

After which he tells us,

*If to her share some Female Errors fall,
Look on her Face, and you'll forget them all.*

Tho' it should be granted some Errors fall to her share, look on the pompous figure she makes throughout the world, and they are not worth regarding. In the Sacrifice following, you have these two lines:

*For this 'ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry Pow'r ador'd.*

In the first of them, he plainly hints at their rising to *Mattins*; in the second, by adoring ev'ry Power, the *Invocation of Saints*. *Belinda's Visits* are describ'd with numerous *Wax-lights*, which are always used in the Ceremonial part of the *Romish Worship*.

*—— Visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous Wax-lights in bright Order blaze.*

The *Lunar Sphere* he mentions opens to us their *Purgatory*, which is seen in the following line:

Since all Things lost on Earth are treasur'd there.

It is a *Popish Doctrine*, that scarce any Person quits this world, but he must touch at *Purgatory* in his way to Heaven; and it is here also represented as the *Treasury of the Romish Church*. Nor is it much to be wonder'd at that the *Moon* should be *Purgatory*, when a learned Divine hath in a late Treatise prov'd the *Sun* to be *Hell*.*

I shall now before I conclude, desire the Reader to compare this Key with those upon any other Pieces, which are suppos'd to have been secret Satires upon the State, either antient or modern; in particular with the *Keys to Petronius Arbiter*, *Lucian's true History*, *Barclay's Argenis*, and *Rabelais's Gargantua*. I doubt not he will do me the justice to acknowledge, that the Explanations here laid down, are deduc'd as naturally, and with as little violence, both from the general Scope and Bent of the Work, and from the several Particulars: Furthermore, that they are every way as consistent and undeniable, every way as candid as any modern Interpretations of either Party, on the Conduct and Writings of the other. And I appeal to the most eminent and able State

The Reverend Dr. Swincken

Decyphers themselves, if, according to their Art, any thing can be more fully prov'd, or more safely *sworn* to?

To sum up my whole Charge against this Author in a few Words: He has ridicul'd both the present Ministry and the last; abus'd great Statesmen and great Generals; nay, the Treaties of whole Nations have not escap'd him, nor has the Royal Dignity itself been omitted in the Progress of his Satire, and all this he has done just at the Meeting of a new Parliament. I hope a proper Authority may be made use of to bring him to condign Punishment. In the mean while I doubt not, if the Persons most concern'd would but order Mr. *Bernard Lintot*, the Printer and Publisher of this dangerous Piece, to be taken into Custody and examin'd, many farther Discoveries might be made both of this Poet's and his Abettor's secret Designs, which are doubtless of the utmost Importance to the Government.



